



A Monthly Gazette of Current American and Foreign Literature, Fashion, Music, and Novelty—Published
by WILSON & COMPANY, 162 Nassau St. New-York.
This Periodical contains but one sheet (without cover)—Postage, for 100 miles, 1½ cts.—greater distance, 2 cts.

NUMBER XII.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER, 1841.

VOLUME I.

MADemoisELLE RACHEL.

Colly Cibber is the best theatrical critic we know, but if he had been asked to describe Rachel, we should fancy him falling into one of his old regrets. "Could *how* Rachel spoke be as easily known as *what* she spoke, then might you see the muse of her Racine in murtiph, with all her beauties in their best array, rising into real life and charming her beholders. But, alas! since all this is so far out of the reach of description, how shall I show you Rachel?"

The best attempt we have been able to make, is printed above. Truth to say, a good portrait, such as one may bind up with one's copy of Racine, is the only tolerable criticism after all. So, gentle reader, there is Rachel for you: and to flatter your national likings, if you have any, she is in the dress of Mary Stuart, though the woes of Mary Stuart are not in Racine.

Quiet, earnest, intense, with a look of passion that has its spring in tenderness, that is just the expression she should wear. It pervaded all her performances, because in all of them she was the woman. There it was, as you see it, when she said for this unhappy *Mary* that she was ready to go to death, for that all which could bind her to the earth had passed away; and as she said it, there came with its choking denial to her heart, a sense of the still living capacity for joy or grief about to be quenched forever. She wore that look, when, in *Camille*, she recalled the transient and deceitful dream wherein every thing had spoken of her lover, and whispered happy issue to her love. It spread its mournful radiance over her face, when, for the wronged and deserted *Hermione*, she told the betrayer that she had loved him in his inconstancy, and with what something surpassing love would she have rewarded his fidelity.

Je t'aimais inconstant; qu'aurois-je fait fidele!

Exquisitely perfect let us say, was that performance of *Hermione*. Sometimes, it will not be heretical to whisper, her genius nodded or even slept: never here. The *Roxane* would not suffer her to do justice to her fine qualities: in the *Emilie* (for she was wilful) she refused herself that justice: in the *Marie Stuart* she was unequal: in *Camille*, always great undoubtedly, she had yet a very limited range: but in *Hermione*, she achieved a triumph of high and finished art, which will

never fade from the recollections of those who witnessed it. It occurs to us as we write, that it was in this very *Hermione* the famous Mademoiselle de Champmele won the heart of Racine himself, who, after the performance, flung himself at her feet in a transport of gratitude, which soon merged into love. Luckless Rachel, that Champmele should have been before-hand with her. How the poet would have shaken out love and gratitude upon *her*, from every curl of his full-bottomed peruke!

You have heard, no doubt, good reader—if you have not seen this accomplished Frenchwoman—that she is a scold, a fury, a womanly Kean, in a constant fret of passion. Do not believe it. Her forte is tenderness: she is much greater in the gentle grasp with which she embraces the whole intention of a part, than in the force with which she gives distinct hits: she is more at home in those emotions we call domestic, than in those which walk away from home on very lofty stilts.

How the false notion obtained currency, we do not know. The French critics are men of lively imaginations, and it was perhaps natural that the feeling of that start of surprise with which Rachel broke upon them, should seek to ally itself to the occasionally sudden and terrible, the flighty and impetuous, rather than to the various tenderness and quiet truth which gave the actress her lasting victory.

What Rachel was before she was the first actress of France, probably the reader knows. She sold oranges on the Boulevards. Her name was Rachel Felix—an augury of fortune. An early hankering for the stage took her to the GYMNASIE in 1837, where she played bad parts badly enough. Not without a gleam of something beyond, however: for Sanson the actor happened to see her there, and thought it worth while to take her into teaching. He cured her of a false accent (she was a Swiss Jewess), and brought her out at the Francais in 1838, upon a salary of four thousand francs.—She took the audience by storm, and her four thousand went up to a hundred and fifty thousand. Long may she flourish to deserve and enjoy them.

[Cruikshank's Omnibus for September.

A GOOD LAW.—By the law of Maryland, money staked upon the result of elections is forfeited to the use of primary schools, in the district where the stakeholder lives. \$200 was the other day recovered by the School Commissioners in Baltimore, having been staked upon the Pennsylvania election.

From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1842.

THE SCULPTOR OF VERONA.

BY ARTHUR HUME PLUNKETT, ESQ.

"She had given
Life's hope to a most fragile bark—to love!
'Twas wrecked—wrecked by love's treachery!"

L. E. L.

I.

"FRANCESCA [DI ROSATE! What of her?" demanded Marco Pelavicino, a joyous and hot-blooded gallant, as he joined a group of Veronese nobles, assembled in a spacious antechamber in the palace of the Lord of La Scala.

"Listen, Pelavicino!" cried Gheraldi Capello. "The sculptor whom we had deemed as cold and soulless as her famous statues is at last discovered to possess a heart."

"Even so, or am I no judge of woman, sirs," chimed in the Count Ottorino, one of the greatest gossips in Verona; and lowering his voice, as if fearful of disturbing the Prince, who was seated in the next chamber with his council, he continued in a deep, earnest, and mysterious tone, "Last night, invited to her palace, I went to look upon her latest work, finished but a few days since—a statue of unparalleled grace and beauty: I and some others—friends, sirs—chosen friends. We gazed in wonder on that most glorious sight. On our entrance, we found her kneeling before the statue, lost in the strength, the splendor, and the beauty of her own creation. Her answer to our admiration was a sigh. We praised—she listened with a careless ear. A word by chance escaped my lips; it was the name of one then absent; and tears that told of slighted love too soon betrayed that yet the measure of her triumphs was not full—for one amid her worshippers was wanting there."

"His name, Sir Count?" exclaimed Pelavicino.

"Not yours, so rest content," replied Ottorino.

"A purse of gold with you, I guess," cried Pelavicino—"Uberto Varro—"

The doors of the adjoining room were thrown open, and the Lord of La Scala, accompanied by his court and nobles, entered the chamber. The group immediately dispersed, with the exception of six or seven, who remained with Marco Pelavicino, loitering around him, and listening to his whispered jests on the Prince and his train, as they passed through the hall.

"A moment, Enrico," said Pelavicino, addressing a straggling page, who was crossing from the council chamber to follow the Prince—"a moment here, my gallant youth! What news astir? Why is the council dissolved so suddenly to-day? Tidings from Venice or the Milanese?"

"Nay, sir, his highness hath been called away," responded the boy.

"But by whom?"

"By whom! Now, were you, Count Pelavicino, and you, most noble Azzone, and all of you, to stand musing and pondering here till doomsday, you would never guess by whom. A lady, sirs!—and so no more."

"Stop him, Azzone! stop him!" shouted Pelavicino.

"Let me be gone, kind sirs. Oh! do not stay me now. Your grasp is tight! Count Marco, let me pass."

"The lady, boy?"

"The sculptor of Verona, Francesca di Rosate! Good sirs, now let me pass."

"'Tis false, young fool!" replied Ottorino. "He is deceiving us."

"True, on a page's honor, nobles! I saw the Prince make question of her attendant now parting from the council. Fare-ye well, sirs!" cried the boy, as, eluding their grasp, he vanished from the room.

A dark and angry frown settled on the brow of Marco Pelavicino; and with a quivering lip and trembling gait he turned aside, and, beckoning to Azzone, quitted the chamber.

When without the portals of the palace, he breathed more freely; and grasping his companion's arm, muttered in his ear, "We must be gone—Verona is no place for us!"

Our plans are evidently known. Another hour within its gates, our heads are forfeited. We are betrayed!"

"Betrayed!" exclaimed Azzone, with a blanched cheek—"betrayed! by whom?"

"Francesca di Rosate!" whispered his companion.

"Art mad?" cried Azzone. "What should she know of us? Has she heard aught?"

"Why should she send for him? I received this day a warning—it surely came from her. Again I say, Azzone, we are betrayed!"

"What warning?" demanded the terrified youth.

"Hush!" interrupted Pelavicino. "The Florentine, Camillo, seeks us, and in haste. It needs no words to tell his tidings. All is lost!"

Casting a quick and furtive glance around him, the person just alluded to, with rapid steps, approached the alarmed nobles.

"To horse!" he cried, before they could address a question to him—"To horse, sirs! quick!—to horse! Our treason is discovered. Andrea Paulo hath fled Verona, after, in some weak fit, revealing all."

"To whom?" demanded Azzone.

"To whom I know not."

"Away!" cried Pelavicino. "There is no time to lose. Farewell!" and seizing Azzone's arm, he turned from the Florentine.

"Stay, sirs! Where is Uberto Varro hid? These tidings should be known to him," and Camillo grasped Azzone's cloak.

"I know not. Hence! I dare not linger."

"I implore you, sir," continued the Florentine, addressing Pelavicino earnestly, "if you do know, to tell me where Uberto Varro bides?"

"I know not," answered Pelavicino, as he hurried after Azzone. "Yet stay," he added, "seek him in the palace of Francesca di Rosate. He may be there. Farewell!"

II.

Leaning on a statue, placed in the centre of a gorgeous chamber in the Rosate Palace, and with her gaze intently fixed on a line of mountains visible in the distance, was the celebrated woman-sculptor of Verona, Francesca di Rosate.

Her life had, until the few preceding weeks, been a course of eventful triumphs. Left a mere child, at the death of her mother, to the care of a fond and idolising father, the extraordinary genius which she early evinced was but too well cultivated and encouraged by her adoring parent. But at the moment when her name was being repeated in tones of wonder through the neighboring cities of her native land,—when the bright fulfilment of that father's aspiring hopes seemed to be on the very eve of accomplishment,—and Fame, with a lavish train of a thousand glories, was hovering near, Rosate died, and the young heart of Francesca was bowed in sudden grief for his untimely end. Years of silent melancholy wore along,—the sculptor toiling unceasingly in her lone and deserted palace, until, in a bright and thrilling hour—the chisel thrown aside—the labour wrought—each high and daring longing fulfilled, the proud maiden found herself recognised among those famous ones—the almost deified of her own Italy.

But with fame came love, and fame was soon worthless and unvalued in her heart. Uberto Varro, a noble Veronese, wooed and won her; and the day on which this legend commences was the eve of that appointed for their nuptials. In deference to the feelings of his affianced bride, such secrecy was observed that Verona dreamed not of the coming marriage. The day had been chosen by the lovers, the last in June: but, strange to say, for three weeks previous thereto Varro had unaccountably disappeared from his accustomed place in the Rosate Palace. Day after day had gone by; but Francesca, with the deep and enduring constancy of woman, hoped against hope, ever counting that when least expected Uberto would be again at her side.

"My beautiful!" she passionately cried, retreating a few feet from the statue over which she had been for the last hour musing, and watching for the approach of Uberto,—“my

beautiful!" she exclaimed, with her hands clasped, and her attitude that of an enthusiastic worshipper. "Oh, fair creation of my woman's soul! assume this night a grace surpassing even that, borne by the shade, ideal and unwrought, the vision of those early dreams from which I borrowed thee! Wear now an aspect and a hue and light of beauty inexpressible, and with inspiring radiance meet his glance of all-adoring ecstasy. Decay, or shrink to dust, I care not then. The fame, hallowed from age to age, that waits my name were worth his slightest smile."

Voices in the court-yard without caught the ear of the sculptor. "What sounds are those, Julia?" she asked, as a boy entered the chamber. "My messenger cannot as yet have reached the Palace of La Scala. Tidings of Varro? Hasten and see.—Woe is me!" she continued, when alone; "at such a time to have a base and dangerous conspiracy against the state revealed to me! Chance needs must fix on me to be the one to whom an aged man, some time a servitor to my father, discloses all. Fortune might well have spared me here. Alas! poor lover of my land! Verona now might be a heap of ashes, knew I but where Uberto Varro is. I marvel much if the Prince will attend my bidding to my palace. La Scala likes us not. My father hated him; and I, his child, moved by the imperative call of justice—nought else—give him a welcome here—reveal the threatened peril against his house, and then—"

The doors were thrown open by Julio, and Count Camillo, the Florentine, entered. "Your pardon, lady, for this unseemly haste," he exclaimed. "I have been told to seek Uberto Varro here. Come I in vain?"

"What of him, sir?" cried Francesca—"what of him? Hast tidings from him? Speak!"

"Bid yonder listener hence."

"Sir!" she demanded haughtily.

"As from your words you value Varro's life, let him retire," repeated Camillo, glancing at the page.

"Leave us, Julio," said Francesca, after a moment's pause. "Now, sir, what would you with me?" she exclaimed, as the boy quitted the chamber.

"Time presses," replied Camillo; and perceiving that Francesca was almost fainting with agitation, added, gently,—"Lady, I implore you to hear me with calmness. Each hour—each moment, that I remain in Verona is at the hazard of my life—"

"What mean you, sir?" she interrupted, distractedly. "What of Varro—Count Uberto Varro?"

"Hear me," he whispered; "men have conspired against La Scala!"

"The treason!" cried Francesca, angrily. "Bah! Count Camillo, see! I know it all."

"Then save Uberto's life."

The sculptor's voice fell as she tremblingly demanded,—
"Mother of Heaven! and what of him?"

"The chief—the leader—the sworn lord of a daring band of bold Italians, who vainly dreamed to save their land; when one—false and base traitor that he was!" cried the Florentine,—
"discovered us and all our plans;—to whom we know not."

"Be brief!" cried Francesca. "Those will be here anon for whom with thee to meet were death. You sought Uberto Varro here; weeks have elapsed since last we saw him. Oh God! what shall I do? How save his life?"

"Meet him—meet him to-night!" answered Camillo.—
"Madman that he is, perilling all, even life, for love; and for a woman's sake, fair though she be, rushing into the very jaws of danger to encounter the vengeance of La Scala!"

"Enough, sir!" said Francesca. "I know he loves; and she of whom you speak can, surely in an hour like this, dispense with compliments. Speed—say on! Once in this house, he need fear no danger."

"Were he here," replied the Florentine, "it would, indeed, be well. But in the Palace of La Scala—"

"And why, sir," cried Francesca,—
"why in the Palace of La Scala?"

"Remember, noble maiden," answered Camillo; "watch-

ed so strictly as the lady is, where else could he meet her?"

"Meet whom?" gasped the sculptor.

"The fair Bianca—the daughter of the Prince."

"Speak!" and Francesca grasped his arm to prevent herself from falling—"speak!"

"I thought you knew it all—affianced secretly—met but a month since—"

"Ha!"

"Art terror-stricken? Listen to me, and stand not musing thus. I do not know Uberto's place of concealment. At noon to-day he said that he was this coming night bound to enter the Palace. Within an hour I shall quit Verona for ever. There is a portal near the southern gate, through which, admitted by a faithful friend, he ventures to her.—Mark me! If to-night he passes that door, his life is lost! Francesca di Rosate, will you meet him? Save with a word your friend!"

The Florentine paused suddenly in his vehement and rapid address. Was that distorted face, pallid with rage and anger, and burning with jealousy, that of the sculptor of Verona? In one moment bereft of youth, the worst passions of age and care seemed written on her brow. "Lady," he continued, "you do not heed me?"

"Yes—yes," she answered slowly—"yes: your words that fail to slay me yet rob my brain of every sense. I do not know—indeed, I do not comprehend you—I—What was it that you said?" she cried wildly.

"Braving all danger, will you, at midnight, meet beneath the windows of La Scala's Palace Uberto Varro?"

"'Tis false!" she cried—"false as hell!"

"The Lord of La Scala," announced the page Julio, "enters the palace of my mistress!"

"Hence, Camillo!—Count Camillo, hence! The Prince approaches! We are lost if you remain!"

"At midnight!" whispered the Florentine, as Julio hurried him to the door of a corridor opposite to that through which La Scala was at that moment entering the chamber.

In a few moments Camillo was without the Palace of Rosate. Much did he marvel, as he hastily glanced around him in quitting its neighborhood, to perceive that La Scala had dispensed with the usual retinue of attendants that followed his steps in public. His first impression, respecting the sudden appearance of the Prince in the chamber which he had just quitted, did not redound much to the honor of its noble occupant. His second was, that he had incautiously betrayed the secret of the conspiracy to her who should have been the last woman in Verona to have had a hint of it. Bound as he was to Uberto Varro by every tie of the most sacred friendship, to quit the city now, without warning him as to the danger of his situation, or cautioning him not to approach the Palace of La Scala, was out of the question. He himself would remain within Verona, and awaiting Varro near the palace, prevent his passing the fatal door.

Midnight had passed when Camillo saw Varro approaching its walls. He had entered by the secret portal before the Florentine could overtake him. Camillo, however, remained at his post; and on a ladder of ropes being thrown from a balcony above, to which it was secured, calling to Uberto by name, and springing lightly up its steps, the Florentine bounded into the chamber in which the lovers were in time to save the life of Varro.

III.

Vain, indeed, was the effort, on the part of the wretched Francesca, to receive and welcome the Prince with her usual composure. The ill-assumed smile faded from her lips, and the sculptor burst into tears. She had yet to learn that command which often enables woman to fling with seeming ease a veil of smiles around the deep agony of a breaking heart.

Bowed to the very earth with tidings of such dreadful import, she had almost forgotten the presence of La Scala, when his voice, at her side, recalled her fleeting senses, as for the third time he inquired the meaning of the warning, couched in such urgent terms, which he had received from her.

"Lady, what is this plot?" he asked. "Who in Verona dares —"

"Ay, that was it!" shrieked Francesca, wildly, starting from her fit of abstraction, as her ear caught his words, "ay, that was it! Danger and death! and they recall the rest. A band of nobles—'twas even so the rumor went—their names unknown. Such is the tale I heard, and had to tell; and *he* is one of them!"

She paused. The Prince was gazing on her, lost in wonder. Another whisper from her lips, and Camillo's tidings were true—she felt that the head of Varro would surely roll upon the scaffold. With a feeble, though a desperate effort to be calm, she faintly muttered: "I rave—I rave! A moment, good my lord, till I collect my scattered thoughts."

And it was but after the pause of a moment, with lips lapsing into their wonted smiles, and with a joyous grace of manner, and in sweet, though half-rebuking tones, that she exclaimed, "Lord of Verona!—what! in the studio of a sculptor, a woman too—and all forget her art! Look! even now! the sun's last beam has stolen through the vine, and resting in a roseate glory, lingers, like life, a moment on yon marble brow. The statue blushes at the parting god! Come, look at it, my lord."

"Do you not find it fair?" she asked; "or does the fixed intentness of your gaze belie my hopes? You do. Mark, from the stone how fast that soft and tender hue is waning now—and now 'tis gone! The sun is set!" And Francesca sighed as though her heart was breaking. To her she felt that sun had set for ever, she never should behold it more. It would shine forth again, and look upon her—deed.

"'Tis like!" exclaimed La Scala, clasping his hands in surprise. "A marvel—'tis herself!"

"Like whom, my lord?" demanded Francesca.

"Never did fond father yet fix his enraptured gaze upon a dearer sight!" continued the delighted Prince. "Oh, spare the love—call it presumption, if you will—but in each lineament, each frozen vein—yes, and in that cold, silent, and eternal smile, I trace the perfect—the most perfect image of my child! Oh, it is she! her noble self!—Ha!" he continued, as the thought flashed suddenly on him, "I see it all. This is your plot—your treason and conspiracy. 'Twas thus you drew me here. My child is hid behind yon arras. Bid her forth, lady, now and face to face with her cold rival stand; and shame the pallor of its marble cheek with the rich hue of blushing youth, in which alone she doth excel."

"You do not comprehend me, good my lord; I never saw your daughter's face;" and the sculptor spoke in a piqued and angry tone. "She must be very beautiful!"

"She is," he replied; "and as I gaze, more like and like the statue grows."

A painful and a smothered cry escaped the lips of Francesca, as the memory of days which she had deemed the happiest of her life swept across her brain—of days when, resting at her feet, from hour to hour, Uberto Varro watched her work as it drew near a close—of days when often he had said the work resembled *one* he had seen and known.—She had deemed it then a jest. The thought was maddening now.

"My lord," she cried, making one desperate effort to recover herself—"my lord, if so you note my work, a thousand imperfections in it will soon be apparent to you. Heed me."

And in a deep, rapid, and hurried tone, she proceeded to explain to him the cause of her extraordinary summons.—Pointing to a seat, which the Prince accepted, she related how, on the previous evening, one Andrea Paulo, once a servant to her father, had boldly forced his entrance into the very chamber in which they then were. That then, with a wild and strange bearing, and looks of haggard import, he had sworn her to a sacred silence on the matter he was about to reveal, until the lapse of a day should see him far on his way to the distant Alps. Then, with the simple warning that she should not remain another night in Verona, but hurry from its walls with such of her friends as time

and inclination might allow her to inform of their danger, he was about to quit her presence.

"He did not leave you without revealing the plot? Be quick! The danger, lady?" inquired the Prince.

"He did, my lord—he did! But urged by my strong entreaties ere he went—by gold and jewels which I heaped on him—he consented that I should have the names of all—ay, *all*!—who compass ruin to your house. That ere the coming midnight a scroll to this effect should be placed in my hand. Thus have I sent for you—now, methinks, heedlessly. If this should be the fiction of a madman's brain? Ah me—ah me, my lord!" she continued, bitterly; "we are upon the brink of ruin. There are those in jeopardy who dream not of it."

Without giving the conversation which ensued, Francesca di Rosate did not suffer the Prince of Verona to quit her palace before one and a dear object had been obtained.—From the moment that she sufficiently collected and recovered her feelings on the departure of Camillo and the sudden appearance of the Prince, she had determined herself to test the truth of the report of the Florentine. She would that night enter the Palace of La Scala, and meet, if there, the false Fberto face to face. Having accomplished this object, she urged the Prince not to remain longer in her house—hastening his departure on the ground that, his presence there once being known, it might prevent the approach of the expected information. After again agreeing that at midnight, or thereabouts, a secret portal in the palace should be open to her, and after pouring forth a profusion of thanks—which fell unheard upon her weary ear, the Prince bade her farewell.

And now, for the first time that eventful day, the sculptor was alone. The thick shades of twilight were gathering around her, emblematical of the darkness that was hanging over her heart. "If it should be false," she thought—"all false, this most unlikely tale. Man is too apt, upon the slightest web of evidence, to condemn the innocent unheard. How many—oh how many have died, accused and scorned, bayed and hunted to the scaffold, by their fellow-men, whose innocence was unavouched, till the lips of angels bent to welcome their pure brows to Paradise! So might it be with him," she thought, "still innocent."

A footstep in the chamber aroused her. "Who passes there?" she asked.

"Julio," answered the boy.

"Within an hour of midnight, Julio, await me in this chamber. Where is my mask? We shall go forth together. You are trusty and faithful. To-night, and of to-night, be secret as the grave. Ha!"

The door through which the Florentine had escaped was slowly and cautiously opened, sufficiently to admit of the introduction of the hand of a man holding a packet thrust on a stiletto, thereby intimating that pursuit or inquiry after the bearer might be dangerous.

"You are safe," said Francesca, aloud. "Julio, withdraw that letter from the dagger."

The astonished boy in a moment executed the task. The hand and the dagger vanished, and retreating steps were heard along the corridor.

"Again, Julio," said Francesca, "be secret. Give me that packet. I would be alone."

She tore the paper open. Her eye ran hurriedly over a list of several of the principal Veronese nobles. "No—no—no," she muttered. It was the last: "Uberto Varro!" The scroll fell from her hand. She turned. The statue met her gaze. Some terrible remembrance, which had until that moment slumbered in her brain, awoke as she looked upon it. "It is all true!" she shrieked, and fell senseless to the earth.

IV.

It was nearly midnight. Forsaking his couch, the Prince of Verona paced anxiously to and fro in his silent chamber. Anon pausing at the window, he would gaze into the dimly lighted street, and gasp with quickened breath as some vision of his fancy cheated his restless senses. Then closing the curtain, start and grasp his sword; while sounds which seemed peculiar to that horrid night of watch came on in

quick succession. The raised visor of a coat-of-mail fell with a harsh and jarring noise; an unseen hand was gathering up the drooping folds of the banner of his house. Now all is silent; and now he hears the tramp of armed men beneath the window. The flashing of their tall spears glares across his sight. It is the guard. They pass along, and all is silent again.

Every precaution has been taken. The council has been summoned, and is at hand. The palace is filled with armed retainers. Midnight sounds. He counts the pealing chimes as they die away. He listens. The sculptor must be near.

There was a dull, low noise in the corridor; another instant, and La Scala was at the door. He trembled as he opened it; but commending himself to Heaven, entered the gallery. All was silent. Suddenly the noise was repeated, and with greater violence. It came from the farther end of the corridor—from the chamber of his daughter. He rushed madly towards it. On gaining the door he found the noise within redoubled. A voice, the tones of which were familiar to him, loudly called him by name. Lights from all directions flashed through the galleries, and a host of alarmed followers were in a moment around their Prince.

"What, ho!—my lord!—my lord!" arose in a piercing cry from within.

"Break down the door!" shouted La Scala.

His command was promptly obeyed, and the Prince rushed into the chamber of his child. He beheld a strange and terrible sight!

Near the door stood a tall and noble figure—a woman masked; and at her feet, kneeling and shrieking for mercy, with dishevelled hair and tearful eyes, was his daughter, Bianca.

The moment that the figure perceived him, throwing her mask aside, she flung herself before him, and in her he recognised Francesca di Rosate. Every deep and agonising passion seemed struggling for mastery in her almost distorted countenance. Scarcely able to articulate, she looked wildly and unconsciously around her as the nobles and attendants of the Prince crowded from the adjacent galleries into the chamber.

"My lord!" she at length exclaimed.

"Well, madam, whom sought you in my daughter's presence? Methought your tidings were for me, not her?"

"I sought a villain and a traitor here, my lord! Villain and liar has he proved towards me, and most ungrateful traitor to his Prince, nor have I sought in vain. Behold within yon chamber——"

"She raves—stay her!" interrupted the weeping girl at Francesca's feet.

"Silence!" cried the sculptor, loudly. "Here, here! In this room, seated on yon couch but now a moment since, his arm entwined around your child!—yes, my lord, your pure and noble child—sat the base leader of a foul and daring plot against your life!"

There was a slight confusion and a hurried movement among several of the nobles gathered around La Scala. One of them drew near to the sculptor.

"Approach me not! Marco Pelavicino, I defy you! My lord and prince," she called, "where are your guards—your council too, the torture and the rack?—you'll need them all to-night! There is a dark and base conspiracy at work against you and your state. The names of those involved, though noble as your own, I swore that you should have this night. I now avert the hour of massacre, and do denounce as base and coward villains the Count Azzone, Giorgio Gessano, Marco Pelavicino, Gheraldi Capello!—nay, shrink not back, sirs—shrink not back!" and passing through the crowd of astonished nobles, she denounced the conspirators fearlessly and bravely—until as though weary of her task, or that her mind was filled with matter of deeper interest, she threw the unfinished scroll of names at the Prince's feet; and approaching a small door which formed the only outlet from the chamber, with the exception of the portal through which La Scala and his attendants had entered, and which led into a room in an adjoining tower, placing her hand firmly upon it, she cried, "And

here, Lord of Verona! here, crouching and concealed, lies the chief—the head—the leader of these noble bravos! He whose knife was ready for your blood—the paramour of all that is pure, and beautiful, and free from taint—your daughter, yonder! Ay, spurn her from you! Come, glut your vengeance here. Remove this bolt, sirs!"

Ere a foot was advanced towards the door, it was opened from within; and with a bearing bold and stately, Camillo the Florentine presented himself to the astonished gaze of Francesca and the surrounding crowd.

One glance at his features sufficed; and the sculptor, rushing madly by him, passed into the smaller chamber. It was an oratory, and unoccupied. She threw the window open. The height from the river, on which the pale moonbeams were shining below, was terrific. Mortal man could not escape, she thought, from that outlet alive. A low and distant sound caught her ear. It might be fancy, but it seemed to be the measured strokes of a swimmer crossing the river. It died away.

One of the Prince's attendants at her side, summoning her instantly to the council-chamber, recalled Francesca to herself. Half frantic, she hurried forward. All was noise and confusion. The guards, at La Scala's bidding, were arresting the conspirators. Soldiers, with their prisoners, were hurrying to and from the chamber. But amidst the din, the uproar, and the incessant disturbance around, one whisper caught her ear—it was the voice of Camillo, as the guards tore him from the room, assuring the almost senseless daughter of the Prince that Varro was safe.

V.

The day had already dawned when the gates of the Palace of La Scala, rolling back on their ponderous hinges, gave egress to Francesca di Rosate, and a train of envious and sycophantic nobles, surrounding and attending the deliverer of their country to her home.

She paused on the steps of her palace; and, imploring them to leave her, hastened to the chamber in which the statue was placed. Her eye was rayless, her look calm and vague, and her step dejected as she entered the room. Scarcely had she done so when a man, who was seated near one of the windows, rose and approached her. A faint cry escaped her lips. It was Varro—Uberto Varro!

"At last—at last!" cried Francesca, as she threw herself into his arms; "I would have given my heart's blood to have seen you here, and you are come. My heart is breaking, Varro!"

"I pray you, lady," answered Varro, in a calm and firm tone, and gently repulsing her—"I pray you to be calm: let go my arm!"

There was a silence of a few moments in the chamber, alone interrupted by the choking sobs of Francesca.

"You have betrayed us!"

"I knew not—dreamt not!" she exclaimed, wildly.

"You knew nothing—nothing, when rushing into the chamber of Bianca, you did denounce me!" shouted Uberto, at her side.

"God! you were there, then?" shrieked Francesca, recoiling from him.

"I was!"

All was over now for her on earth, the last faint shadow of a hope to which Francesca had clung was destroyed: she endeavored to speak, but could not.

"I was there," continued Varro. "The time was it had been shameful and base in me to have owned this to thee.—Now false alike, it matters not. You have been false to me. Methinks," he added, tauntingly, "the paramour of the Prince of Verona might have paused, ere by her presence there she polluted the chamber of his child!"

"I do not comprehend you, sir—my senses fail me," she replied.

"Oh, woman, woman! false and deceiving heart!" cried Uberto. "What! not one blush—one tear wrung by remorse? And can you calmly thus stand counterfeiting innocence—a living lie? And so that regal forehead hath been stamped with shame, that star-bright being fallen down to depths of deepest sin! To-day," he continued,

bitterly—"to-day we were to wed; yet yester-eve you bade your paramour farewell with tears, such even as you shed but now when we did meet. I feel your most adulterous kiss yet burning on my lips!"

"Hence!" shrieked Francesca.

"Camillo found the Prince with you. He did!" cried Uberto; "and I—I was watching nigh your palace-doors when La Scala stole from you. Now, lady, wherefore shall we not wed? not that I love another, but because—because—"

"Because," she answered, sternly, and her lip quivering with scorn—"because I am a woman and alone, and have no noble brothers of my house—none to claim kindred—no, not one brave soul to brand you as a false and most abandoned coward! You dare treat me thus! Oh, God!" she passionately cried, wringing her hands, "to be all friendless, with no claim of sisterhood amidst a thousand high and gallant spirits whose swords would leap from out their sheaths even at my slightest beck, could I forego my pride and claim a boon from men whose love I've coldly scorned!" and Uberto trembled as the outraged woman approached him; and, with a fearful distinctness, muttered in his ear, "Liar! I have not one friend on earth as man to man to meet you now, and boldly and with biting steel confound and crush you in the dust!"

Varro made no reply, but, turning from her, was about to leave the chamber.

A pang, a bitter and a fearful pang, that of approaching death, struck on her throbbing heart.

"Stay!" she cried, faintly, "I am dying!"

He paused near the door.

"Your life is spared—I asked it from the Prince. He granted it—on—one condition—you quit Verona for ever.—Stay!" she gasped, with difficulty.

Again he paused.

"The Lady Bianca, with my assistance, fled secretly this morning for Milan. Speed, you will meet her there! Stay!" she faintly gasped.

But he was gone.

"Uberto—your hand—here—" she feebly sighed. Supporting herself against the pedestal of the statue, and with one arm twined round its feet, and the other raised towards the door through which Uberto had just passed, the sculptor vainly waved it after him. "He will return," she gasped, as she pressed her burning brow against the cold marble—"he will return—return to me—we shall never part. It has all been some hideous dream!" and she clasped the statue in the agony of death. "They try to tear you from me—in vain—in vain!" she gasped, weaker as her grasp slackened—"in vain!"

She fell, or rather drooped lightly, on the steps of the pedestal. "In vain!" she again gently whispered, as her head bowed heavily, and her lips pressed the ground: and one low, mournful sob, the last from a broken heart, told that the sculptor of Verona was at rest for ever!

And even at that moment rose in the regal east the sun surrounded with a panoply as bright and gorgeous as that which had marked his departing course on the preceding day, when high promise, genius, beauty, vivid hopes, and daring energies, now still for ever, had animated the lifeless brow on which his glowing rays again were shed.

Alas! and it is ever thus, when Genius, Hope, and Energy, unite in woman's heart, on earth she seeks companionship in vain.

THE ROMANCE OF REALITY.—About four years ago there lived in one of the parishes of the county of Ayr (we do not wish to be more particular) a young woman whose charms had captivated a respectable tradesman, and after a sufficient time spent in courtship, the day was named which was to render them mutually happy. The furniture and all other necessary articles of household use were procured, "ribands and pearlins and all" were lavished on the blooming bride by her enamored swain, and everything went on swimmingly towards the consummation of the marriage.—The thousand times repeated quotation about "the course

of true love," &c., was to be realised in this as in many other instances, for the day previous to the wedding a letter arrived, which bore that the bride and her mother were wanted instantly at the bedside of the girl's father, who was dying, and wished previous to his departure to see his (illegitimate) child. Accordingly, off both parties went, after arranging with the bridegroom as to the postponement of the marriage. Before reaching their destination the old man had died, and the house was filled with expectant relations, each and all striving for the mastery, and alike sanguine of being almost exclusively remembered in the will of the deceased, whose property was worth about £800 a year.—The reception of the mother and daughter, as might be anticipated, was not of the warmest description. The various menial offices of the house were performed by both at the command of a vixenish niece of the deceased, during the few days preceding the funeral; and on the afternoon of the day on which it took place, both were sent to see the servants regaled in the kitchen, while the expectant party dined up stairs, and heard the will read. Scarcely, however, had the mother and daughter been well sat to work as commanded, when an order demanding their presence reached them from the dining room. On going thither they were met by not the most pleasant array of faces they had ever seen; and, to shorten the matter, excepting only a legacy of a few pounds each to the relations present, the whole estate was left to the girl alluded to. Several of the unfortunate fainted away—a few stamped and swore lustily—but by far the greater number were unable to speak from sheer astonishment. In due time the girl was served heiress to the estate, but her pretensions rising with her circumstances, her poor betrothed was forgotten, and she, with all her wealth, within a year from the time when her fortune changed, threw herself into the arms of an old shrivelled man of law, who had been factor to her deceased parent. Her neglected lover, from being a remarkable steady man, became a confirmed drunkard. His business went to wreck, and he left his native town, and went to England to hide his sorrow and his shame. About a year ago an advertisement, dated Bath, appeared in an English provincial paper, offering a reward for any information regarding an individual of the same name. Having been for some time in that neighbourhood, this caught the eye of one of his friends, who supposing he had the means of gaining this reward, supplied what information he possessed to the party wishing for it. A message was received by our hero, requesting his attendance, at a given hour next day, in a celebrated hotel in Bath, where he would meet with one anxious to see him. Having borrowed a suit of clothes from a fellow-workman, he set out to meet his unknown friend, and, on arriving at the hotel to which he had been directed, was greatly surprised to meet his old flame, blooming in beauty, and, according to her own confession, as loving as ever. Our story is almost at an end. The old lawyer had died, her first love—that had never wholly been forgotten—again broke out with redoubled vigor, the summary mode of marrying in England favored the parties, and they were united before the expiration of three days from their thus meeting. If the now happy husband takes an extra bottle after dinner, (which we believe he does,) he attributes it to custom, and that too, engendered by his lady's former cruelty who, while she strives to wean him from the practice, does not deny her being partly the cause. There is something romantic in the above, but it is no less veracious. Indeed, were there anything wanted to establish the saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," the above authentic narrative would go far to do it.—*Edinburgh paper.*

PUBLIC BREAKFAST TO JAMES MONTGOMERY, THE POET.—On Friday morning a public breakfast was given in Glasgow, in honor of this venerable and distinguished gentleman. Mr. Montgomery, who is a native of Scotland, is at present on a visit to this country to plead the cause of the Moravian Missions in the West Indies, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Latrobe, who was also present on this occasion. The hall in which they met was crowded in every part, and comprised the most respectable of our citizens of various re-

ligious denominations: Churchman and Dissenter alike testify their respect for the talents and exertions of the poet and philanthropist. A blessing was asked by the Rev. Dr. King. The chair was occupied by the Lord Provost, who, after a substantial and elegant repast had been disposed of, introduced the venerable guest to the notice of the meeting. Mr. Montgomery, in an address of considerable length, went over the leading events of his life, in connexion with the mission of which he is an advocate, extending over a period of upwards of 70 years. Several other gentlemen addressed the meeting on various topics of a religious character.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

PREACHING AND HEARING.

In a biography of the Rev. R. Housman, recently published, we find the following caustic rebuke of "sermon-hunters," of whom John Wesley used to say they were as bad as fox-hunters:—"The direct and downright preaching of Jesus, in these days of critical and carping hearers, requires far more boldness, self-denial and consistency of decision than is generally suspected. There is a lamentable aversion, in all ranks and classes, to the undecorated propositions of the Bible. The embassy of divine mercy must be philosophized and rhetoricated or we reject it. Plainness of speech is meanness of speech. We call for figures and flowers of oratory; we are luxurious in our tastes, and exorbitant in our demands; spiritual life and spiritual death, the vast themes of eternity, and the engrossing subjects of revelation are powerless to move us, unless tricked out and garnished with the pride of learning and the glory of the schools. We go to church or chapel as we would to a lecture-room or a theatre—for intellectual instruction, or intellectual entertainment; and our approbation of the performer is in exact proportion to the skill which he exhibits, or the talent he displays. The fact is, we take the bread of life and the water of life, not because we hunger and thirst, but in compliance with the pressure of a fashionable duty; and the preacher who best succeeds in turning the water into wine, and the bread into sumptuous fare, is the preacher under whom we "sit" with the greatest composure.

Procrastination, thus ruining many souls, by making them delay till the day of salvation passes by, also hinders such to their progress in holiness as have sought and found the blessings of God's grace. Could we go to the place where God has forgotten to be gracious, and ask its miserable inhabitants the cause of their ruin, the answer given by multitudes would be, "Delay. When in the land of hope, I often heard of salvation; I intended one day to seek it, but I procrastinated till death came, and with it my summons to the judgment-seat." And could we go to the regions of the blessed, and ask such as are reaping more sparingly, and shining less brightly, than others around them, the cause of their slow progress—their slight attainments—their sowing and reaping sparingly,—the answer given by many would be similar; delay having made it long before they sought to serve God,—having prevented them from vigorously serving him,—renouncing what was calculated to interfere with their devotedness, and adopting what had tendency to farther their progress. The man who, after a long delay, seeks and finds his Maker's friendship, still sustains loss, that is great and irreparable. All the time of his delay he might have been serving and glorifying God, doing good to his fellow-creatures, laying up treasure in heaven, making progress in holiness. But, through procrastination, such opportunity has been lost; and hence the low spiritual attainments of many Christians. When their sun goes down, their Christian graces are but beginning to develop. They have procrastinated so long, allowed so much precious time to pass by unimproved, that the good seed implanted in them has not time to grow; the blade has sprung up, perhaps the ear, but ere the full corn in the ear has exhibited its maturity they are sent into eternity, without having risen above the stature of babes in Christ, or accumulated much of the treasure "which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and which thieves do not break through and steal."—*Marshall on Inward Revival*.

The Rev. Mr. Giles, a Baptist minister of Liverpool, addressing a meeting at Manchester, on the corn laws, concluded his speech with the following new version of a part of the National Anthem:

"O Lord our God, arise;
Scatter monopolies,
And corn laws sore;
Confound such politics,
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save the poor."

The same Mr. Giles, in the course of the same speech said "the corn laws were anti-philanthropic and anti-patriotic. Charles Dickens ("Boz") was his pupil, and he (Mr. Giles) said to him, a few days ago, "Charles, the world thinks you must have spent all your time in a poor house." "No," he replied, "I never entered a poor house in my life; but England is, throughout, a poor-house."

THE WAY TO PREVENT A PIG FROM BEING IMPOUNDED.—The owner of a pig, enraged at being a second time called upon to pay the penalty for its breaking bounds, went to the pound with a large whip, and, shutting the door to prevent piggy's egress, whipped the poor animal until it squeaked for mercy. He then told the hayward that if he ever got the pig within the pound again "he would forgive him." Within a day or two the pig again broke loose, and the hayward was at his post, but all attempts to get it any where near the pound were fruitless. The hayward pushed forward—piggy pushed backward, and beat the hayward by chalks. The Irish method was tried; and an attempt made to persuade piggy that it was required to go a different route, by putting his head towards the pound and pulling his tail from it; but piggy was not to be done. Neither strength nor stratagem had the least effect. At length the owner came, and amidst much laughter took the animal home.—*Hampshire Advertiser*.

CREDULITY.—A lady, some time back, on a visit to the British Museum, asked the person in attendance if they had a skull of Oliver Cromwell; being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she, "that's very strange, for they have one at Oxford."—*London paper*. [We have copied these few lines for the purpose of adding that the paragraph is a capital instance of a good story being entirely spoiled in telling. The original version, which is greatly superior in humor to those monstrosities called Jonathanisms, is, we believe, as follows:—The lady, on being told that the skull shown to her at the British Museum was that of Oliver Cromwell, observed that that was strange, as she had seen another skull of the Usurper in the Oxford Museum, which was much larger. "Yes, madam," said the conductor, "but our specimen is that of his skull when he was very young!"

THE HARVEST MOUSE.—The smallest of British quadrupeds is supposed to be the harvest mouse, hitherto found only in Hampshire, and which is so diminutive, that two of them put into a scale just weighed down one copper half-penny. One of the nests of these little animals was procured by Mr. White. It was most artificially platted, and composed of wheat blades, and perfectly round, about the size of a cricket ball. It was so compact and well filled, that it would roll across a table without being discomposed, though it contained eight young ones. This wonderful cradle was found in a wheat field suspended in the head of a thistle.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

"TO WHAT BASE USES, &c.—The following paragraphs very well illustrate the sentence we have half quoted from Hamlet:

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.—Within a short time the Cabinet of the Boston Phrenological Society, consisting of a vast collection of casts, has been deposited in new apartments in Washington street. In the course of an examination of this very curious museum, the other day, we were shown the

skull of the late M. Robertson, of Paris, who not only bequeathed very many curious heads to this society, but a sum of money to defray the cost of transportation, and lastly his own *hee!* This came safely in a small box, and is more striking in consequence of having two prodigious rows of teeth, than for any notable protuberance on the cerebral region. M. Robertson entertained a devoted feeling of attachment to Dr. Spurzheim, and after showing his love for the science of phrenology, it was the constant desire of his heart, we understand, to have his skull placed by the side of that great philosopher's—in which he is likely to be indulged.—[Medical and Surgical Journal.]

The "self esteem" of the learned phrenologist would be sadly mortified if he could see his own head (after the macerations and scourings it has undergone, to reduce it to a skull worthy of being placed next to Spurzheim's) a kicking, or being kicked, about the floor of the society's lumber room, as if it belonged to any body rather than Mr. Robertson.—*Boston Trans.*

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—The following appears in a Western paper:

Gentlemen of the Jury:—Can you for an instant suppose that my client here, a man what has allers sustained a high depredation in society, a man you all on you suspect and esteem for his many good quantities; yes, gentlemen, a man what *never* drinks more nor a quart of likker a day; can you, I say, for an instant, suppose that this ere man would be guilty of hookin' a box of percushum caps?—Rattlesnakes and coon skins forbid! Pictor to yourselves, gentlemen, a feller fast asleep in his log cabin, with his innocent wife and orphan children by his side—all nater hushed in deep repose, and nought to be heard but the muttering of the silent thunder and the hollering of the bull frogs; then imagine to yourselves a feller sneaking up to the door like a despicable hyena, softly entering the dwelling of the peaceful and happy family, and, in the most mendacious and dastardly manner, hooking a whole box of percushum! Gentlemen, I will not, I cannot, dwell upon the monstrosity of such a scene! My feelings turn from such a picter of moral turpentine, like a big wood-chuck would turn from my dog Rose! I cannot for an instant harbor the idea that any man in these diggings, much less *this ere* man, could be guilty of committing an act of such rantankerous and unextrampled discretion.

And now, gentlemen, after this ere brief view of the case, let me retreat of you to make up your minds candidly and unpartially, and give us such a verdict as we might reasonably suspect from such an enlightened and intolerant body of our feller citizens—remembering, that in the language of Nimrod, who fell in the battle of Bunker Hill, it is better that ten innocent men should escape, rather than that one guilty should suffer. Judge, give us a chew of tobacco.

STRANGE INDEED.—The New Orleans Crescent City gives the following marvellous story. The "alligator gar" is an alligator with peculiar teeth, fitting into each other like comb teeth.

A negro boy, belonging to Pierre de Puerto, in Colcasine, came to his death on the 16th inst., in a very strange manner. His master, it seems, had given him permission to go a fishing, and the negro, having a soul too large to bait for minnows or mullets, resolved to take nothing but red-horse fish. Accordingly he baited a large hook, and getting rather tired, he decided on taking a pleasant snooze in his canoe in the middle of the bayou. After tying his line to his leg, so that he might feel the "bite," he curled himself up in the bottom of his boat, and went asleep.

The next day the boat was seen, but no negro; but some of the slaves on shore discovered his dead body, with the line still fast to his leg, and the hook in the mouth of a dead alligator gar, about six feet long! The fish, it seems, had drawn him over the side of the boat into the water, and being unable to release himself, he soon was drowned. The hook, and the struggles of the unfortunate boy, soon worried the gar to death, and the next morning they were found attached to each other, high and dry as above mentioned.

TO THE LADIES—BONNET SQUASH.—Who knows but the annexed paragraph from a Texas paper, may be the herald of whole fields of bonnets, by and by supplanting the pumpkin vines of New England:

They *do* have some strange "fixings" in Texas. Only think of a lady with a culinary vegetable on her head for a bonnet; yet such is the fact. The Houston Telegraph says that many of the western planters lately introduced the culture of a species of squash that may be manufactured into bonnets, and several of the western ladies have already obtained beautiful bonnets from this hitherto despised vegetable. These bonnets are formed from the fine glossy fibrous lining of the interior surface of the squash, and are remarkable for the strength, lightness and delicacy of the texture composing them. They are so tenacious and flexible that they may be easily washed like silk. It is said a milliner some time since, took one of these to one of the eastern cities of the United States, and it became quite an object of admiration. Possibly in a few years these squash bonnets may become all the fashion; and even the pumpkin heads of the north may be decked with squashes from Texas.

THE ONLY MAN KNOWN TO LONDON.—Thousands and tens of thousands of individuals are known in London, but it is curious enough that there is only one man now in existence known to London: to the city, the west end, Marylebone, Southwark, every point in short, of the metropolitan compass. Much of the notoriety the illustrious individual in question owes to his glory, and much to his nose; nor would he, perhaps, with all his victories, have ever been enabled to achieve this signal conquest over the indifference of universal London, if his features were not in some sort the herald of his fame. When this distinguished person appears out of doors, there is a general commotion; people forgetting their business or pleasure, run after him like little boys trotting at the heels of a showman: "Hats off" is the word wherever he makes his way; carriages stop without orders, that the ladies, coachman, and John may have a stare; equestrians wheel about and follow his footsteps; "There he goes," you'll hear the people say; but nobody asks who goes there, for to every body he is as well known as the Monument. When he goes to down the House crowds assemble to await his coming, and crowds wait patiently to see him coming away. —How he looks is the general topic of discourse, and he is the only person in London or the world, who, for twenty-five years, has occupied the same portion of the public eye without fatiguing the sight or escaping the memory, without diminution or decay of a respect as universal as extraordinary. —Need we say that there must be more than popularity in this? When we say that the illustrious person in question is as well known as the Monument, we forgot for a moment that he is a monument himself, a living, moving trophy of the might and majesty of England, of her bravery and glory.—We do not name him; to name him were to detract from that universal fame that accompanies his footsteps; let it be enough that every one knows and no one can mistake him. He is the single solitary exception to the rule we have laid down, that no living man is large enough to fill the universal eye of so vast a body as London.—[The only man now in London" is, of course, the Duke of Wellington.]

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—A few days ago while the Messrs. Thorburn were unpacking a chest of Orange Pekoe tea, imported in one of the late arrivals from China, they discovered between the lead lining and bottom of the box a copy of the Edinburgh Caledonian Mercury, of date 22d Sept. 1796, (exactly 45 years ago) containing a letter of the senior Mr. Thorburn, the venerable partner of the firm, regarding the tea trade of that period. The chest was packed 1,500 miles above Canton, where the newspaper, which is in excellent preservation, must have been put in; and no explanation is given to remove the mystery how it has been preserved and transmitted back nearly half a century after its publication.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

A SCRAP FROM CRUIKSHANK.

It is the fate of one author to be overlooked by the Great, and of another to be overlooked by the Little. But we very much question, whether any author, be he poet or pamphleteer, occupying what is technically called a two-pair front, was ever subjected, whether sitting down to dinner or getting into bed, to the inconvenience of being Overlooked by the Great, after the fashion portrayed below. Now this we really take to be



THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE!

Impudence has many degrees. When a stranger in a coffee room politely requests to be allowed just to glance for one instant only at the newspaper you are reading, merely to look at an advertisement, and then, ordering candles into the next box, coolly sits down to read through the parliamentary debate—when a friend borrows your horse, to lend to a friend of his whom he would not trust with his own—a certain degree of impudence has unquestionably been attained. There is impudence in looking through a keyhole, in peeping over the parlor-blinds, in spying into the first floor from the window “over the way;” but surely the highest stage of impudence is reserved for the man who stops as he strolls along at night, to look into your bed-room window, on the third floor—tapping at it probably with a request to be permitted to light his cigar at your candle, as the gas light has gone out.

AT HIS OLD TRICKS AGAIN.



AN ANACREONTIC FABLE.

Cupid, a spoiled and peevish boy,
Is always wanting some new toy;
And what is more, his mother Venus
Never denies—*quodcunque genus*—
Any odd thing the urchin fancies,
From kings and queens to scullery Nancies.
His fondling mother t'other day,
Gave him some HEARTS wherewith to play;
No sooner did the rascal take them,
Than he began to bruise and break them!

From the London Keepsake for 1842.

JEALOUSY.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART.

I have thy love—I know no fear
Of that divine possession—
Yet draw more close, and thou shalt hear
A jealous heart's confession.

I nurse no pang lest fairer youth
Or loftier hopes should win thee,—
There blows no wind to chill the truth,
Whose amaranth blooms within thee.

Unworthier thee if I could grow,
(The love that lured thee perish'd),
Thy woman-heart could ne'er forego
The earliest dream it cherish'd.

I do not think that doubt and love
Are one—whate'er they tell us,
Yet—nay—lift *not* thy looks above—
A star can make me jealous!

If thou art mine, all mine at last,
I covet so the treasure,
No glance that thou canst elsewhere cast,
But robs me of a pleasure.

I am so much a miser grown,
That I could wish to hide thee,
Where never breath but mine alone,
Could drink delight beside thee;—

Then say not, with that soothing air,
I have no rival nigh thee—
The sunbeam lingering in thy hair—
The breeze that trembles by thee—

The very herb beneath thy feet—
The rose whose odours woo thee—
In *all* things—rivals he must meet,
Who would be all things to thee!

If sunlight from the dial be
But for one moment banish'd,
Turn to the silenced plate and see
The hours themselves are vanish'd;—

In aught that from me lures thine eyes,
My jealousy has trial—
The lightest cloud across the skies
Has darkness for the dial.

From the London Keepsake for 1842.

THE
LADY JEMIMA HEATHERFIELD.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Travelling last summer through the county of —, my coachman declared, on reaching the village of Heatherfield, that one of my carriage-horses appeared so much fatigued, that it would be cruel, as well as dangerous, to attempt to drive him on to the next post, as had been originally intended. "The poor dumb hanimal," he said, "was quite done up, and required rest." The inn looked clean and tidy; the landlord and landlady respectable; and while the former, with many bows, assured me that his house afforded excellent accommodation, the latter asserted that a better bed could not be had in the whole county, than that which she hoped I would occupy in the chintz-room.

I looked at my watch, and finding that it was scarcely four o'clock, the prospect of a long evening at the Heatherfield Arms, with only a dull novel to while away the hours, was so little tempting, that I proposed to proceed with post-horses, and leave my own to repose in the stable, so much vaunted by the owner. The landlady, with that quickness of perception peculiar to her sex, observing that I was not disposed to take up my abode at her inn, reminded me that the castle, within a mile of the village, was well worth seeing; and added, that although it was not the day on which the public was admitted, she could answer for it that Mrs. Norland, the housekeeper, would not refuse to show me the house. Now be it known to my readers that I have ever had a great desire to see all fine old places; and as I infinitely prefer visiting them *en petite comete*, than forming one among the incongruous groups that flock to them on those days appropriated for the admission of the public, I felt induced to adopt her suggestion. The recommendation of my *femme de chambre*, who talked of the advantage of an early dinner, and a little rest after so hot a day, and the remark of my coachman, that if the horses were to follow to the next stage to take me up on the following morning, the day's work at Woodford Abbey, which I intended to reach, would be too much for them, had also some influence on my determination to remain at the Heatherfield Arms. I did not regret that I had formed it when I had entered the clean and neatly furnished parlor, and as temptingly clean bed-chamber; to which I was conducted by my bustling hostess, who, all smiles and courtesies, hoped I would find every thing comfortable. I was promised that the roast chicken and lamb-cutlets, which I had ordered for dinner, should be ready in half an hour, and while they were preparing I strolled into the garden, and seating myself in an arbor overgrown with honeysuckle and syringas, awaited the summons to dinner. To those accustomed to a luxurious table, "and all appliances to boot," a simple dinner in a country inn is not without its attractions; and I have seldom enjoyed a repast prepared by a first-rate French cook, and served on plate in a splendid *salle-a-manger*, so much as I did the roast chicken and lamb-cutlets at the Heatherfield Arms. A pair of post-horses brought my carriage to the door, as soon as my dinner was finished, and I drove off to Heatherfield Castle, my servant taking a note from my hostess to Mrs. Norland.

The family being absent, and the housekeeper not expecting visitors, her *toilette* required some alteration, so I was kept waiting while she donned a silk gown and smart cap, which I must do her the justice to say she was as expeditious as possible in doing; and she approached me with an air of mingled stateliness and complacency, which denoted that she was by no means forgetful of her own dignity, though impressed with a due respect for mine, of which the billet of mine hostess of the Heatherfield Arms had spoken favorable.

Heatherfield Castle is one of the best specimens of a feudal building that I have seen, and contains some fine apartments well furnished, and a good collection of pictures.—Mrs. Norland, gratified by the admiration of the place which

I expressed, warmed into eloquence in speaking of the castle and its owners; and though she confidently pronounced some tolerable copies of old masters to be originals, and lauded pictures that had little to recommend them to attention save their finely carved frames, I forgave her want of judgment, as I traced in it her yearning affection for those she served, and for all their possessions; a laudable feeling, now only to be found in the few ancient servitors who still survive in this degenerate age, exemplifying the difference between the respectable and attached domestics of our forefathers, and the flippant and careless menials of our own time.

"That, madam, is the portrait of the Lady Jemima Heatherfield, a celebrated beauty in her day," said Mrs. Norland, as I paused before a picture representing a young and lovely woman. "It is much admired by the visitors who come here on show-days, and who all prefer it to any of the other portraits. Her's was a sad story," continued the garrulous housekeeper, sighing deeply.

"What relation was she to the present earl?" demanded I, less urged to ask the question by a desire to know the history of the Lady Jemima, than to gratify the evident desire evinced by Mrs. Norland to relate it. Perhaps the recollection of the dull novel that awaited me, as the only resource for filling up the evening at the Heatherfield Arms, had some influence in prompting the request I addressed to my *cicerone* to favor me with the story of the Lady Jemima.

"I seldom relate it," said Mrs. Norland, assuming an air of reserve, "though several ladies have wished me, when they were admiring the portrait; but I will not refuse you, madam; and I only regret that I cannot do the story the justice that my grandmother used to render it, who having heard it from her mother, who had been own woman to the Lady Jemima, knew every particular about it. My great-grandmother, grandmother, and mother all filled the situation I now hold in this castle, and were, as in duty bound, devoted to the noble family they served.

"Lady Jemima was sister to the great grandfather of the present earl, and her beauty and accomplishments drew many suitors to the castle. In her eighteenth year she was presented at court, and was allowed to be the loveliest lady at the drawing-room. It was on that occasion that she first saw the Marquis of Hartingford, who was considered the handsomest man of his day. The Marquis had only lately inherited his title and fortune, owing to the death of his elder and only brother, who had died suddenly of a brain fever a few days after his return from Italy, where he had remained some time. He and his successor had travelled together over a considerable portion of the Continent; but when the latter had come to England, his brother having formed some attachment at Florence, declined accompanying him home and only followed him two years after.—The marquis, being struck with the beauty of the Lady Jemima, shortly found means to obtain an introduction to her ladyship's brother, and through him to the object of his admiration. His visits soon became frequent, and his attentions marked. The servants noticed that his lordship's presence always brought a blush and a smile to the face of their young lady, and the likelihood of a marriage between them was often canvassed in the steward's room and servants' hall, all agreeing that the Marquis and the Lady Jemima would make the handsomest couple in England. It was observed by her woman, that her young lady became unusually particular about her dress, and took much more pains and time in arranging it, than formerly, and this made her believe that there was some foundation for the reports in the stewards' room and servant's hall.

"The Countess of Heatherfield, pleased with the prospect of so good a marriage for her sister-in-law, encouraged the visits of the Marquis of Hartingford, well convinced that the more opportunities afforded him for being acquainted with the rare qualities of the Lady Jemima, the more firmly would the affection springing up in his heart for her be established. And so it proved; for at the end of three months from their first acquaintance, the marquis made his proposals in due form, and was accepted. Al-

though this event was not declared, it was surmised by all the family, and talked of by the servants.

"Ah! Madam, little do the gentry know how quickly their secrets are discovered by those of whose presence they are so unmindful, as often to be scarcely conscious of it, treating their servants as if they were merely automatas, created only to obey their behests, without comprehending what is passing before their eyes. The blushing cheeks and tearful eyes of Lady Jemima, as she passed through the vestibule, between two ranks of powdered footmen, a few minutes after the marquis left the house, on the day he had formally proposed, had not passed unnoticed; and as his lordship returned to dinner, and there was only a family party, and sat by the side of Lady Jemima, who appeared shy, yet happy, all who waited at table on that day, felt convinced that the offer had been made and accepted. This conviction was unfolded to the visitants in the steward's room the same evening. They, consisting of the upper servants of a few of the neighbouring noble families, whose absence left their domestics at liberty to accept the hospitality of Lord Heatherfield's housekeeper and butler, carried back the news, which was rapidly circulated through half London, so that the expected marriage was announced in the newspapers in two or three days after the proposal had been made, to the great annoyance of all the parties concerned, who wondered how it had so soon become generally known. Nor were the occupants of the servants' hall less alert than those in the steward's room, in giving publicity to the approaching nuptials. They too had their visitors, to whom they communicated the tidings; nay, as my great grandmother told her daughter in after years, even the tradesmen's boys who came for orders, from the grocer's down to the beerman's, were informed that our young lady was going to marry the Marquis of Hartingford, who had no less than eighty thousand a-year, and kept one of the best houses in England.

"All was now preparation in Grosvenor Square. The lawyers were drawing up the settlements, and the marquess pressing them to be expeditious: while they, with the pertinacity peculiar to their craft, declared the utter impossibility of completing their task sooner than in a month. My great grandmother about this time, being called to perform some one of her functions for her mistress in the ante-room, overheard the marquis say to Lord Heatherfield, 'How provoking it is that I cannot get these lawyers to advance. I have not an acre of my estate entailed, not a single mortgage nor flaw in my title-deeds, so what is the cause of their delay I cannot imagine.'

"'They served me just in the same way,' replied Lord Heatherfield, 'and while I thought of nothing but securing the hand of Louisa, they were only intent on providing for the contingencies of separation and death, and paid no more attention to my impatience than a cautious guardian does to the foolish demand of some hair-brained ward.'

"And now the marquis wished to have the portrait of Lady Jemima painted for him, and she was to have his in exchange. It is said she never looked more beautiful than while she was sitting to the artist for that very picture which is now before you. Yet my great grandmother heard the Countess of Heatherfield one day remark on the pensiveness of the countenance in the portrait, and reproved the painter, who declared that he only painted what he saw.

"'It is true I felt pensive,' said Lady Jemima to her sister-in-law, as they sat in her dressing-room the next day, and my great grandmother was arranging some things in the next room.

"'How strange, my dear Jemima,' replied her ladyship, 'that you should feel pensive with so brilliant a prospect before you; on the eve of marrying the object of your affection, what do you—what can you desire?'

"'You will laugh at me, dear Louisa, and call me superstitious, when I tell you that some vague and indefinable dread hangs over me, and whispers that the happiness anticipated will not be mine. Even in sleep this presentiment haunts me; nor can my reason chase it from my mind when I awake, harassed and agitated, from one of those fearful dreams that now always attend my slumbers.'

"Lady Heatherfield chided her fears, but it was evident did not conquer them. On the day of the last sitting for the completion of the portrait the marquis arrived, and, with a depression of spirits he could not conceal, placed a letter in the hand of his betrothed. It was from a physician at Pisa, who wrote to say that if his lordship wished to see his mother alive he must hasten to her directly, as, though her life might be prolonged for a few weeks, he entertained no hope of her recovery. The marchioness had been some years in a delicate state of health, and had chiefly resided in Italy, where her son had occasionally paid her a visit; and as the last letters he had received from her gave no intimation that her health was worse than usual, this intelligence coming when he was on the eve of being united to the person he so fondly loved, affected him so powerfully, that even Lady Jemima, though nearly overpowered by the thought of her approaching separation from her betrothed husband, endeavored to conceal her regret, and to console him.

"'Consent to be mine, my adored Jemima,' would the marquis say, 'and together let us go to my mother, who long ere this is prepared to receive you as a daughter.—She will bless us with her dying lips, and supported by your presence, I can fulfil the duty I owe her, and learn to bear the affliction that menaces me. I cannot, dearest, tear myself away from you, much as I desire to hasten to soothe the death-bed of her who gave me life. Consent then to be mine, and accompany me to Italy?'

"This request was repeatedly urged to Lord and Lady Heatherfield, who strenuously opposed this hasty union.—They reminded the marquis that the settlements were not completed—that a marriage contracted while a parent was on the point of death, would appear both unfeeling and indecorous in the eyes of the world, and that the visit of a bride to her dying mother, to whom she was a total stranger, could not be acceptable. All this, and much more they represented to the marquis; but what his almost frantic pleadings failed to effect in reconciling their minds to the step he proposed, the calm, but firmly expressed determination of Lady Jemima accomplished. 'Let me have a right to accompany him, my brother,' said she; 'my presence will be a consolation to him in the melancholy duty he has to perform; and even his mother will meet her death, if indeed she is to be torn from him, with more composure, when she knows that she has one who will share, if she cannot lighten, his sorrow. My resolution is taken; assist us, my dear brother and sister, to carry it into effect.'

"A special licence was obtained, and in two days afterwards the Marquis of Hartingford and Lady Jemima received the nuptial benediction, in presence only of the Earl and Countess of Heatherfield, and Mr. Devereau, a first cousin of the marquis. Never was there so sad a wedding, and scarcely had the ceremony been completed, when the bride and bridegroom set out on their route for Italy, leaving the brother and sister-in-law of the lady in doubt whether they had acted prudently in sanctioning so hasty a union. My great grandmother attended her lady; for though little disposed to visit Italy, at that period considered a very serious undertaking, she was too much attached to the Lady Jemima to leave her service, when, as she conceived, her ladyship most required a faithful attendant.—The journey was made as expeditiously as possible; indeed, more so than was consistent with due regard to the health of the bride; but she felt so anxious that the marquis should not lose a moment in reaching his dying mother, that she urged him not to delay on the route even for the repose necessary to recruit her frame after the unusual fatigue attending it.

"They reached Pisa nearly as soon as a courier could have accomplished the route, and to the eager and anxious enquiry of the marquis to the servant who admitted them into the noble dwelling occupied by the marchioness on the Lung Arno, he was informed that la Signora Marchesa had been slightly indisposed, but was now nearly quite recovered.

"The marquis looked the astonishment he felt at this intelligence, and muttering something about its strangeness,

he hastily commanded the servant to lead the way to the apartment of the marchioness, and taking the bride by the hand, followed the man, and rushed forward to embrace his mother.

"Good Heavens! it was then too late!" exclaimed the marchioness, the moment she saw him, and sinking back into her chair, she fainted.

"The surprise, the joy was too much for her, dearest," said the bride, as she marked the alarm and dismay pictured on the countenance of her husband, and seizing a bottle of *eau-d'Hongrie* from the table, she chafed the temples and hands of her mother-in-law, while the marquis bent in agony over the death-like face of his parent.

"It was some time before animation was restored to the dowager; when slowly opening her eyes, and fixing them on the face of the Lady Jemima, who was kneeling at her feet, and bathing her hands with *eau-d'Hongrie*, she shuddered, and closed them again with a look so full of despair, that the bride, filled with alarm, turned to her husband to seek in his countenance some solution to the mystery that she felt was impending over her. He appeared as much surprised and alarmed as herself; and when soon after his mother again showed symptoms of returning consciousness, he proposed leading his wife into another room, to which proposition, seeing his anxiety that she should accede to it, she consented, and leaning on his arm, left the chamber.—A flood of tears marked the shock her feelings had received at the unaccountable reception given to her by the dowager, from whom she counted on receiving a cordial and affectionate welcome. Her son had apprised that lady of his attachment to the Lady Jemima Heatherfield, and had sought and received her sanction to his union. How, then, was she to account for the dismay pictured in the countenance of her mother-in-law when she entered, and for the exclamation uttered by her before she fainted? In vain did the enamored husband wipe the fast flowing tears from the eyes of his bride, and assure her that all that now appeared mysterious must have originated in some mistake. The agitated lady could not repress her grief, and was still weeping when the marquis was summoned to the chamber of his mother; and her ladyship's woman, who brought the message, added, that her lady begged he might come alone.—This last request increased the sorrow of the young marchioness, and added to the annoyance visible in the countenance of her lord. He had not left the chamber many minutes, when a loud and shrill female voice was heard in the ante-room, uttering in Italian—"Unhand me—I command you to unhand me!" and in the next moment, a young and remarkably handsome woman rushed into the chamber, and seizing the marchioness by the arm, exclaimed—"You then are the wretch whose fatal beauty has lured from me the affections of the traitor who swore eternal fidelity to me at the altar! But you shall not possess him; I am his wife—yes, his true wife! Ah! you tremble and turn pale! Receive the punishment your guilt demands from the hand of her whose peace you have blighted whose brain you have frenzied!" And snatching a small poignard from her bosom, she plunged it into the side of her victim, who, uttering a piercing cry, fell to the ground. The servant seized the maniac, for such evidently was the woman, just as the marquis, who had heard the shriek of his wife, had rushed into the chamber, and beheld his bride, to all appearance lifeless, extended on the floor, and her robe stained with the blood that flowed rapidly from a deep wound in her side.

"Who are you that would thus defeat my just vengeance?" demanded the maniac, as the frantic husband threw himself on his knees, and endeavored to arrest the sanguine stream that deluged the person of his wife, while he urged the servants, who now crowded into the room, to fly for surgical aid, and to remove the fearful woman who had committed the crime.

"No, no; let me see her expire," cried the Italian, her eyes flashing with madness. "But where is *he*, the traitor whose faithlessness drove me to this act? Let him come and see her die, that I may behold his anguish, and thus glut my vengeance on both. See, see—her blood is on me!"

and she held up her small and delicate hand, which was crimsoned from the wound she had inflicted.

"Before the surgeon had arrived, all was over. The marchioness had breathed her last, and left her agonized husband a prey to such overwhelming grief, that for many months his life was despaired of, and his reason unsettled.

"It was afterwards ascertained, that the deceased marquis, having formed an attachment to a beautiful but lowly born Florentine girl, had married her, and soon after gone to England, where his sudden death had precluded the disclosure of his clandestine marriage. The news of his death had never reached his unhappy wife; and he having bound the fair Italian by a solemn oath not to divulge the secret of their marriage until he had revealed it to his mother, the event remained unknown to any of his relations until the day previous to that on which the physician, by the desire of his mother, had written to summon him to Pisa. On that morning, a lovely young woman had demanded to see the marchioness, and would not leave the house until an audience was accorded to her. In a state of excitement that nearly approached to insanity, she questioned that lady whether it was indeed true that the Marquis of Hartingsford was about to be married; and, on being answered in the affirmative, she had, in a paroxysm of jealous rage, declared her marriage, and removed all doubt of the truth of her statement by producing a certificate of it. It never occurred to the marchioness that there could be any mistake as to the identity of her son; and shocked and terrified by what she had heard, she had been taken ill, and urged her physician to summon her son to come to her without a moment's delay, hoping by this plan to prevent the union with Lady Jemima. The unsuspected presence of the bride destroyed the hope of the mother; and her arrival having become quickly known to the Italian, she, maddened by the news, rushed to the house, and accomplished her dreadful act of vengeance, little conscious that her husband had been laid in the grave seven months before. The poor creature was consigned to a mad-house, where she lingered two or three years, without ever recovering a gleam of reason, until a few hours previous to her death. The marchioness returned to England with her son, as soon as his enfeebled frame could support the journey; and as he never again married, the title became extinct.

Twilight had cast its shadow around before I left Heatherfield Castle and its good old housekeeper, who evinced more satisfaction at the interest with which I listened to her tale, than at the guinea I slipped into her hand at parting.

MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.—At Frankfort I came in for a performance in which all Londoners may take a lively interest—the "Norma," of Miss Adelaide Kemble. Though she gave this under every possible disadvantage of fellow singers—the steady chorus always excepted—and though I heard her with a previous disposition to expect what was good from this last of her family, I must confess my expectations were exceeded. It is a great performance; passionate, highly finished and original. I have seen nothing like it from an English vocalist: very little from an English actor or actress, however well accustomed; and I only hold my pen from an attempt to analyse its peculiarities, that you may not think me indiscriminate in panegyric—and because you will soon have an opportunity of doing it for yourself. Her reception was tumultuous, as it well deserved to be, in a land which, whatever good thing it produces, does not assuredly grow Grises!—*Athenaeum*.

FATHER MATHEW WANTED.—A youth named John Taylor, was walking last week on the banks of the Tivy near Lampeter, he saw to his great surprise and astonishment a fine trout lying on its back, playing up all sorts of strange antics, and apparently in a dying state. On examination, it proved that far from being ill or dying, the fish was *right royally drunk*, and had a large quid of tobacco in its mouth, which had doubtless been dropped by some one into the river.—*Carmarthen Journal*.

From the London Keepsake for 1842.

THE GLENROYS.

BY MISS WORTHINGTON.

In a part of Italy notoriously infested by that picturesque plague of the traveller, *banditti*, and in a rather solitary inn, two young Englishmen were waiting for supper, and conversing earnestly. They were in a private room, and a few logs blazed in the chimney; for though the untravelled novice may devoutly believe shivering to be unknown beneath the blue Italian skies, let him make the experiment in January, with a wild storm from the Apennines howling around him, and he will find his error. The young men presented a complete contrast to each other. The elder was slight and rather low in stature, with light hair, a calm sagacious countenance, and a peculiarly deliberate manner. The other was nobly formed, and striking in appearance, with marked features, a dark restless eye, a towering forehead, clustered with redundant black hair, and prematurely lined with furrows that belong not to youth; for he did not seem above three or four-and-twenty. But there were the traces of pride, and care, and ambition, in that face; a Byron sort of curl was on his lip; and his haughty eye gleamed defiance from beneath its projecting brow, and long lashes.

"For what sin of mine, or of my ancestors, I wonder," said the elder young man, half playfully, "was I doomed to be your friend, Glenroy?—to spend my breath in preaching peace and patience to a whirlwind, charity to a misanthrope, and gentleness to a Lucifer of pride and obstinacy!"

"You, at least, give Lucifer credit for a good temper, or you would be more select in your epithets;—but, Mordaunt, I am thoroughly weary of mankind—tired of the world, and of existence."

"So you have told me a thousand times. Certainly mankind are rather exasperating, and perhaps womankind still more so; but—"

"Oh! as to *them*, I have renounced them for ever," interrupted Glenroy, hastily. "Except my own innocent little sisters, and an unpretending woman here and there, who admits she is forty, nothing shall ever tempt me to converse with any of the sex—vain, mercenary creatures! Now this girl, even this Matilda, whom I remember one of the most generous and disinterested of created beings, when she was little more than a child, is now evidently become exactly like the rest—worldly, heartless, avaricious. Her father scarcely laid in his grave, and she writes to me about the family property!"

While he spoke, he snatched up a letter, lying with other papers on the table, and was probably proceeding in a similar strain of invective, when his servant entered, and approached him with some hesitation and embarrassment. "My lord," he began; but his impatient master interrupted him at the first word.

"Once for all, Jarvis, wait till I'm in England, or wait till you are told, before you call me by that title. What business have you to know I am a *lord*, eh?"

"Why—why, sir—you know you told me yourself your uncle was dead, and I know you must succeed to the title."

"And you are too proud of folding a peer's neckcloth, not to announce the fact forthwith—very well; only take care to finish the family history, Jarvis; don't fail to inform the world that in all human probability the Earl of Glenroy will have about eight hundred a-year, wherewith to support the dignity of his coronet—be sure you mention *that*."

Jarvis turned a pleading glance towards his master's friend, who said, with a smile, "Well, now that you have sufficiently rebuked the ambitious vanity of poor Jarvis, we will enquire his business with us, for I think his countenance is full of matter."

"Perhaps his—my master is busy, and I might interrupt him," said Jarvis, in a subdued tone.

"Of course you do," replied Glenroy, more gently; "but

I suppose you can't help it. Well, what is the mighty something?"

It was not without hesitation, and evident misgivings, that Jarvis finally unfolded his mission as follows. An English lady, who had just arrived, and was only accompanied by servants, had sent to enquire whether the gentlemen would permit her carriage to set out at the same time with theirs on the succeeding day, as she was under great apprehension of the *banditti*.

Glenroy stepped hastily forwards. "Have you seen this lady, Jarvis?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she young?"—(very eagerly)—"is she handsome?"

"Why no, sir, I can't say that she is; for she's lame; and hump-backed; and I should think she's fifty."

Glenroy's whole countenance changed, and in a gentle, satisfied voice, he said—"Oh! then I am sure I should be glad to be of any use to her. Mordaunt, what say you? I don't see how we could refuse such a natural request; and an unprotected woman, after all, *has* claims on one."

"Certainly—particularly that more favored portion of the sex who are lame and deformed. Jarvis has drawn so engaging a portrait, that I long to see the original—where is she?"

"Indeed, sir, in her own room, shivering with cold;—and she's in great sorrow, too, as her maid tells me. I believe she has just lost her husband, poor lady—I heard her sobbing myself."

This little picture at once roused all the better part of a nature *really* any thing but harsh; and Glenroy, after consulting with his friend, wrote a few lines, stating the pleasure they should feel in affording her any assistance, adding a request that the lady would consent to occupy their apartment, which they would at once vacate for her reception, and which possessed the comfort of a fire.

Glenroy had resumed the examination of the papers before alluded to; and his ideas were recurring to their former channel, when an extremely pretty young female entered the room, whose deep mourning dress was in striking contrast with her airy, and somewhat coquettish demeanour; she curtsied profoundly, and, in very civilized language, conveyed her mistress's thanks for their kindness, and intimated that it would be accepted. "Only, gentlemen," she continued, "you must not think of quitting the room;—indeed, my poor mistress has been so sadly frightened, and confides so little in foreigners, that—"

At this moment Jarvis threw open the door, and announced "Mrs. Lindsay," in a sonorous voice. A momentary spasm of vexation crossed Glenroy's countenance, and he huddled up the papers on the table, while Sir Henry Mordaunt, long accustomed "*to do the gracious*" for his eccentric friend, advanced to meet the lady. That she fully merited that title, her dignified deportment at once declared, in spite of her personal defects and infirmities. She was a tall and stately woman, and would have possessed a fine figure, but for the deformity, which was quite visible, even under the large shawl she wore; her countenance, also, appeared handsome; but it was almost entirely concealed by the deep borders of her mourning-cap, and a green shade which covered her eyes; a few dark locks, sprinkled with silver, escaped from her head-dress, and, with the general style of her sable attire, seemed to contradict her being a widow in her weeds. "I feel extremely indebted to you, gentlemen," she said, as she moved forward slowly, and with evident difficulty, "for your prompt kindness to a countrywoman; and though, perhaps, you may regard me as somewhat an intruder, yet—"

"By no means, madam," exclaimed Glenroy, quite relieved by her whole appearance, and advancing to place a chair—"pray honor us by sitting down."

The pretty waiting-maid instantly offered her arm, and her mistress leaned upon it, as she accepted the proffered chair.

Glenroy was quite touched. "You are not well, I fear," he said, in a soft voice.

"Not very well, certainly," replied the lady; "but in

fact, I am always a poor cripple" (and she smiled); "very little fitted for escaping from these terrible banditti, of whom we hear so much. However, it is not exactly for myself that I fear—Harris," she continued, speaking to her maid, "bring the red box."

Harris, whose movements were as agile as those of her lady were deliberate, vanished in a moment.

"My motive for requesting your society to-morrow," Mrs. Lindsay went on to say, "and for thus introducing myself to you to-night, was——" Here she hesitated, and looked towards Jarvis, who was loitering in the performance of some of those innumerable trifles, by which a servant can generally contrive to remain in a room, if it appears desirable. A single word from Glenroy dismissed him in a moment. Mrs. Lindsay bowed her acknowledgment, and continued—"was a great anxiety to omit no precaution that might ensure the safety of a very precious deposit, which is in my hands; and if I might venture to ask such a kindness from strangers——" Again she hesitated, and appeared considerably agitated; both Mordaunt and Glenroy approached her, and their looks must have assured her she need fear no discouraging reply.

Harris now returned, carrying rather a mean-looking square box, with no appearance of unusual security, which she placed on the table, and retired.

"In this box, gentlemen, are articles of the greatest value—not so much to me as to others; and I would request of you, if not too great a burthen, to take charge of it for to-morrow's journey. It is lined with iron plates; but has been purposely rendered insignificant in appearance, to avoid suspicion. Might I ask this kindness from you?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Glenroy, cordially, "and we are honored by the charge. Yet," he added, with a smile, "I cannot but wonder at the confiding disposition which reposes, thus readily, a trust in perfect strangers, however I may feel we merit your reliance on us."

At these words, to the surprise and concern of the two young men, the lady burst into a sudden flood of tears.—They approached, and Glenroy spoke to her in the kindest and most soothing manner. After a very few moments, she repressed her emotion sufficiently to speak. "Excuse me, gentlemen," she said, "my nerves have been much shaken lately. But with regard to this box: should any attack really take place to-morrow, allow no consideration of my safety to come into competition with its preservation; nay, I will even venture to ask you to neglect your own personal effects for its security—at least, so far as mere pecuniary value is concerned; and I feel assured, that when the motives which prompt this request can be explained, you will never regret having complied with it." Thus speaking, she arose, carefully aided by Glenroy; and, after exchanging good-night with Sir Henry Mordaunt, she accepted the former's arm, until she reached the door, where Harris was awaiting her.

On returning to his friend, Glenroy exclaimed, "This is altogether a very singular sort of adventure, Mordaunt! What can there be in this box? There is something peculiarly striking and prepossessing in her manner—don't you think so? Why do you smile in that satirical way?"

"Because I firmly believe if she was a girl of eighteen, you would declare her manner to be affected and disagreeable; for my part, I confess I retain a foolish prejudice in favor of youth and beauty. I am most impressed by the very extraordinary coolness with which this lady in the green shade first commits a treasure she declares to be of such value to perfect strangers; and secondly, roundly requests the said strangers, on any emergency, to neglect their own property, for the laudable purpose of preserving hers!—this, indeed, is rather striking, but whether it is prepossessing, I am not quite prepared to say."

"Oh! that is a very narrow view of her conduct; to me it appears a proof of great nobleness of feeling—conscious rectitude. She has certainly uncommonly finished manners, and a singularly sweet voice; its tones are quite musical."

"I admit the sweetness of the voice," replied Mordaunt; and they returned to their former occupation.

When Jarvis came to attend his master to his apartment, he had obtained abundance of information respecting Mrs. Lindsay. She was a widow, but not a recent one; she had come to Italy with a brother in a consumption, who had died at Palermo a few weeks before; she was rich, amiable, and extremely beloved by her servants; her lameness and deformity arose from an accident in her childhood; she was about forty-five years old; her late brother's name was Campbell; and her husband had been an officer in the army, with whom she had travelled across the Great Desert some years before, on which occasion she had nearly lost her sight, and never quite recovered it. These particulars delivered by Jarvis with great unction, on perceiving that his master listened to them with interest—left no further scope for curiosity as to their future fellow-traveller; and the two friends, carrying the marvellous red box into their apartment, retired to rest.

At an early hour the following morning the little party assembled in readiness to depart. In general, Sir Henry Mordaunt was much franker than his companion; but, on this occasion, Lord Glenroy's greetings to Mrs. Lindsay were far the most cordial. As if conscious of this prepossession in her favor, she drew him aside, saying, "I know servants entertain all sorts of foolish fears; but my old butler is entirely persuaded the people of this inn are in league with banditti, and, moreover, believes he last night overheard an arrangement for an attack upon us. He understands Italian well, and, therefore, really may be correct in his supposition; but, at all events, I wished to mention, that, should any unforeseen circumstance throw the custody of that box entirely into your hands, I entreat it may be conveyed to Drummond's bank, and opened by him—he will explain the rest."

A variety of strange feelings, inexplicable to himself, crowded on Lord Glenroy as he listened to this request, and assisted Mrs. Lindsay to enter her carriage; is was handsome, but entirely without arms, crest, or initials. The pretty Mrs. Harris placed herself by her lady's side, the old butler mounted his appropriate seat with an anxious countenance, and the little party set out on as gloomy a morning as could have been seen in any part of the world, with any thing but agreeable anticipations. Sir Henry Mordaunt, indeed, whose calm temperament resisted instinctively the idea of adventures or peril, found amusement in the solicitude which Glenroy displayed, both for the comfort of their fellow-traveller, and the safety of the red box.

Some miles had been traversed without interruption, and having nearly passed the region of danger, the travellers began to abate their vigilance, and even old Barrett to think his alarms were unfounded. At last they descended a steep hill, and at the bottom entered a narrow rocky defile, much overgrown with trees on one side the road. Glenroy's falcon eye had caught sight of a figure perched on the very top-most crag, as the carriages wound down the hill; it disappeared, a sharp whistle rang through the gorge, and the moment they had actually entered it, a party of armed men rushed upon them, and commenced an attack. In a moment, as usual, all the Italian servants fled, and, as usual, also, quite unmolested; the remaining party were actively employed. Old Barrett, Mrs. Lindsay's butler, fired down on one of the two men attacking her carriage, with such well-directed aim, that he shot the robber dead on the spot; he received, in turn, a wound from the survivor, who proceeded to open and rifle the carriage, while Mrs. Lindsay and Harris sprang out of the opposite door. Terror appeared miraculously to restore that lady to temporary activity; for, on perceiving the situation of her fellow travellers, she rushed towards them with uncommon speed. The carriage containing Mordaunt and Glenroy had preceded hers, and they met the attack precisely as their several characters might have led her to expect; the first expostulated and negotiated, with imperturbable serenity; whilst the fiery Glenroy darted forth with a pistol in each hand, and offered a furious resistance to the two men who attempted to seize his person; the first pistol-shot stretched one upon the ground, whilst at the same instant, the second man fired on Glenroy; the ball struck his arm, which, in a moment, hung useless by his side, and

the brigand was in the very act of stepping forward to seize him, with a stiletto in his hand, when Mrs. Lindsay arrived; she caught the falling pistol from Glenroy's relaxing fingers, placed herself before him, and partially supporting him with one arm, held out the weapon in a steady hand, exclaiming in Italian—"One step in advance, and you are lost! wretched man, begone to your caverns—begone!" Jarvis, who had been fighting in the true English fashion, with nature's own weapons, now flew to his master; Mordaunt's groom joined him, and at that instant a large party of travellers were seen coming rapidly down the hill. This was the signal for immediate retreat, to which the banditti were already disposed, having one of their number killed, and another mortally wounded.

The whole scene—the attack, the combat, the flight—had not occupied five minutes. Glenroy was now lying bleeding and insensible in Mordaunt's arms, who was, for once, entirely bereft of composure, while Mrs. Lindsay hung over him, weeping and wringing her hands in uncontrollable anguish. "He is dead!" she exclaimed, in the most piercing accents: "he, too, is gone!—the last! Oh, mysterious Heaven; the last blood of the Glenroys to be shed by an Italian ruffian!"

Even amidst his own alarm and sorrow, Sir Henry Mordaunt could not but be struck with astonishment at her conduct; but it was no time then for conjecture or curiosity. The advancing party now arrived, and most fortunately, an English medical student was amongst them, who instantly offered his professional assistance. The moment he assured Mrs. Lindsay that Glenroy was neither dead nor mortally wounded she suddenly recovered all her composure, and assisted in bandaging the bleeding arm, &c., with a feminine dexterity and unflinching steadiness of nerve that excited the universal admiration of the bystanders. They were within a few miles of a small town, and thither Mordaunt resolved to proceed instantly. At Mrs. Lindsay's passionate request, the young Englishman consented to quit his party and accompany them. She insisted on Glenroy being placed in her own carriage, and would allow no one else to aid Mordaunt in supporting him. By degrees he recovered his senses, and could utter a few words to his companions, expressive of his satisfaction at their safety. Barrett was also wounded, though slightly; and slowly, for the sake of all parties, the two carriages proceeded to the place of their destination.

On their arrival, Mrs. Lindsay advised Mordaunt to procure lodgings in a private house; and on his concurring in her opinion, undertook all the arrangements, with which she appeared perfectly familiar. Within as short a time as the nature of things permitted, Glenroy's arm, and another slighter wound in his side, had received every necessary attention, and he was in bed, surrounded with every possible comfort, in a quiet apartment, opening into another, destined for Mordaunt.

When the close of this eventful day permitted that gentleman to reflect at leisure on its occurrences, he could not avoid dwelling on the various singularities connected with Mrs. Lindsay; her conduct, from the moment of the attack, excited his utmost admiration; but his chief feeling was surprise at the extraordinary, passionate, and apparently inexplicable interest she manifested for Glenroy. Had he been her only son, she could not have evinced more intense anxiety respecting him; and it seemed absolutely impossible that this powerful sentiment should be the growth of a single day's acquaintance; he perceived that it was by no means extended to himself, but confined exclusively to Glenroy; and he remembered, amongst other proofs of the absorbing nature of her feelings respecting him, that she even enquired after the fate of that *red box*, for whose safety she had previously expressed so remarkable an anxiety. Yet how, or where could she have known him? Mordaunt had been his almost constant companion from childhood, and was acquainted with every event of his life;—it was altogether unaccountable, and with this conviction on his mind, Sir Henry Mordaunt fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

The following day Glenroy was in a high fever, and his friend forgot every thing in uneasiness respecting him. He ceased to feel surprise at Mrs. Lindsay's vivid interest in their mutual charge, and only experienced the sincerest pleasure in possessing so useful, and so sympathizing an assistant. Glenroy's impatient disposition rendered him a very refractory invalid; but she was evidently versed in all the trials, as well as all the duties, of a nurse. She remembered every thing; she provided for every thing; she seemed endowed with almost supernatural foresight and sagacity; whilst her unwearied patience, gentleness, and sweetness, acquired a complete empire over the impetuous Glenroy, who finally learned to obey her smallest injunction with entire submission. At the end of a week, Mr. Atwood, the young surgeon, pronounced him out of danger, and quitted them. He now began to amend visibly; his bodily sufferings abated, and he grew extremely restless, impatient, and uneasy, continually lamenting his inability to write, or to arrange business of great importance, awaiting his presence in London.

A few days afterwards, Mrs. Lindsay communicated her opinion to Mordaunt that he had better proceed immediately to England. "I do not wish to enquire into his private affairs," she said, "nor can I judge how far the business he speaks of is really so very urgent in its nature; but this be assured of, tranquillity of mind is essential to his recovery—to his safety, even now. Could you not act for him?—could you not see this Lady Matilda Glenroy, whose image seems to torment him so incessantly?—something, surely, might be done towards arranging the lawsuit he speaks of?"

"Certainly," replied Sir Henry; "I could do much towards calming his perturbed spirit, if I were in England; but am I to suppose you would maintain the post you fill so admirably until he recovers?"

"Undoubtedly! I shall never quit him, be assured, whilst I can be of the least use to him. I will watch over him, as if—as if he were my own son."

"Then I shall feel perfectly easy respecting his welfare. If he consent, I will set out immediately; and a thousand thanks, dearest Mrs. Lindsay, for the kind and excellent suggestion."

Glenroy eagerly accepted the proposition. All was speedily arranged for the journey. A day was spent by the two friends, one in dictating, and the other in writing, numerous letters; and the following morning Sir Henry Mordaunt set out for England. He received a packet from Mrs. Lindsay to be left at Drummond's and bade her farewell, very cordially and sincerely expressing his hope they should speedily meet again. She shook her head, saying, in a mournful voice, "I also wish it, Sir Henry, as much as you can possibly do; but I fear it is most probable that years may previously intervene; however, fare you well—health, and all happiness attend you!"

"It was after this that he took leave of Glenroy. "Before I quit you, my dear friend," he said, "I must say a little more about the extraordinary woman in whose hands I leave you. Of her care, her unremitting and judicious care, I entertain not the slightest doubt; but I really half dread, and I know not why, the powerful influence she possesses over you; neither ought I to conceal that I am convinced that there is something mysterious about her—she is not what she seems, I am sure."

"Mysterious!" cried Glenroy, rather indignantly, "what can you mean? And as to her influence—a fine intellect, exquisite sweetness of temper, and a total forgetfulness of self, must always command influence over every human mind and heart. Dread it! nonsense, Mordaunt!"

"Well, I admit that with any one but so susceptible and eccentric a being as yourself, such an apprehension would be egregious nonsense; for, with all your attempts to conceal it, you are susceptible to a great degree—your very horror of a young and handsome woman proves it. In general, to dread female influence over a young man of four-and-twenty, where the lady is nearly fifty, lame, and deformed, and whose eyes he has never seen, would be ridiculous—perhaps it is so now; but you not only delight in her con-

versation, which is quite natural, but talk of the sweetness of her voice, and the beauty of her hand."

"And is it not exquisitely beautiful?—a model for a sculptor? And her voice is not only most delicious, but reminds me of some one's I have greatly loved—I think it must be my mother's."

After a little farther conversation in a similar strain, Mordaunt related the manner in which she had interfered with the banditti, and then added: "Now, my friend, a woman who preserves your life at this imminent risk of her own, hangs over you in an agony of grief, talks of '*the last of the Glenroys*,' and yet calls herself a total stranger, is, in my opinion, a mysterious personage."

Enfeebled by bodily illness, and fatigued by dictating important documents, Glenroy was less impressed by Mordaunt's narration than would otherwise have been the case. Perhaps it increased the perfect confidence with which he reposed on Mrs. Lindsay's care, which was now even greater than before he was consigned to her sole guardianship. She redoubled her efforts to relieve the tedium of confinement, for which her varied mental qualifications admirably fitted her. She read to him; she conversed with him; she lectured him on his various faults; and he seemed to like her lectures better than any thing else. She hired a guitar, and played and sung to him. "I cannot look at a music-book now," she said, "but I can remember the old things I used to sing in my youth." The voice he so much admired was not less sweet in warbling the plaintive melodies of Scotland than in speaking, and Glenroy spent many hours of positive happiness in listening to her; his vexed spirit was soothed, his heart softened, and visions of days long gone by floated around his sick bed. He longed to open his whole soul to this gentle friend, to communicate all his difficulties and distresses, ask her advice, and enjoy the consolation of her sympathy; but considerations respecting others for a time restrained him.

At length a packet of letters arrived from England, and Mrs. Lindsay was shocked by the agitation they produced in her charge. Before evening he was in a high fever; and, in the course of the night, Jarvis called Mrs. Lindsay up in great alarm, to endeavor to calm him: she sent for an old *medico*, in the same street, who administered a powerful sedative. The next morning Glenroy sent for her as soon as he awoke. She found him calm, but profoundly dejected: he held out his hand to her with a melancholy smile, saying, "Come, my dear and invaluable friend—come and administer some of your soothing philosophy to your *protégé*. You have taught me how to live; now, I firmly believe you must extend your lesson, and teach me—how to die!"

"Good heavens!" she cried, "what has happened?—it is impossible!"

"I know not whether it is really so, but I feel as if my end was approaching; and last night I was certainly delirious—or mad—or something like it. Listen—you took those letters from me, and bade me sleep; I did at last, but soon awoke, struggling with a dreadful feeling;—all the dead were round me—my father, with his bleeding breast—my mother, expiring, with Theodosia in her arms—my uncle, frowning—and—well, I will not tell you all I saw—you cannot bear it. I know not how long this lasted; but suddenly an angel form glided through the crowd of spectres, and clasped me to her bosom; her loose sleeves fell back from those alabaster arms; long tresses of raven hair swept cool and fragrant over my forehead; a lovely face, long, long unseen, but never to be forgotten, was laid by mine—"

"Whose—whose was it?" cried Mrs. Lindsay, eagerly.

"The face of my cousin—of Matilda Glenroy; she, who in my boyhood I loved, I idolized!—whom I have never ceased to—but tell me, dear friend, am I not dying?—do not hesitate; believe me, I shall meet my last hour calmly. It is a short and stormy day that will close, and the last of a proud, fiery, and misguided race will expire in me; faults born in my blood—the burning blood of a Glenroy—will be mercifully pardoned, perhaps, and Matilda will then —"

"My dear Lord Glenroy," interrupted Mrs. Lindsay, "you must really behave better, or I shall resort to very desperate measures. Banish these illusions; *you are not dying*—so far, at least, as one mortal can venture to say so of another. You wrought yourself into a fever of agitation yesterday morning, and were very properly punished by being extremely ill last night. A narcotic was administered to you, and, under its influence, you doubtless conjured up all these strange forms. Come, come, compose yourself; you will survive to give me much trouble yet; but, at the same time, I must say, your friends in England ought not to send you such inconsiderate letters."

"No, no, they are not to blame; but those letters must be answered, and to-day; and you, my kind, my maternal friend, must consent to be my secretary;—if I *am* dying, the last acts of my life shall not be selfish. But before you begin your task, deign to counsel me, to consider my situation, to listen to my history. You already know much that I would say; but I feel a desire to entrust you with the particulars of my past life—I can resist no longer; sit down, therefore, beloved friend, and listen."

"Not now—pray do not now, when you are feeble and dejected, enter on a narrative that *must* be an agitating one. Alas! you need not tell me of storms; I can read their traces in every premature furrow on this brow, which ought to be still smooth. Besides, you should weigh more maturely what you are about to communicate. I suspect there are delicate family circumstances connected with your anxieties, and these I had rather not hear; you may hereafter regret your avowals. Remember," and she smiled, "how little you really know of Marion Lindsay. In our first interview, you admired my ready trust in you; it is now my turn to repress yours in me."

"Ah!" said Glenroy, pressing her hand, "many have deceived me; but you—no—my confidence in your rectitude, your perfect integrity, nothing can shake; hear me then with patience and indulgence."

Finding that opposition only distressed and irritated him, Mrs. Lindsay yielded; seated herself, as usual, in as much obscurity as she could command, and Glenroy began his narrative:—

"My father was the younger brother of the late Earl of Glenroy, and possessed the haughty ungovernable character, common to our race, in a strong degree. He married my mother early in life, and she survived only a few years; so that I have scarcely the faintest recollection of her. Some have said—heaven knows how truly!—that she was of too soft a nature to contend with a Glenroy. He married again, and to my second mother—the only one, in fact, I ever knew as such—I was most fondly attached. I was eight years old at this period, and was just beginning to feel that desolation of heart I have since so often experienced. I can still perfectly remember my delight at the change in our mode of life which followed my father's marriage; the great portion of time he now spent at home, my new mother's affection and cares, rendered me perfectly happy. A great increase of intercourse took place with my uncle's family, and I grew attached to my young cousins; then my eldest sister was born, another object to love; in short, my boyish heart overflowed with every kindly, every joyful feeling. I was about thirteen, when a sudden night wrapped me in utter darkness and desolation—my father was killed in a duel! He had not given the challenge; and when the parties met, he fired into the air, received his antagonist's shot in the chest, and never spoke again. A slip of paper was found in his waistcoat-pocket, stating that the quarrel had arisen from a mistake, which he afterwards discovered, and now retracted his error. Thus, from a fatally nice sense of honor—"

"Sense of honor!" interrupted Mrs. Lindsay, passionately, "oh! what an abuse of words! This, then, is the spirit of the Glenroys! Tell me," she continued, more calmly, "and tell me truly, are you, too, possessed by this haughty, this inhuman feeling?—would you so act under similar circumstances?"

Glenroy hesitated. "Not now, I think. That my poor father was wrong, grievously wrong, I at once admit; but, I fear, a little while ago, I should have believed—heaven

knows how I might act; this, however, I will say, dearest Mrs. Lindsay, that you have completely altered my opinions on various subjects—given me new views of existence and happiness."

He took her hand, while she replied with a sigh—"I am proud and thankful to hear you say so, though I know I am a merciless moralizer. But go on; I am anxious to hear more."

Still holding her hand, he continued—"My mother—oh! even at this distance of time, her shrieks of agony sometimes ring in my ears!—she only lived to bring Theodosia into the world, and then expired, after giving her children into my arms, with her own dying hands, and charging me to act as a parent towards them. I knelt by her death-bed, and made a vow to do so, which I hope I have kept."

Glenroy paused awhile ere he continued.

"On examining my poor father's affairs, they were found in a very disordered state. He left no will, and my uncle, Lord Glenroy, touched by our condition, at once undertook the guardianship of myself and my poor sisters; my mother's fortune was nearly all I had any claim to, and they were totally unprovided for. The violent passions of my race already began to exercise their sway over me; and the excess of my affliction occasioned a long and severe fit of illness, which brought me nearly to the grave. I spent a winter in the south of France; and the unceasing cares, and truly maternal tenderness, of Lady Glenroy, finally saved my life. We were accompanied by my cousin Matilda, and my little sisters, from whom I could not endure to be separated; indeed, my attachment to the youngest was almost ridiculous, and perhaps such as no boy ever before experienced for an infant. I recovered my health, and, at last, my spirits also. My aunt was in every respect another mother to my sisters and myself. I loved her son—I adored my cousin Matilda—yes, it is not too strong a term; boy as I might be called, child as she then was, I adored her. Our mutual care of Theodosia was a great amusement to spectators; to Matilda and myself it was the business of our lives.

"Alas! dear Mrs. Lindsay, I have nothing but woes to relate. Some years passed thus. My uncle was very kind to me—quite paternally so—let me not be ungrateful to him. He had many noble qualities; and his faults were faults of temper, perhaps, but they were terrible. His pride, his impetuosity, his violence, were absolutely terrific. As long as Lady Glenroy lived, however, her judiciously exerted influence prevented these defects from fully exhibiting themselves. A more perfect model of female excellence could not exist; and her stern husband's attachment to her was almost unbounded; inasmuch, that to her alone, of the human race, he was invariably kind, gentle, and affectionate. But this invaluable woman had long struggled with a mortal disease; and about four years after my parents' deaths, we were also deprived of her. You shed tears, dearest Mrs. Lindsay—forgive me for occasioning them. After her sweet influences were withdrawn, the full weight of Lord Glenroy's violent and tyrannical disposition was felt by all around; he had always been an eccentric man, but now every defect became increased by sorrow for his irreparable loss. His son was abroad, and I was at college, where I was studying with a view to a profession; but poor Matilda was now of an age to feel all the difficulties and misery of her situation."

"I hope she was kind to your little sisters?" enquired Mrs. Lindsay in a low voice.

"She was kindness itself to every human creature; and with respect to them, it was astonishing to see so young a girl fulfilling all the duties of a tender parent. But whatever a vile world may have since done towards spoiling her, she was then worthy of her angelic mother; her uncommon beauty was her least merit; her abilities, her temper, her heart, were all of the highest order of excellence; and I—Oh! Mrs. Lindsay, I worshipped her with a boy's first immeasurable profusion of love and admiration! Well, over days, never to be forgotten, never to return on earth, I will pass in silence.

"One morning I heard my uncle's voice loud in the drawing-room, and some one sobbing and shrieking. I rushed in, and beheld him chastising my Theodosia with his heavy hand; yes, actually striking the helpless infant! My blood boiled—that blood which was as fiery as his own. I will not recapitulate what ensued; suffice, my sisters and myself were thrust from his mansion before night, and I never saw his face again. Lady Mordaunt, who was a relative of my own mother's, at once undertook the charge of my sisters. I was now more than eighteen, and had entered on the study of the law, intending to become a barrister. The income I virtually commanded was more than sufficient for my moderate expenses, and for the education of my sisters. Meanwhile, the rupture with me seemed to complete a dislike to England, which had long been growing on Lord Glenroy; he had now broken off any connection with almost his whole family, and very soon joined his son abroad, carrying poor Matilda with him, whence he never returned. As long as his son lived, he remained either in Italy or France; but a few years afterwards he was deprived of that only boy; and he afterwards wandered through various parts of the world, no one knew where. He had long dropped all correspondence, except on mere business, and my poor cousin's death was not known in England for many months after it took place.

"As long as I was merely a student of the Temple, with a few hundreds a year, and two unprovided sisters, the world totally neglected me; but can I express to you my disgust at the immediate, the shameless alteration that took place in every one's demeanour, when I became heir to the title and (as it was supposed) immense estates of Glenroy? No; words are inadequate to the task. My cousin was of age, and, to my surprise, bequeathed to me an estate which had been left him by a relative. I now just learnt that, from legal difficulties I need not detail to you, it was more than probable that, although the title must descend to me, the whole of the family property would fall on Matilda: his will provided that, should these estates eventually become mine, his bequest should revert to his sister.

"As I had now a competency, and hated the constraint of my profession, I abandoned it, and mingled with a world which, from my very soul, I despised. Soon after, my uncle sought a reconciliation with me, and I should willingly, nay joyfully have accepted it, but the offer was clogged with conditions which I could not brook; or, at least, I could not support the manner in which his overtures were made. In short, I rejected them. Up to this period, the remembrance of Matilda—the lovely, exiled Matilda—had sealed my heart; but now I felt we were divided forever, and I fell in love. The lady was of rank, very young, and I thought her all simplicity and tender innocence—fool that I was! Little did I dream then, that she, and her mother, and her married sister, had held a regular council as to which was the better match—the future Earl of Glenroy, or a young man of title in her circle, and that on my being finally selected, her brother-in-law was to make acquaintance with me, and ———"

"Pray, pray be calm," interrupted Mrs. Lindsay, anxiously; "you will chafe yourself into another fit of delirium."

"Well, I will. I gave her my heart—that heart which an angel had once possessed, and which never woman shall reach again! I was all but accepted, when the doubtful nature of my future fortune was revealed by myself. Two days afterwards, the Honorable Miss—but I will not name her—and her mother, set out for a distant watering place, and I was given to understand all further pursuit was useless. This completed what you and Mordaunt call my *misanthropy*; alone in the world, my warm affections crushed and blighted, with nothing more to live for; without even the stimulus of poverty to induce me to exert myself, even you, my mistress, may perhaps forgive me for having tried dissipation as a refuge. But of that I speedily grew weary; and now, when this empty title, this bauble coronet, has descended on my brow, I am distracted by a thousand conflicting wishes, and difficulties, and duties." He paused.

"You have indeed been unfortunate," said his companion,

bending over him, and speaking in the softest and most pitying voice, "nor will I say a single word now, that is not meant for consolation. What are your difficulties?"

"Read these letter, which came yesterday; you will now be able to understand them. This is from Mordaunt; this from Lady Matilda; nay, do not hesitate—take them." It was not, however, without some apparent reluctance, and the pause of a moment, that she obeyed, and at Glenroy's request, prepared to read them aloud.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Lindsay began with Sir Henry Mordaunt's epistle, which was as follows:

"I write in haste, my dear Glenroy, for I fear your anxiety may injure your health. I have seen all the lawyers; but nothing can be done at present. Lady Matilda had arrived some days before me, and the morning after I got to town, sent me a very prettily-worded note, requesting me to call on Lord de Brooke. You remember he married her cousin, and great friend, Fanny Evelyn. On going there, I found from him, that she had been ill in bed almost ever since her arrival, having caught a violent cold on her journey; and they were quite alarmed about her; inflammation on the lungs, he said, was apprehended. In this state, of course she could not be disturbed about business, but was most anxious to prevent any law-suit, and entreated no steps might be taken at present. He said she was then bolstered up in bed, writing to you. Under these circumstances, you will not wonder that I stopped all proceedings immediately. Lord de Brooke seems a sensible right-minded man; the lady I did not see.

"The girls are well, and grown surprisingly; Theodosia is quite beautiful. Keep yourself quiet, if possible, and remember my parting injunctions. All send their love; Emily means to write. Remember me to your invaluable nurse, and believe me ever yours, "H. C. MORDAUNT."

The second letter was in a fair female hand, and was conceived in the following terms:—

"I scarcely know how to address you, Nigel; for you appear desirous of forgetting both the nearness of our relationship, and the many years we resided together like brother and sister. I cannot forget these things, however; and I know not what I have done to displease you. That time should efface your boyish affection for your cousin Matilda, and replace it with indifference, is only natural, perhaps; but forgive me for saying, I do not think the inquiry I made in my former letter, deserved such a reply as now lies before me; moreover, you appear quite to misconceive my meaning. I did not choose to inquire what your intentions were respecting this miserable lawsuit, from any but yourself, and this induced me to write to you so soon; from your answer, I collect that you intend to commence proceedings. But that shall never be, Nigel; ever since I heard of any doubts respecting the family property, it has been my intention to at once give up any claim to what I am sure was never intended to be mine. There may be legal difficulties, but it never could have been contemplated by our ancestors to separate the title and the estates. Neither imagine you lay yourself under any obligation to me. Alas! I plainly perceive you inherit but too much of the spirit of the Glenroys—that spirit which has made me for years an exile, and now leaves me alone in the world. But I forget I am not writing to the playfellow, the friend of my childhood, who ever stood between me and danger or distress—he who twice saved my life at the risk of his own; but to one who, though he still bear the name of Nigel Glenroy, seems chiefly anxious to treat me as a perfect stranger! Let me then return to these wretched estates: I have seen enough of the world to feel that an immense fortune to a young unprotected woman is only a splendid calamity; for my own sake, therefore, I renounce it. My dear mother's property is amply sufficient for my most ambitious views; I would also venture to ask of you, either one of your English residences, for my own habitation; I do not wish to live in Scotland, and I think it is not fitting that the daughter of an Earl of Glenroy should dwell under a roof not her ancestor's!

You see, I can ask a favor of you, Nigel; though, perhaps, Matilda Glenroy may still have quite enough of the pride of her race. I grieved to hear of your sad accident, and would fain believe illness and bodily suffering warped your meaning when you wrote to me. It is a great comfort to find, through Sir Henry Mordaunt, that there is a kind and motherly lady who watches over you, and I trust you will soon be convalescent. Do not attempt to shake my resolution respecting the estates—it is *unalterable*; if you commence any legal process, I shall take no steps myself. But do not, I implore you, Nigel!—for the sake of days long gone by, let not our names be contaminated by legal and newspaper discussion. I shall take measures for putting you in possession of your property, as soon as circumstances permit; at present I am not able to leave a bed of sickness. And now farewell, Nigel—never can I cease to be

"Your affectionate cousin and friend,

"MATILDA GLENROY."

"Well!" exclaimed Glenroy, "what do you think of that letter, and of her intention? it is quite impossible to allow her to carry it into execution."

"I think," said Mrs. Lindsay, smiling, "you will find it rather difficult to prevent it; the young lady has evidently her full share of the genuine Glenroy spirit, and appears entirely resolved on having her own way."

"What is your impression of that letter? I mean, what should you gather of the writer's character and feelings?"

"Nay, really you must excuse me. I am a woman, and may be, therefore, influenced by feminine *esprit de corps*; she is evidently deeply wounded by your coldness."

"But do you not perceive, or can you not, with your penetration, divine how very awkwardly I am situated with respect to Matilda?"

"You mean that, as I once collected from Sir Henry, there was in your family the old-established plan of uniting the title and estates by marrying the parties? Not an original idea, certainly, whatever other merit it may possess; but why are you therefore to be harsh or unkind to Lady Matilda? I presume you do not apprehend her pressing such a remedy for the difficulties of the case; and surely you might be on friendly terms with her, and give the world no room to suspect you of mercenary intentions. But come, we have talked only too long already; now dictate your reply, which I will take down in pencil, and then copy in my own room: I require a particular light to write legibly, and, indeed, my hand is always execrable." Thus speaking, she took out her tablets.

Lord Glenroy had long ago recovered the languor of the morning, and after some time spent in silent meditation, dictated the following brief reply to Lady Matilda's letter:—

"If, indeed, I wrote unkindly, dear cousin, you must attribute my so doing to bodily illness, as you charitably conjecture; and I beg you will accept this as an excuse. Both of us being invalids, nothing of business can possibly be transacted at present, and therefore make your mind quite easy; I will not press the subject until you are perfectly recovered. But you must allow me to say, in the meantime, that even if I could permit such an act of romantic generosity as you propose, you must have numerous friends who would most properly interfere to prevent it. An *amicable* suit may be entered into, and this will be the right and fitting thing; we shall then be informed how the actual justice of the case stands, and neither party be under a needless obligation to the other, or imagine such to be the case.

"Be assured, those early days to which you allude can never be forgotten by me: I have, indeed, most special reason to remember them; for they were the last, and probably will be the only, really happy days of my life. I am recovering, though slowly; and gratefully acknowledge your kind expressions respecting me. I am attended upon by a friend, to whose unceasing vigilance I believe I owe my life, and who reminds me of the period when both you and I were blessed with a mother. It will afford me sincere pleasure to hear of your restoration to health, and meantime believe me,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"GLENROY."

It was not without many seeming mental conflicts, and considerable hesitation, that the words of this letter dropped slowly from his lips; he was not, perhaps, rendered more fluent by the unwonted agitation of Mrs. Lindsay, while she enacted her part of secretary. In spite of evident attempts to conceal her emotion, her hand visibly trembled; her color, as far as could be seen, fluctuated violently, and twice she was obliged to pause and wipe away her tears. But, as she was occasionally subject to fits of deep dejection, and had been already manifestly much affected by Glenroy's story, he was not much impressed by her unusual disturbance at the moment.

Some days passed, and he began to make a more rapid progress towards recovery, inasmuch that Mrs. Lindsay one morning announced to him her conviction that he no longer needed her personal superintendence, and that her last letters from England were of a character to require her immediate presence. He heard this declaration with undissembled sorrow, nor did she appear much less to regret their approaching separation. She took, however, prompt measures to hasten it, and learning the very next day that an Italian dignitary of the church was about to pass through the town, with an escort that ensured personal safety, and pursue the route she intended to take, she resolved to set out at the same time. Her arrangements were made like those of an experienced traveller, and were soon complete. As the period of her departure approached, Glenroy became more and more disturbed at the prospect; every hour developed some fresh claim to his admiration and affection; and at last it required all her power over him, to prevent his throwing aside prudence, and accompanying her.

She was sitting beside the couch on which he lay the evening before she was to set out. She had been but little with him during the day; indeed, from the moment she announced her intention, Glenroy could not but suspect she dreaded being alone with him. For the first time a feeling now stole irresistibly over him, that there was, indeed, something mysterious about his companion; and this was accompanied by a vague sort of terror, the degree of which astonished him, that perhaps they should never meet again. With some such ideas floating through his mind, he said, very earnestly, "Before we part, promise me—solemnly promise me, that as soon as I arrive in London, you will let me see you—promise me this."

"Of course I will—why should you require such an assurance?—unless, indeed, my affairs call me to Scotland."

"And then you will write?—you will let me hear from you frequently? I think neither of your parents are living."

"No," replied Mrs. Lindsay, sighing, "I have very few relatives remaining."

"And those—those, perhaps, not ——— Oh! Mrs. Lindsay, you may think it a strange, perhaps a very presumptuous wish, yet I cannot refrain from expressing it—you will not be offended, my dear friend?"

"Nay," she replied, "you must know best. But speak frankly—what do you wish?"

"You are aware of the profound, the respectful regard I entertain for you, and the high opinion I have of your head and your heart; you know, too, how little I approve the general system of female fashionable education—how I detest the vile worldly principles instilled into young and innocent hearts. For years I have wished to discover some one, superior to the common foibles of her sex, noble in her sentiments, lofty in her principles, refined in her manners, who would superintend the education of my sisters. Never yet have I seen the woman possessed of every qualification I most esteem, in the degree that you do, nor to whom I would so thankfully consign them, if you would vouchsafe to accept such an office. Far be it from me to ask you to undertake any personal fatigue; but, under your guiding eye, a mere accomplished governess would do no harm; and you would form their young heads—give them principles like your own, founded on the rock of ages; you would perform what I am inadequate to attempt—soften, while you strengthened their characters. And," continued Glenroy,

gathering hope and confidence from her silence, and her allowing him to retain the hand he had taken, "you are a Scotch woman. I care not where I live. We will go down to Glenroy Castle, far from the follies of the world, and there dedicate our lives to—to useful and elegant pursuits." Eagerly, and almost breathless with anxiety, he awaited her reply. It was given, after a pause, in a low unsteady tone.

"There are some things very attractive in your proposal, my lord, though it is certainly a singular, and most unexpected one. Such an employment would be highly interesting and delightful; and though far from permitting myself to believe all you imagine of my own merits, I still think I could fulfil its duties."

"Then you consent, dearest Mrs. Lindsay!—you——"

"Gently, gently, most impetuous of all beings! Before I consent, much must be considered, much must be arranged—you must see me in my home, and amidst my few remaining relatives; and I must become personally acquainted with your young sisters, to ascertain whether they have too much, or too little of the Glenroy spirit to please me; moreover, it is essential that they should like me, and possibly my personal defects might revolt them."

"Oh! Mrs. Lindsay, I entreat you not to——"

"Well, it is always painful to me to speak of myself, and I readily abstain from pursuing the subject. I will consider your proposal, Lord Glenroy, and when a fitting opportunity offers, acquaint you with my determination; but I cannot answer you now."

Again and again he pressed for her immediate consent; but she evaded all his importunities, which were so eager and passionate, that a bystander would have found it difficult to believe they were solely prompted by zeal for the education of his sisters.

The hour of separation came at length, unspeakably painful to Glenroy, who felt, as he pressed the "beautiful hand" for the last time to his lips, that Sir Henry Mordaunt's parting injunctions were not altogether needless. All was ready. Old Barrett, looking more pale and anxious than ever, appeared to take possession of that red box, which had so materially influenced late events; Mrs. Harris and Jarvis bade each other an affectionate farewell. "Monsignore's" heavy carriage rolled off, Mrs. Lindsay's followed, and Glenroy was left alone. But though profoundly dejected, though the weary day of solitude seemed scarcely supportable, he was still in a totally different state from that in which the reader first became acquainted with him. Then, he had no object nor interest in existence—no hopes, nor fears; now, a thousand strange, undefined, incomprehensible, but agitating feelings crowded on his heart; the milk of human kindness again filled his veins; the world—mankind had a new and fairer aspect; all apathy was gone, and he longed to break the fetters of an invalid, and be up and struggling with the crowd.

A very short time after Mrs. Lindsay's departure, he persuaded the old Italian *medico* to declare that he was able to travel; and the instant the words passed his lips, Glenroy began eagerly to arrange for his journey. Burning with impatience, he scarcely knew for what, he traversed land and sea; fortunately, the excellence of his constitution prevented his hurrying himself into a fever; and he arrived in London, suffering only from excessive fatigue. Sir Henry Mordaunt, his mother and family, were there to receive him, and in their house were also his beloved sisters; but even before he greeted them, he eagerly enquired whether there was any letter left for him; and Mordaunt shrugged his shoulders at his disappointed air on receiving a reply in the negative. A year had elapsed since Glenroy had seen his sisters; and in their caresses and innocent expressions of fond delight at his return he forgot for a time even Mrs. Lindsay. In a very short interval they began to talk of Lady Matilda, and ask if he did not long to see her.

"Have you then seen her?" he said.

"Oh! yes," replied Emily; "as soon as she could quit her bed, she sent for us—and oh! Nigel, she is the most beautiful creature in the world, and very like you."

Somewhat surprised, he found, on questioning them, that they had seen her daily for some little time, and were become enthusiastically fond of her.

"She gave me this watch," said Theodosia, "and told me she had it made on purpose for me; and look, here is T.G. on the back of it; and she gave us such beautiful things besides; and she told us of all her travels—she has been to Jerusalem, Nigel!—and she has seen Mount Ararat! Oh! she showed us in the Bible where she had been; and she plays on the harp and pianoforte, and paints so charmingly; and she has promised to teach us all she knows." These, and many similar details, they poured forth in abundance.

The following morning brought with it a formidable duty—an interview with Lord de Brooke, who had previously requested to see him as soon as he arrived. Glenroy learned from Mordaunt that all the title-deeds appertaining to the family estates had been sent to his confidential agent by Lady Matilda, with a note stating that she was so perfectly satisfied she had no just right to their possession, that she only begged his instructions as to the proper mode of conveying them, so as to preclude all future litigation; the papers were accompanied by a list of the family jewels, which were already deposited with a banker. Mordaunt expressed his admiration of her disinterested conduct with warmth unusual to him; and Glenroy's heart smote him, when he remembered the injustice he had done her.

Lady de Brooke, when Miss Evelyn, had been well known to both the friends, and they were introduced into the drawing-room, where she was alone. Her manner to Glenroy was cold; and he felt that she resented his conduct to her beloved cousin and friend. They were very speedily joined by her lord, who, after the first formal greetings, stated that Lady Matilda Glenroy was extremely anxious to complete every thing respecting business as speedily as possible; she was still an invalid, and her medical men recommended her going to France as soon as she could travel, because her constitution, long accustomed to the continental winters, was affected by the English climate. "Lady Matilda having no near male relative, except yourself," he continued, with calm politeness, "and your lordship appearing desirous to avoid any renewal of intimacy, she has requested me to superintend those measures which your presence enables us now to complete."

Glenroy here stated, in strong terms, his entire resolve not to profit by her generosity respecting the estates, and explained his own conduct as to the lawsuit.

Lord de Brooke listened, bowed, and was silent. Then, turning to his lady, he said—"Go, my dear Fanny, and enquire how Lady Matilda is. She seemed, I think, unusually well this morning; and, in my opinion, the sooner an interview which appears so painful to both parties is over, the better."

Glenroy chafed under the cool, authoritative tone of Lord de Brooke, and longed to excuse himself. An unspeakable reluctance to see Lady Matilda again, possessed his mind; he dreaded the effect which a renewal of any intercourse with one whom he had so passionately loved, and never quite forgotten, might produce upon him. With much of the characteristics of a Glenroy, his heart was in reality exquisitely feeling; he now feared its weakness, to which the overweening pride of his race forbade his yielding. But he had no option; for in a few minutes a female attendant announced that Lady Matilda would see him; and, in much repressed agitation, he arose and followed Lord de Brooke. In another moment his lady met them, and requested him to retire. "Lord Glenroy is quite formidable enough alone," she said, rather bitterly; "and you can be of no use, my very good lord, so depart in peace."

Lord de Brooke obeyed her, and returned to Mordaunt, who employed the opportunity in enquiries after Lady Matilda's health, years of separation having by no means effaced his early friendship for her.

"I trust she is no longer seriously indisposed," was the reply; "but the loss of her voice is undoubtedly a very unpropitious symptom."

"Has she then lost it?" said Mordaunt.

"Were you not aware of the fact? Her lungs were attacked; and since then, although she sometimes recovers the power of speech, she can generally only speak in a whisper; her spirits are also much depressed. Indeed, after what I hear from Lady de Brooke of all she has undergone, I only wonder she has borne up so well. I never knew her father personally—I think you, Sir Henry, did?"

"Yes: as a very young man, I was much in his family circle;—he was of a most violent and arbitrary character."

"Oh! dreadful, dreadful! This poor girl's existence must have been a living martyrdom. Besides, after his son's death, he was continually wandering, while she was pining for home and quiet;—he took her to Constantinople, into Syria, into Egypt! At one time, he actually talked of tracing the Niger! She says she can never be sufficiently thankful that he returned to Europe before his death, which, I suppose, was materially hastened by his mode of life. She is a most admirable and delightful young woman, and it is impossible not to feel the greatest interest in her welfare."

CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile, Glenroy was being conducted to the presence of Matilda. Lady de Brooke informed him of her loss of voice, and he was shocked and surprised at the intelligence. With a fast beating heart he followed her, until she threw open the door of a large sitting-room, saying, as she did so, "Matilda, my love, here is Lord Glenroy;" and a young lady, dressed in the deepest mourning, rose from her seat, and came to meet him with extended hand. A moment the long separated cousins stood looking silently at each other. Glenroy, with his arm in a sling, pale, reduced, was probably very unlike the blooming youth of eighteen that she recollected, though time had made little alteration in Lady Matilda. She was grown, undoubtedly; for her stature much surpassed the usual height of her sex, and her form had expanded into the utmost perfection of beauty; but as Glenroy gazed upon her in speechless emotion, he beheld the lovely countenance that had been "the starlight of his boyhood," so little changed, that, as if by magic, the intervening years appeared annihilated. He suddenly forgot the more ceremonious manner in which he had intended to greet her, but passed his arm round her, and kissed the cheek she did not withdraw. She trembled, and her tears began to flow, as she timidly raised her eyes, and whispered, "Oh! Nigel, how pale you look! Surely you travelled too soon;—and how is this poor arm?"

Glenroy made no reply; the sight of her recalled the past with such intense power over him—those well remembered eyes spoke so directly to his heart, so completely overturned all his resolutions, all his plans, that perhaps only Lady de Brooke's presence prevented his at once pouring forth all that rushed on his soul with the unrestrained confidence of former times. But a glance towards that lady showed him a malicious smile hovering on her lip, and he felt intuitively that she was enjoying the triumph of Lady Matilda's presence over his coldness. Commanding his voice, therefore, he replied to her queries courteously and kindly, but with calmness; and a brief dialogue of mere nothings ensued between them. Her manner, after the first moment, was composed, and almost cold; there were no traces of illness on her person, although her cheek became occasionally pale; otherwise, it was impossible to conceive a more perfect model of blooming beauty, and Glenroy vainly struggled against its power.

After a short time, during which he sat in unconscious silence, his eyes rivetted on her face, or following every graceful movement of her person, she said, in the same low, whispered voice—"But it was not only to enquire after your health that I wished so much to see you, Nigel—I hope, I trust you will not refuse me any longer your full consent to my wishes respecting these unfortunate estates?—it is the only boon I shall ever ask you, Nigel, and till it is granted, I cannot know a moment's peace. Oh! Nigel," she continued, in rather a more audible voice, and clasping her hands together, "pray, pray do not refuse me! Remember the many——"

"Hush! my dearest Matilda," interrupted Lady de Brooke; "you are beginning to speak in that dreadful hoarse tone.—Lord Glenroy," she added, turning to him, "I really do trust you will not continue this sort of opposition to poor Matilda, for she torments herself day and night by the horror of a lawsuit; and, after all she has lately undergone, it is quite dreadful."

"Lady de Brooke," replied Glenroy, somewhat haughtily, "permit me to observe, that if I could be proof against Lady Matilda's own entreaties, no others would have a chance of success; a word, a look from her would weigh more with me than a thousand united voices."

There was a pause; then Lady Matilda laid one finger very gently on his arm, saying, "And will you then refuse me?"

"Do you object vehemently to an amicable suit, Matilda?"

"Oh! I do, indeed!—to any suit between——"

A sudden gush of tears impeded her speech. At the sight of those tears, Glenroy's resolution at once melted away.—There were writing materials on the table near her; he took a sheet of paper and a pen, leaned over her, and whispered, in a voice of unrestrained tenderness, "Write, my cousin, any agreement, any form of acceptance that will satisfy your own mind, and I will comply."

"An expressive look was her only reply. She hastily dried her tears, and taking the pen, wrote rapidly as follows:

"Nigel, Earl of Glenroy, consents to believe that the family estates are his legal and unalienable property; and he signs this declaration for the satisfaction of his more distant relations, not for that of the Lady Matilda Glenroy, to whom his slightest word would have proved sufficient."

She put the pen into his feeble fingers, and sinking on one knee by his side, with infinite dexterity aided him in signing his name. As she looked up at him, her radiant eyes beaming with pleasure and gratitude, a soft smile playing round her lips, Glenroy longed once more to break his self-imposed fetters, and reassert his claims to a heart he had, doubtless, once possessed. But Lady de Brooke now declared that the interview had lasted long enough for Matilda's strength, and preventing any attempt on either side to prolong it, succeeded in withdrawing him, after he had promised to aid in every legal measure the present state of things required. He was conducted part of the way by Lady de Brooke, who then consigned him to a servant's care, bade him farewell, and returned to her friend.

Lady Matilda threw herself on her neck, and wept.—"Oh! Fanny," she murmured, "how ill he looks!—and how could you speak so harshly to him?"

"Because I really have not patience with his abominable pride—no, nor with your meekness. The idea of your beseeching him with tears to accept the major part of your property, and his finally condescending graciously to consent! However, I have one comfort: haughty as he is—he *does* love you, or, at least, admire you, most ardently."

"Ah!" said Matilda, sighing deeply, and sinking back on her couch, "if I were sure he did, it is not his pride, nor his faults of any kind, that should induce me——"

She paused, and Lady de Brooke gazed fondly and anxiously upon her. "Matilda," she said, "you must know best what is for your own happiness, and I will not presume seriously to advise one whose judgment is so superior to my own; but I confess, after all you have suffered from violent temper, and faults said to be inherent in your father's family, I should greatly prefer seeing you united to some one of a different race."

"Fanny," replied Lady Matilda, rising to retire, "you know my sentiments—you have always known them; you should feel, therefore, that if Nigel cannot so far overcome his pride as ask for my hand, it will never be bestowed on another; he was the first, and shall continue the only object of my affections. No, dear Fanny, I will make no sacrifice of female delicacy or dignity; but end how it may, I shall live and die Matilda Glenroy."

The ensuing fortnight was spent by Glenroy in a succession of mental conflicts and unceasing anxieties. He twice saw Lady Matilda in the course of it, and each time her whole demeanor seemed to say the propitious moment for explanation was past. They made arrangements respecting the residence she was to receive from them; she communicated to him her wish that his sisters should accompany her to France—a desire he knew to be ardently shared by them, and with which he half promised to comply; but all with a measured composure occasionally agonizing to him. In addition to the internal combats he sustained respecting Lady Matilda, he was kept in a constant state of feverish anxiety by the failure of all his attempt to discover Mrs. Lindsay. He left letters for her at the appointed spot, but they were unclaimed; he went to Drummond, who knew nothing of such a lady; he pursued his investigation with characteristic ardor and activity, but no trace of her could be obtained.

"Glenroy," said Mordaunt, one day when he had returned from a fruitless expedition of this nature, "you are looking wretchedly, and wasting to a shadow. Upon my honor, you are in a very curious predicament; you are half in love with one woman, whom you have never *seen*; and, I suspect, more than half in love with another, whom you have never *heard*. Really, only a miracle can rescue you from this strange dilemma. Either we must endow Mrs. Lindsay with Lady Matilda's beauty, or we must——"

"Do not laugh at me, Mordaunt," interrupted Glenroy, sternly; "I cannot endure it now—my firm belief is, that those two women will drive me mad. Mordaunt, I do not ask you to pity, but I forbid you to laugh at me."

"Well, one question, and I have done. If you were indulged to your utmost wish, by having these two incomparable ladies as your constant companions, which would you select for the actual wife of your bosom?—it being clear one must be promoted to that honorable station, as chaperon to the other."

"Mordaunt, what a question! Had you seen Matilda, you would never ask—that glorious being, in whom a statuary could find nothing to alter, nor a painter to improve!"

"Ah! then it would be Lady Matilda after all. I confess I felt inquisitive as to this point, and am quite pleased that you so far give in to the weakness of poor human nature, as to select the beauty—I had an idea Mrs. Lindsay would have carried the day. But come, my dear Glenroy, let us take the girls to the play to-night—Theodosia is wild to see *Henri Quatre*."

Always ready to indulge that beloved child, on whom he doted with unabated fondness, Glenroy acceded, and they went. The performance was nearly over, when his wandering eye was caught by a pretty female face in the pit, which rivetted his attention in a moment; he rushed out of the box, made his way down with the utmost speed, and forced his way to the spot she occupied, regardless of the observation he excited; fortunately for him, she sat almost at the end of the bench. "Harris!" exclaimed Glenroy, seizing her by the wrist, "Harris! where is your mistress?"

Nothing could exceed her surprise, not to say her consternation, at this rencontre; her evident confusion, and every word she uttered, added to Glenroy's conviction that she was encumbered by some secret; all he could learn was, that she had left her mistress, and knew not where she was, but "*could find her*." Satisfied that all questions were useless, for that she was not speaking candidly, Glenroy wrote a few lines with pencil, and consigned them to her care, with the most solemn adjurations to deliver them safely to her mistress. He could now use his hand, though very imperfectly, and the following words were scarcely legible:

"If you retain the smallest portion of regard for me, let me see you, although it should be only once again. Should any circumstances render you anxious to break off further intercourse with me, say so, and I will obey your wishes.—Yes, I pledge myself to do so. But I am in difficulties—in a state bordering on distraction. You, who saved my life,

forsake me not! I implore you, by all that is most sacred, see me once again, if only for a few minutes.

"Ever most gratefully yours,

"GLENROY.

"You know Mordaunt's direction—I am there."

Having repeated his injunctions, his entreaties, and his promises to the agitated girl, and received her assurance of obedience, he reluctantly returned to his party, who beheld the transaction, excepting Mordaunt, with great surprise.—From the moment of this meeting, Glenroy's impatience and anxiety were such as materially to affect his health; it seemed to his distempered imagination, that if he could only be restored to Mrs. Lindsay's society, he should regain the tranquillity he had enjoyed during the greater part of his illness—as if he should cease to be haunted by impracticable wishes and contradictory intentions.

Three days elapsed, and still he heard nothing of her; on the fourth morning he was at Lord de Brooke's, whither he went with a message for Lady Matilda. He was awaiting her appearance, and Lord and Lady de Brooke were already with him, when one of the footmen entered, saying that a lady was below, who wished to see Lord Glenroy.

"A lady!" he exclaimed, springing up from his seat; "does she wear a green shade?—is she lame?—is she deformed?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the man, staring a little at the breathless eagerness with which these queries were uttered.

"Excuse me, Lady de Brooke," cried Glenroy, and he rushed out of the room.

"Oh, good heavens! what a picture!" she exclaimed; "no wonder you fly to her so eagerly." But he was gone.

"That young man is unquestionably mad," said Lord de Brooke, looking after him, and shrugging his shoulders.

"No," replied his lady, smiling, "he is not mad—he is only a Glenroy."

Upon entering the breakfast-room, Glenroy beheld the object of his anxieties, even more closely muffled than formerly. "O my friend!—my dear friend!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand, "why have you treated me thus? I have undergone the most dreadful anxiety on your account; you know not what I have suffered since we parted!"

"You do indeed look ill," she replied; "but you are so impatient. What is it that you wished to say to me?"

"Oh! dearest Mrs. Lindsay, I am distracted!" He threw himself into a chair by her side, and was beginning, in a broken voice, to describe the state of his mind, when she interrupted him.

"Lord Glenroy," she said, "do not talk to me of yourself just now, and still less of Lady Matilda Glenroy. Since we parted, I have changed my mind on more subjects than one, and I am anxious to make you more fully acquainted with me. I have resolved, if you still wish it, to accept the proposal you made to me, of taking the charge of your sisters."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Glenroy with delight.

"But I must first be assured," continued Mrs. Lindsay, "that no future circumstances will occasion you to repent your choice, more particularly when you have seen my face. If I reside with these young ladies, it would be impossible always to keep it concealed, and I fear you will sustain a severe shock on beholding me—my eyes—"

"I was quite aware, dearest Mrs. Lindsay," interrupted Glenroy, tenderly, "of their calamitous affection; but no one could know you, inestimable woman, and not view you with the most respectful compassion. I can answer for my sisters."

"Can you answer for yourself?" said Mrs. Lindsay, with emphasis; her manner had been agitated from the first; she now trembled violently, and could scarcely speak.

"Unquestionably; but why are you thus overcome, my beloved, my maternal friend? You quite afflict me; why make this distressing exhibition? Surely you might believe—"

"No, it must be done, and prepare yourself for a shock—a dreadful shock, and of a nature you cannot imagine. I am not what I seem!"

There was a large folding screen across the room, and as she spoke, she withdrew behind it. Some minutes elapsed. In spite of himself, Glenroy was seized with an involuntary species of dread; his heart throbbed violently, and he grew cold. Meanwhile the rustling of garments continued, and he began to think he could endure suspense no longer, when she reappeared; she was divested of bonnet, shade, or cap; her cloak and shawl were cast aside, shewing her attired in a simple morning dress of black, that fitted closely to her shape.

If the fabled basilisk had suddenly darted forth its most envenomed glances, the change in Glenroy's aspect could not have been more sudden; uttering a wild exclamation, he staggered back, and sunk upon a chair.

"Yes," she said, "I told you that thus it would be; now hear me. If you still wish it, gladly—*thankfully*, will I take charge of your sisters; but you and I must at present meet no more, nor ever, until you—"

"Oh, Matilda!—angel!—wonderful and incomparable being!" exclaimed Glenroy, starting up, and attempting to clasp the beautiful form before him, "could I have believed it? can I support so amazing an event? How—by what magic—"

At this instant Lady de Brooke appeared, and Matilda vanished without a word. Glenroy, completely overcome, again sank on a chair, while Lady de Brooke, touched by his appearance, took his hand, saying, "You are shocked, my lord, and it is natural you should be so. But for your rencontre with Harris the other night, you would never have known who Mrs. Lindsay really was. After that, and reading your note, Matilda felt bound to reveal the whole truth, painful and difficult as it must prove. I tried to persuade her to do so by letter, but she must needs go through her task as you have seen. The original plan was to send you a letter from Scotland, informing you that indispensable business detained your 'maternal friend' there, and then you were, I believe, to receive tidings of her being no longer in existence. But now, Lord Glenroy, Matilda requests you, through me, to give a solemn promise never to reveal this strange affair to any living being, except Sir Henry Mordaunt, and to obtain a similar engagement from him. Her own two servants, on whose fidelity she can depend, are the only other persons who know the truth."

"Not Lord de Brooke?"

"Perhaps you may think me a very disloyal wife, but not even Lord de Brooke; all our confederates are more or less in the dark."

"But—but," continued the bewildered Glenroy, "I received a letter from her in Italy, which Mrs. — which she herself read to me,—yes, and answered."

"I know it; perhaps the only case on record of a correspondence so conducted with oneself; that letter was brought to England by Sir Henry, ready sealed and directed, and I put it into the office myself. She had heard enough of what yours contained from mine, to be very able to answer it; so the two letters travelled together. Is there any thing else you would ask? for you seem to me even now scarcely to credit what I say."

"Tell me all—from the beginning," said Glenroy, in a low, subdued voice.

"I will. Lord Glenroy died almost suddenly, and Matilda was left with only two English servants. She had endured a sort of persecution from an Italian nobleman, of whose designs she felt apprehensive in her unprotected state; and, having little confidence in the fidelity of her foreign servants, she eloped, as it were, in disguise, with Harris and old Barrett. She was hastening to England, when she found herself in the same inn with you and Sir Henry; she had already been alarmed by banditti, and now resolved to put the box containing the title-deeds of the Glenroy estates into your hands, who were so much better able to defend it.—When she found that you were wounded, and chose, for *cold lang syne*, to stay and nurse you, she wrote to me, and arranged the plans we subsequently adopted. Although Lord Glenroy quarrelled with my father, as he did with every body else in the world, and forbade any intercourse between

Matilda and myself, we contrived to maintain an irregular secret correspondence, so that our affection never cooled, and I aided her with all my spirit. A young person, under obligations to me, was instructed in her part, and arrived here late one night, personating Matilda, and apparently overcome with fatigue. The next day she was reported too ill to quit her bed; thus de Brooke never saw her; for I fear he would have proved but a refractory conspirator. On Matilda really arriving, she dismissed her servants, entered the house unobserved, and her pretended self became her maid. This is, I believe, a complete explanation; but now, my lord, your promise."

"Take it—never can she ask any thing of me that is refused. But, oh! Lady de Brooke, Fanny—she spoke of banishing me from her presence: if you have any compassion within you, any woman's sympathy, intercede with her for me! There are no words to utter how I love her. I have always loved her—she knows it—I told her so in Italy."

"Yes, but why did you write her that cruel letter?"

"Because I am a Glenroy; I chose to interpret what she said into an unworthy consideration for pecuniary matters."

"Then she found, amongst her father's papers, a letter of yours, evidently refusing her hand."

"It is true; but how was that precious boon offered? in the grossest, the most arbitrary manner, and merely as a means of preventing any future difficulty respecting the property, without a hint that her inclinations could lead to such an event. It would have been an insult to Matilda to have accepted it. That I have erred towards her—deeply erred—I confess, with anguish; but I do not deserve the terrific punishment she would inflict. Oh! Lady de Brooke, let me see her, if only for a moment!—tell her, I implore you, that I cannot exist without her—tell her—"

"No, I shall leave you to tell her all that;—I see clearly how this will end. Come with me, Nigel Glenroy, and plead your own cause. Mercy on us, that a green shade should render a woman so irresistible! Were the fact known, they would be universally adopted."

From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1842.

SONNET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Imagination renders Passion pure,—
And thus it is that Poesy divine
Pours out the inspiration of its wine
For minds that may its potency endure,
Nor quail beneath the intoxication sure
It brings to others. From the dangerous mine
Of Thought it digs forth gems of Truth, that shine
Across the dazzled world! Within the bower
Where Beauty sits supreme, it scatters love,
From whence the sensual hath been flung aside
For intellectual bliss! The meanest flower
It doth empearl with fragrance fit to move
Around the chamber of a happy bride,
Who fears—yet wishes come—the trying hour!

From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1842.

A BROKEN HEART.

BY LADY WYATT.

The rootless seedling plant we move,
From soil to soil, unharmed by change;
The heart's light fancy (ere we love),
By nothing bound, unharmed may range!
Let either find congenial land,
And strike deep root from inmost core;
If then uprooted by ruthless hand,
Nipt plant—rent heart—takes root no more!

From the London Keepsake for 1842.

THE HANMER OAK,

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Honor to the Hanmer Oak!
Never since the thunder broke
Over the old Druid woods,
Scattering wild Idolatry
From their awful solitudes—
Never since—never before,
Did a grander Savage soar
Up into the holy sky!

O! dread sire, Antiquity,
What a peerless race was thine!
We, who dwell in the summer shine,
Counting our luxurious days
But by the chime of idle lays,
Little know of thee or thine.
Why study we not thy glory
In the leaves of knightly story,
And bend all, admiring, down
To thy armed stern renown,—
Reading (as a learner reads)
In a scroll of mighty deeds
Lessons, so to lift our own
Thoughts to that sublimer tone,
Which the antique soul became,
And bore it to the heights of Fame?

Honour to the Hanmer Oak!

Many an age hath swept away
Since (a sapling then) it 'woke
Underneath the Pagan day.
Since that time the world has swung
'Round upon its hinges hung,
Changing thoughts and things alway,—
Driving darkness from the day,—
Humbling sinewy vulgar might
By the intellect's arrowy light,—
Bringing ill as well as good,
Both at times misunderstood;
Fallen have despots, countries risen;
Starry Truth hath burst her prison;
The sword hath sunk beneath the pen,
And Candour 'neath the cant of men,—
Only the old Herculean Tree,
From century to green century,
Hath lived and flourish'd—still the same,
With none to lift it into fame.

Now, then,—Honour to the Oak!
Ever let it rear its head,
Ay, though all its leaves be shed,
And its body dry and dead!

Let the woodman's felon stroke
Touch it not; but let it stand
A lesson in this lonely land,—
A mark,—a moral,—hour by hour,
Of innocent, calm, enduring power,—
A link, by generous Fortune cast,
To bind the Present to the Past,—
And telling a tale of ancient Time,
Better than e'en the poet's rhyme.

From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1842.

EPIGRAM.

Of diamonds each component part,
We learn by chemist's aid;
But yet of these, by chemist's art,
Was never diamond made.

Thus hearts in pure affection bound,
By meddler's are undone;
But never yet was meddler found
To bind two hearts in one.

From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1842.

THE PILOT.

BY ALEXANDER COCHRAN, ESQ.

The waves are high, the night is dark,
Wild roll the foaming tides,
Dashing around the straining bark,
As gallantly she rides!
"Pilot! take heed what course you steer,
Our bark is tempest-driven!"
"Stranger, be calm, there is no fear
For him who trusts in Heaven!"
"Oh, pilot! mark yon thunder-cloud—
The lightning's lurid rivers;
Hark to the wind, 'tis piping loud,—
The mainmast bends and quivers!
Stay, pilot, stay, and shorten sail,
Our stormy tri-sail's riven!"
"Stranger, what mattereth, calm or gale,
To him who trusts in Heaven?"
Borne by the winds, the vessel flees
Up to that thunder-cloud;
Now tottering low, the spray-winged seas
Conceal the top-mast shroud.
"Pilot! the waves break o'er us fast,
Vainly our bark has striven!"
"Stranger, the Lord can rule the blast,—
Go, put thy trust in Heaven!"
Good hope! good hope! one little star
Gleams o'er the waste of waters;
'Tis like the light reflected far
Of Beauty's loveliest daughters!
"Stranger, good hope He giveth thee,
As He has often given;
Then learn this truth,—whate'er may be,
To put thy trust in Heaven!"

From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1842.

THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

Sleep, child, thy peaceful sleep—
Thou art in mercy early called away—
While we, alas! are left to weep,
Who in this world of trouble still must stay.
Sleep in thy silent grave!
No dreams disturb thee of the anxious morrow;
Angels have wafted thee away, to save
Thy youthful years from sin—thine age from sorrow.
And shall we mourn that thou art gone,
Thus early, to a state of bliss?
No, no—we weep that we are left, alone
To linger in a world of care like this!

From the London Keepsake for 1842.

TO TAGLIONI.

BY SIR JOHN HANMER, BART.

As a bright flower, that, gracefully depending
From airy stalk, doth to the breezes bow—
This way and that its lightsome beauty bending,
For joy of Nature's harmonies—so thou,
Fair damsel, with the roses on thy brow,
And choral step, to chaste and natural pleasure
Windest the world, that, seeing thee, feels how
Hath poetry a new and visible measure—
The poetry of motion—dwells it not
In waving banner and in tramping steed!
If softer be its effluence on this spot,
Yet so might Venus, by some mazy weed*
Long follow'd, float up from her ocean grot,
Taking the way to Paphos or to Cnide.

*The mazy weed refers to the use Taglioni makes of her scarf.

WRITTEN FOR THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. E. M. SHELDON.

First Autumn tints so delicately blending,
Inwove with Summer's universal green—
A gorgeous pageant is Dame Nature lending,
To grace the exit of her reigning queen!
Not yet have come those 'melancholy days,'
The poet deemeth 'saddest of the year';
For Sol still lendeth us his summer rays,
And song of forest minstrels glad the ear.
First Autumn days—as Time's corroding finger
Doth trace on beauty's brow faint lines of care,
While yet on the fair cheek the rose doth linger,
And quite unnoticed is that 'first gray hair.'
So ye with fairy step o'er earth are treading,
Leaving a foot print only here and there,
And we, unmindful of the ruin spreading,
Deem ye are making this our world more fair.
Unheeded is kind Wisdom's low voiced preaching,
Whispering in sighing breeze, 'Man's life is brief';
And pass'd with careless eye the same wild teaching,
Impressed in beauty on the changing leaf.
And e'en to sober hours of calm reflection,
Hope bringeth a Spring again with leaves and flowers;
And bless'd Religion speaks of Resurrection,
And bloom undying in Elysian bowers.
COTTAGE HOME, MICHIGAN, September, 1841.

From Heath's Book of Beauty for 1842.

LINES,

WRITTEN AND SENT ANONYMOUSLY TO LADY MARY GRIMSTONE
BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

The tulip fadeth in her bower,
The diamond is a dim stone,
While every flower's a faded flower,
Near lovely Mary Grimstone!
The lark that mounts in morning clear,
Though sweet his thrilling hymn's tone,
Hath not a voice so soft—so dear
As lovely Mary Grimstone!

From the Book of Beauty for 1842.

SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Love me if I live!
Love me if I die!
What to me is life or death,
So that thou be nigh?
Once I loved thee rich,
Now I love thee poor;
Ah! what is there I could not
For thy sake endure?
Kiss me for my love!
Pay me for my pain!
Come! and murmur in my ear
How thou lov'st again.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

THE LADY JANE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

CANTO II.

I.

The Countess Pasibleu's gay rooms were full,
Not crowded. It was neither rout nor ball—
Only "her Friday night." The air was cool;
And there were people in the house of all
Varieties, except the pure John Bull.

The number of young ladies, too, was small—
You seldom find *old* John, or his *young* daughters,
Swimming in very literary waters.

II.

Indeed, with rare exceptions, women given
To the society of famous men,
Are those who will confess to twenty-seven;
But add to this the next reluctant ten,
And still they're fit to make a poet's Heaven,
For sumptuously beautiful is then
The woman of proud mien and thoughtful brow;
And one (still bright in her meridian now.)

III.

Bent upon Jules, that night, her lustrous eye,
A creature of a loftier mould was she
Than in his dreams had ever glided by;
And thro' his veins the blood flew startlingly,
And he felt sick at heart—he knew not why—
For 'tis the sadness of the lost to see
Angels look on us with a cold regard,
(Not knowing those who never left their card.)

IV.

She had a low, sweet brow, with fringed lakes
Of an unfathom'd darkness couch'd below;
And parted on that brow in jetty flakes
The raven hair swept back with wavy flow,
Rounding a head of such a shape as makes
The old Greek marble with the goddess glow.
Her nostril's breathing arch might threaten storm—
But love lay in her lips, all hush'd and warm.

V.

And small teeth, glittering white, and cheek whose red
Seem'd Passion, there asleep, in rosy nest:
And neck set on as if to bear a head,
May be a lily, may be Juno's crest,—
So lightly sprang it from its snow-white bed—
So proudly rode above the swelling breast;
And motion, effortless as stars awaking
And melting out, at eve, and morning's breaking;

VI.

And voice delicious quite, and smile that came
Slow to the lips, as 'twere the heart smil'd thro':—
These charms I've been particular to name,
For they are, like an inventory, true,
And of themselves were stuff enough for fame;
But she, so wondrous fair, has genius too,
And brilliantly her thread of life is spun—
In verse and beauty both, the "undying one!"

VII.

And song—for in those kindling lips there lay
Music to wing all utterance outward breaking,
As if upon the ivory teeth did play
Angels, who caught the words at their awaking
And sped them with sweet melodies away—
The hearts of those who listen'd with them taking.
Of proof to this last fact there's little lack;
And Jules, poor lad! ne'er got *his* truant back!

VIII.

That heart stays with her still. 'Tis one of two,
(I should premise)—all poets being double,
Living in two worlds as of course they do,
Fancy and fact, and rarely taking trouble
To explain in which they're living, as to *you*!
And this it is makes all the hubble-bubble,
For who can fairly write a bard's biography,
When, of his fancy-world, there's no geography!

IX.

Jules was at perfect liberty *in fact*
To love again, and still be there *in fancy*;
Else were this story at its closing act.
Nay, he *in fact* might wed, and *in romance* he
Might find the qualities his *sposa* lack'd—
(A truth that I could easier make a man see),
And woman's great mistake, if I may tell it, is
The calling such stray fancies infidelities.

X.

Byron was man and bard, and Lady B.,
In wishing to monopolise him wholly,
Committed bigamy, you plainly see.
She, being *very* single, Guiccioli
Took off the odd one of the wedded three—
A change, 'twould seem, quite natural and holy.
The *after* sin, which still his fame environs,
Was giving Guiccioli *both* the Byrons.

XI.

The stern wife drove him from her. Had she lov'd
With all the woman's tenderness the while,
He had not been the wanderer he prov'd.
Like bird to sunshine fled he to a smile;
And, lightly tho' the changeful fancy rov'd,
The heart speeds home with far more light a wile.
The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

XII.

To poets more than all—for truthful love
Has, to their finer sense, a deeper sweetness;
Yet she who has the venturous wish to prove
The poet's love when nearest to completeness,
Must wed the man and let the fancy rove—
Loose to the air that wing of eager fleetness,
And smile it home when wearied out—with air.
But if you scold him, Madam! have a care!

XIII.

All this time the "Undying One" was singing.
She ceas'd, and Jules felt every sound a pain
While that sweet cadence in his ear was ringing;
So gliding from the arm of Lady Jane,

Which rather seem'd to have the whim of clinging,
He made himself a literary lanc—
Punching and shoving every kind of writer
Till he got out. (He might have been politer.)

XIV.

Free of "the press," he wander'd thro' the rooms,
Longing for solitude, but studying faces;
And, smitten with the ugliness of Brougham's,
He mus'd upon the cross with monkey races—
(Hieroglyphic'd on th' Egyptian tombs
And shewn in France with very striking traces.)
"Rejected" Smith's he thought a head quite glorious;
And Hook, all button'd up, he took for "Boreas."

XV.

He noted Lady Stepney's pretty hand,
And Barry Cornwall's sweet and serious eye;
And saw Moore get down from his chair to stand,
While a most royal Duke went bowing by—
Saw Savage Landor, wanting soap and sand—
Saw Lady Chatterton take snuff and sigh—
Saw graceful Bulwer say "good night," and vanish—
Heard Crofton Croker's brogue, and thought it Spanish.

XVI.

He saw Smith whispering something very queer,
And Hayward creep behind to overhear him;
Saw Lockhart whistling in a lady's ear,
(Jules thought so, till, on getting very near him,
The error—not the mouth—became quite clear.)
He saw "the Duke" and had a mind to cheer him;
And fine Jane Porter with her cross and feather,
And clever Babbage, with his face of leather.

XVII.

And there was plump and saucy Mrs. Gore,
And calm, old, lily-white Joanna Baillie,
And frisky Bowring, London's wisest bore;
And there was "devilish handsome" D'Israeli;
And not a lion of all these did roar;
But laughing, flirting, gossiping so gaily,—
Poor Jules began to think 'twas only mockery
To talk of "porcelain"—'twas a world of crockery.

XVIII.

'Tis half a pity authors should be seen!
Jules thought so, and I think so too, with Jules.
They'd better do the immortal with a screen,
And shew but mortal in a world of fools;
Men talk of "taste" for thunder—but they mean
Old Vulcan's apron and his dirty tools;
They flock all wonder to the Delphic shade,
To know—just how the oracle is made!

XIX.

What we should think of Bulwer's works—without him,
His wife, his coat, his curls or other handle;
What of our Cooper, knowing nought about him,
Save his enchanted quill and pilgrim's sandal;
What of old Lardner, (gracious! how they flout him!)
Without this broad—(and Heavy.) side of scandal;
What of Will Shakspeare had he kept a "Boz"
Like Johnson—would be curious questions, coz!

XX.

Jove is, no doubt, a gainer by his cloud,
(Which, ta'en away, might cause irreverent laughter,)
But, out of sight, he thunders ne'er so loud,
And no one asks the god to dinner after;
And "Fame's proud temple," build it ne'er so proud,
Finds notoriety a useful rafter.
And when you've been abus'd awhile, you learn
All blasts blow fair for you—that blow astern!

XXI.

No "pro" without its "con:"—The *pro* is fame,
Pure, cold, unslander'd, like a virgin's frill;
The *con* is beef and mutton, sometimes game,
Madeira, Sherry, claret, what you will;
The ladies' (albums) striving for your name;
All, (save the woodcock), yours without a bill;
And "in the gate," an unbelieving Jew,
Your "Mordecai!"—Why, clearly *con's* your cue!

XXII.

I've "reason'd" myself neatly "round the ring,"
While Jules came round to Lady Jane once more,
And supper being but a heavy thing,
(To lookers-on), I'll show him to the door,
And his first night to a conclusion bring,
Not, (with your kind permission, Sir) before
I tell you what her Ladyship said to him
As home to Brook-street her swift horses drew him.

XXIII.

"You're comfortably lodged, I trust," she said,
"And Mrs. Mivart—is she like a mother?"
"Have you mosquito curtains to your bed?"
"Do you sleep well without your little brother?"
"What do you eat for breakfast—baker's bread?"
"I'll send you some home-made, if you would rather,
"What do you do to-morrow?—say at five,
"Or four—say four—I call for you to drive?"

XXIV.

"There's the New Garden, and the Coliseum—
"Perhaps you don't care much for Panoramas?—
"But there's an armadillo—you *must* see him!
"And those big-eyed giraffes and heavenly lamas!
"And—are you fond of music?—the *Te Deum*
"Is beautifully play'd by Lascaramhas,
"At the new Spanish Chapel. This damp air!
"And you've no hat on!—let me feel your hair!

XXV.

"Poor boy!"—but Jules's head was on her breast,
Rock'd like a nautilus in calm mid ocean;
And while its curls within her hands she prest,
The Lady Jane experienc'd some emotion,
For, did he sleep? or wish to be caress'd?—
What meant the child?—she'd not the slightest notion!
Arriv'd at home, he rose, without a shake—
Trembling and slightly flush'd—but wide awake.

TESTIMONIAL.—The Young Men of the Hebrew Congregation of Benai Jeshurun, in Elm street, have had a meeting, at which they passed resolutions of deserved compliment to their pastor, Rev. S. M. Isaacs, and determined to open a subscription to present him a piece of plate.

From the London Keepsake for 1842.

VERA CAPEL.

BY C. L. E.

"Mamma, will you *never* sleep?" was the first question of Vera Capel, as awaking from the tranquil unbroken sleep of childhood, she saw her mother still as she had seen her the evening before, but paler, and looking even more wretched than when, weeping, she had bade her good night. To see her in tears was no new thing; but there was now an expression of grief and anxiety more intense than she had ever before witnessed.

Mrs. Capel was far from her home and friends; her child was her only companion—the one creature that she loved without fear of coldness or ingratitude in return. She had married before she was eighteen. Her love for her husband was ardent and sincere; it never died, but seemed to become stronger and more devoted when most neglected.

Beautiful, amiable, and a reputed heiress, it was from many aspirants that Mary De Courcy had chosen Captain Capel. Idolized by her father, her existence had been without a care; and, with the fresh unchilled hopefulness of youth, she anticipated perfect happiness in her married life.

Mr. De Courcy was one of the few remaining specimens of Irish country gentlemen of the old school: thoughtless, extravagant, and hospitable to an extent incredible to sober English minds; his house, Rathmore Castle, was open to every traveller. No sooner had Captain Capel's troop taken up its quarters in the village, than Mr. O'Hea, the agent, was sent to explain to the two officers commanding it that a fit of the gout prevented Mr. De Courcy from calling, and to request that they would make the castle their home whilst at that station. This exchange from the little inn, with its sanded floors, bad tobacco, and evening and morning uproars, was not to be refused; Captain Capel and his lieutenant were soon established at Rathmore.

Their new host was an agreeable companion, and, unlike his prototypes, the past generation of Irish squires, one who did not insist upon their drinking endless potations of whiskey-punch unless they liked it. To be domesticated with Mary De Courcy, the cynosure of neighboring eyes, could not be a subject of indifference to either gentlemen; to Capel it was happiness itself, and he immediately fell desperately in love. He had spent several months in remote and obscure quarters, and Mary was the first young lady whose elegance and dignity of manner satisfied his refined taste. Tired with noise and "fun," the quiet hours passed in her morning room were delightful to him; he read to her, sang with her, and at length gave her lessons in German, to the infinite annoyance of Mrs. O'Hea. This lady, once the humble companion of her childhood, and now the wife of the agent, was too happy to continue her vocation, partly for the pleasure of seeming to be Miss De Courcy's chosen friend, and principally because she preferred to live at the castle, instead of in the narrow whitewashed house in Rathmore village, which was her nominal home. Mr. O'Hea was equally kind in sacrificing much valuable time, for he was an attorney, in assisting to entertain the numerous guests of the castle—shooting with them in the morning, and inculcating drinking by precept and example in the evening.

The music and the reading aloud were patiently endured by Mrs. O'Hea; but when the conversation, becoming evidently more interesting, was shrouded in such an impenetrable language as German, she was indignant, and not to be conciliated by the *petits soins* lavished on her by Captain Capel, or the good-natured occasional word of Mary. Her position was far too comfortable to be relinquished, so that her resentment was carefully concealed, but it was never forgotten.

In a little time every preliminary was arranged; Miss De Courcy was a favorite with all, and Captain Capel was too handsome and too agreeable for her friends to doubt for a moment that her felicity must be complete. They forgot that one short month was all the time that they had known

Capel. They were willing to believe, for her sake, that the uncertainty of temper, the discontented spirit which showed itself occasionally in him, arose only from the strength of his passion; and, on all sides, the sacrifices which a very limited income must demand from both, appeared to be forgotten. The estates of Rathmore were entailed upon the next male heir, an officer in the Austrian service, and Mr. De Courcy's habits were too improvident for him to be able to make any addition to the small fortune his daughter inherited from her mother.

The marriage was celebrated with extraordinary rejoicings. Captain and Mrs. Capel left Ireland for some months, to make a succession of visits in England. Mary was admired, their society was sought after, and Capel was happy, and most proud of his beautiful wife. Here was a character of a more ideal and exalted cast; gratified vanity had no part in her happiness; her love for her husband was the one thought, the one feeling which governed all others.

Captain Capel's regiment returned to England, and in a quiet, cheerful home Mary hoped for real enjoyment, in place of the hurry and excitement of the first year of her marriage. She was, however, mistaken; her husband was not one who could be satisfied with mere domestic life; brilliant and admired in society, it was there alone that he was contented; at home he was listless and gloomy, and still more so when as years passed on pecuniary embarrassments pressed upon them. Once involved in the endless entanglement of debt, it was not in their power, with the utmost exertion of habits of economy, slowly and painfully acquired, to extricate themselves. Capel at length determined to leave the army, and endeavor to submit to a life of retirement. His regiment was at Clifton, waiting to embark for Ireland, and he himself was in London, making the necessary arrangements for the sale of his commission, at the time when we have seen Mary Capel watching by the side of her sleeping child. In her husband's absence she had formed many plans, with that hopefulness of character which still remained to her, and trusted, that detached from his old companions and pursuits, she should now be able to make him happy; and with Vera to teach and to amuse, she had imagined their cottage life would even give *him* pleasure. It was, then, a severe trial to learn that he had accepted the government allowance of land in Canada, and had determined to proceed thither in a month. She did not shrink from the privations, the dangers to which she might be exposed; but when he concluded his letter by announcing that it was his intention to leave the child in Ireland, with her grandfather, for the next year, she was in despair. Captain Capel's resolutions never altered; however hastily they were formed, it was sufficient that they were his for them to be unchangeable; and she remembered too well how powerless her influence had been on lesser occasions for her now to hope for success.

The regiment was to embark on that day, and it was with regret that Mrs. Capel had taken leave of her husband's friends and companions. Harry Arden was the last who came, a tall, slight boy of eighteen, who had been Capel's subaltern for the last two years. One steam-packet alone remained at the quay, and she concluded, seeing evident signs of movement, that Harry was too much occupied, too full of his importance as the only officer—for Capel's successor had not yet joined—to remember to bid her farewell. Yet she was grieved at his neglect more than she had imagined she could have been at this time. It was not long, however, that she reproached him, even in thought, as his quick light step was heard on the stairs, and he entered, looking tired and depressed. "Here I am, my dearest Mrs. Capel!" he exclaimed, "come to wish you good-bye—the steamer is all ready, and we sail directly." He threw himself on the sofa, and slowly continuing, "I am perfectly miserable—I never told you so before; but I have been thinking of you and your long voyage, and log-houses, and myself, and bogs, and my poor little wife.—Vera, my darling, come to me and comfort me."

"My dear Harry," Mary replied, "do not make me scold you the last time; you have nothing to make you miserable—

you are going to dear Ireland—you have no separations, no misfortunes."

"My dear Mrs. Capel, I wish you would not provoke me so! Here I am parting from you, who are as good as a mother to me, and my own wife, Vera, and you say I have no misfortunes, no separation! Think what a life I shall have!—this fellow who has the troop will be nothing like Capel, and there will be nobody else; and I shall be bullied, and sent to the riding-school. Do not laugh at me, my dear friend—you must know what I mean. I owe every thing to you and Capel—I shall never forget your kindness;—and now you are going into banishment; but I must not talk of that, for it has nearly worn you to death already. I wish Capel had thought of something else. Will you promise me you will see the doctor, you look so ill?"

"Really, Harry, you flatter me too much," she answered; "I will see him, indeed, before we sail; but I am only nervous and out of spirits. You will write to us when we are fixed, and think of us sometimes?" Her voice faltered as she told Vera to wish him good-bye.

"God bless you, my darling little wife!—stop a moment, child;" and as he stooped to kiss her he twisted round her neck a Venetian chain, with a little watch attached to it. "I don't like my wife to have no watch; I wish her to be regular and punctual—a soldier's wife, madam." He kissed her again, and with glistering eyes he shook hands with Mrs. Capel, trying to hide his real distress at parting from her with a smile and a cheerful "God bless you."

The banks of the Avon were covered with spectators as the last steam-packet glided past, the band playing merrily, and the arms and accoutrements of the soldiers glancing brightly in the sunshine. "Is Harry gone, mamma?" asked Vera, as it passed: "and will he never come back?"

Captain Capel returned, and while he caressed his little girl, Mary timidly tried to change his resolution of leaving her in Ireland. "Indeed, Arthur," she said, "I can never spare Vera; she is so useful to me, and so quiet and contented, that I have no trouble."

"I wish you were a boy, Vera," was all his answer.

"It's little use I would be then, papa; for I could not work for you, and I would be very rude."

He laughed, and told her to go to bed, and not to speak Irish like Nurse Kearney, then turning to Mary, he continued: "The worst of it is, she will learn such a brogue, there will be no curing it; but I have done all I could. There is an old friend of yours, Mrs. O'Hea,—they are grown rich, and have just engaged an excellent governess for their two girls, and Vera is to study with them every day. I met the O'Heas in town, and was able to be of use to them, and she was uncommonly kind and civil.—She has written you a note about it; and as you know her so well, I feel certain that you will now be quite at ease on the subject."

He said this in a tone which he intended should silence all further discussion; but it was not till Mary had used every argument and persuasion in vain, that she submitted; she had no confidence in Mrs. O'Hea's profession of friendship. She reminded him of her father's increasing infirmities; but to all her entreaties he replied, "My dear Mary, this is folly. I have taken the advice of my friends, people who must understand these things, and my plan is fixed; you know I never change. No one but a very weak, superstitious person could have such ideas as yours. The child is only seven years old, and what can it signify who has her for one year? You must know I am as fond of her, and as anxious for her welfare, as you can be; but I cannot and will not have her on our hands in our unsettled state in Canada. I promise you faithfully you shall have both Vera and Nurse Kearney at the end of the year; will that satisfy you?"

Mrs. Capel sighed, and said no more. She prayed that all might be well, and that the year he so confidently spoke of, might pass as former years had done.

When the day of separation arrived, all her melancholy forebodings increased; she felt a conviction that she should never see her daughter again, and she parted from her with a solemnity, an intenseness of grief which Vera never forgot. In her after life her mother lived in her memory, not as the

brilliantly beautiful creature which she sometimes appeared; but with the pale face, the large earnest eyes which gazed upon her till the boat which conveyed her to the shore at the river's mouth was out of sight.

Captain and Mrs. Capel sailed soon after for Canada, but not before they had received news of the little traveller's safe arrival and kind welcome at Rathmore. She became at once her grandfather's constant companion, and was the favorite of the old servants, who all loved her mother, and remembered her at the same age—"Only Miss Mary, the darlin'," they would say, "had a merrier laugh, an' a brighter face; Miss Vera has a soft look with her blue eyes as if she'd sooner cry nor laugh."

Vera's education was not neglected; she paid Mrs. O'Hea's school-room a daily visit. In all weathers she was to be seen, mounted on a little pony, and attended by the old coachman, going to Mount Pleasant. No longer the narrow white-washed house in the village, Mr. O'Hea's was now a large handsome mansion in a spacious demesne, bearing every mark of the prosperity of its owner. One day she was surprised to see the pony arrive long before the usual time, led by a ragged boy, one of the numerous helpers and hangers-on of the castle stables. Miss Capel was to come to her grandfather directly—this was the message; but there was a strangeness in the boy's manner which alarmed her. She asked for the coachman, her usual servant; he was gone to Cork to fetch a doctor, or a lawyer, he could not tell which: Mr. Blake, the clergyman, had sent him.—Child as she was, Vera had seen enough unhappiness to be easily alarmed, and in this instance she had too much cause. She galloped home, and ran through the spacious halls and galleries of the castle to her grandfather's study. He was not there;—there was a confusion—a disorder in the papers on the table—a chair was thrown down; but all was deserted. She thought he must be ill, and hastened to his bedroom. As she gently opened the door, she saw him lying on the bed, still and pale as death; Mr. Blake stood beside him, an open letter in his hand; the doctor was there, and Mrs. Kearney, who first observed the child, and quickly led her out of the room with a quietness and firmness which terrified her almost more than what she had already seen. She implored her to let her go to her grandfather, that she might see him for the last time, if he were dead; that she might sit by him if he were ill. "If mamma were here," she said, "she would do it, and I am in her place; he says so himself. Oh, Nurse Kearney!—oh, Norah, let me go to him!"

At these words Mrs. Kearney was overpowered; she sunk into an arm-chair in the ante-room where they stood, and burst into an agony of tears. Vera, pale and trembling, in vain asked what had happened, when Mr. Blake appeared. "It's he that must tell you. I cannot tell the child, sir," she cried, addressing him, "it breaks my heart to see her; the lamb, to think of her being left—and my dear mistress dying in that heathen country!"

Vera fainted; it was a shock that she had least imagined—that her young, her beautiful mother should die, was beyond her comprehension. It was long before she was restored; and it was indeed a piteous sight to see age and childhood thus equally bowed down by the same calamity.

To Mr. De Courcy Captain Capel's letter was a death-blow; a paralytic seizure was the immediate consequence, and after lingering a few days, he expired. Mary Capel had fallen a victim to an epidemic fever which raged in Quebec. Her husband's grief was excessive. In that moment of desolation all her patient endurance, her devoted love, rushed upon his mind; he felt that he might have softened the trials which she had borne without earthly assistance; and most bitter was his penitence as he reflected how few bright spots had shone upon her married life. His letter was written in a state of desperation. He sent his blessing to Vera; besought her grandfather's protection for her; and announced his intention of joining the army of Bolivar. He felt unworthy, he said, of the happiness he had enjoyed; he was a wretch unfit to live, and he hoped soon to find peace and oblivion in a soldier's grave.

The funeral of Mr. De Courcy was over; and the castle

was nearly deserted; Mr. O'Hea had received an order from the new possessor, who was at Vienna, to shut up the house for the present, and to dismiss the servants with a trifling gratuity. The agent was a little puzzled, and not without some reproaches of conscience, as he prepared literally to execute this order; it was too positive to be neglected, and yet it was not till his wife had exerted all her eloquence, that he consented to inform Mrs. Kearney that she must leave the castle immediately, and find some other abode for Miss Capel, till he should receive an answer to the letter he had written to her father, to inform him of Mr. De Courcy's death.

Mrs. O'Hea had never felt any of the regard she had professed for Mary Capel; in former days, her beauty and superiority had excited her envy, and she had treasured many a word, many an offence, unconsciously given, till her feelings towards her more resembled hatred than friendship. Prosperous as she now was, she could not feel compassion for the orphan Vera; she was too lovely, and too like her mother, for her to consent to her husband's proposition that she should live at Mount Pleasant till her father should send for her. Mr. O'Hea consoled himself with the reflection that he had wished to do everything that was proper. He was a selfish, indolent man, and preferred peace at home to the prolonged warfare which was inevitable if he persevered in his request. It certainly did seem strange that he, Terence O'Hea, who was not very long ago the poor steward's clerk and *protege* of Mr. De Courcy, should now be enjoying every luxury, and able to give or refuse an asylum to his benefactor's grandchild; but then, he argued, his wealth was the just reward of his own talents and exertions;—Mr. De Courcy would not have left his affairs in disorder, and his debts unpaid, if he had followed his advice; in short, Mrs. O'Hea was a very sensible woman, and was probably quite right in her decision.

Mr. Blake, the clergyman of the parish, was in the meantime anxiously seeking for some friend or relation who would take charge of the orphan. In Mrs. O'Donnell, a widow lady, who had known and loved Mary Capel, he found a friend willing and anxious to become a second mother to Vera; and she was soon established, with nurse Kearney, at Bel Retiro, Mrs. O'Donnell's house. It was built on the brow of a cliff, forming so conspicuous an object from the sea as to be used by sailors as a landmark.—Sheltered by thick plantations, with extensive conservatories on each side, Bel Retiro was a strange contrast to the black cliffs on which it stood. In the winter, the waves dashing against the rocks, and the wild rushing blasts of wind beating against the windows, made it a dreary residence for a solitary invalid, and Mrs. O'Donnell found the greatest relief in the society of her adopted child.

Their life was spent in tranquillity, unmarked by events. Vera received no letter from her father; the only sign that she was not entirely forgotten, was one from his London banker, to inform her that he had received instructions to pay a yearly sum of one hundred pounds for Miss Capel's use. It was a mere letter of business, but it was satisfactory, as it proved that her father was still living, which she had almost doubted. By the direction, which was to Rathmore, it appeared that Mr. O'Hea's letter had not been received, and that Captain Capel was in ignorance of Mr. De Courcy's death.

The neighborhood afforded Vera but few companions of her own age; but she was accustomed to be alone, and it was not strange that she should prefer complete solitude to the society of the family at Mount Pleasant, which was the nearest gentleman's house to Bel Retiro. Mrs. O'Hea, having a due respect for Mrs. O'Donnell's fortune and station, made some faint efforts to be polite to her young friend in the few formal visits which were interchanged; but she was far too handsome for her to relent in her long-cherished animosity. Her daughters were tolerably good-looking, and indefatigable in their efforts at extreme elegance of manner and appearance; from the painful care of successive governesses, their brogue had become suppressed, though not extinguished, and was embellished by sundry affectations.—They looked upon Miss Capel with great contempt, be-

cause she had never had a governess, never gone to a Dublin finishing school, and did not employ a Dublin milliner. They could not deny that she was handsome, but they consoled themselves with the idea that she was far too proud and too silent ever to be liked or admired. Vera was indeed lovely; hers was a face which, once seen, dwelt in the memory like that of some beautiful picture: the gay careless glance of youth was wanting, but there was a sweet thoughtfulness of expression, and a soft melancholy in her manner, that rendered her singularly interesting. It was not that she was unhappy; she would have reproached herself with ingratitude to her kind friend, Mrs. O'Donnell, had she thought herself so; but there was a feeling of desertion—of isolation, which depressed her, and which she could not shake off. She knew that her father was living, from the yearly letter of his banker, but it was in vain that she had entreated for a letter from himself; he appeared by his silence to be indifferent to her.

Mrs. O'Donnell, observing that her young friend was more thoughtful and grave than was natural at her age, attributed it to her solitary life; for, from her own ill health, there were many days when Vera was quite alone; and she invited a young lady from Dublin, a distant relation of her husband's, to pay her a visit of several months. Miss Kavanagh accepted the invitation, because she thought it politic to oblige Mrs. O'Donnell, but it was with no intention of becoming the friend of Miss Capel; on the contrary, she was already jealous of her; and when she arrived, the repulsive coldness of her manner chilled the kind feeling with which Vera had met her. Unfortunately for the friendship which Mrs. O'Donnell had projected, an intimacy of an older date, began at a Dublin school, was renewed between the Miss O'Heas and Miss Kavanagh; they were the only persons whose society she sought, and with them she exerted as much petty malice as she dared, to annoy Vera.

The jaunting-car from Mount Pleasant brought these young ladies almost every day, to spend "the entire of the morning," as they called it, with their friends. Mrs. O'Donnell was confined to her room by illness, so that their gossip was unrestrained. They discussed the merits of their favorite cavaliers, and the balls given in Cork, or the latest fashions from Dublin. The object of their supreme admiration appeared to be Lord Erpingham; he had once danced with Miss Kavanagh, and Miss Themasina O'Hea had had the good fortune to run against him in waltzing; he seemed to have begged her pardon and received her excuses with peculiar grace; since this was a fact frequently referred to in their discussions. These were topics in which Vera could take no part, and she sat silently embroidering till her attention was aroused by hearing that this fascinating individual was in the —th lancers, her father's old regiment, which had lately arrived in Cork. It was ten years since she had seen that regiment embark for Ireland; since that miserable time, when she had parted from her mother, her father, and Harry Arden, the three persons she loved best in the world; but it was as fresh in her recollection as the events of yesterday. She had often thought of Harry, and wondered if he were living, and would remember her; her beautiful mother had died, and her father had seemed to abandon her to the charity of strangers; and she feared that he, too, her early friend, was lost to her forever. At length she ventured to enquire whether Mr. Arden was among the officers of the regiment. As usual, when she spoke, the three friends stared, laughed, and whispered—"Indeed!" Miss O'Hea replied, "I know no such person. I suppose he is somebody very wonderful, as you think no one good enough for you in this country!"

"Did you meet him in those daily walks by the sea-shore, which you are so fond of?" inquired Miss Kavanagh.

"Mr. Arden was my father's friend," she answered, "and was very kind to me when we were in England, before we left the regiment."

"Dear me!" Miss Kavanagh exclaimed, "I never heard of your father before; pray is he living, and where is he? I thought you had no relations!"

"My father is abroad in the Brazils, Miss Kavanagh,"

Vera replied, and left the room. She felt too unhappy to attempt to converse with Mrs. O'Donnell, and if she remained in the house, nurse Kearney would find her, and with affectionate zeal, torment her by never-ending invectives against the "inimies," as she called the O'Heas, "thim as has hated her as a child, and niver would lave hating her!" She took refuge by the sea-shore, descending by a sheep-path which wound along the face of the cliff, and led to a little creek, formerly used as a harbor for the boats belonging to Bel Retiro. The fresh sea-breeze and rippling waters soothed and tranquillised her mind; and she remained watching the advance of the tide, until suddenly alarmed by the sound of oars and voices approaching. A whale boat, containing two gentlemen and two rowers, shot round the jutting rock which shut in the little bay; the keel soon grated on the shingle, and the two gentlemen, jumping out, seemed to enquire the way to the house. Vera had nearly gained the brow of the cliff before she was perceived by them, and following the same narrow path which she had taken, they were soon in front of Bel Retiro. She had escaped into the conservatory, where she found the Miss O'Heas busied with Miss Kavanagh in arranging bouquets to be worn at a ball that evening.

Vera was hastening to her own room, when the door opened, and a servant announced "Lord Erpingham and Mr. De Courcy."

"Mr. De Courcy!" she repeated.

"Yes ma'am," was the answer; "they asked particularly for you, Miss Vera, and I said you *was* at home; they are in the drawing-room."

The three friends were left in an unpleasant state of surprise and mortification; but soon recovering themselves, they agreed that it would be proper for them to assist the inexperienced Vera in receiving her visitors. They found her talking with animation to a very handsome young man, and from his flaxen mustachios and slight foreign accent, they concluded rightly that he was the German De Courcy, the owner of Rathmore. Lord Erpingham was silent, and so attentive to Vera's conversation with her new relative, that Miss Kavanagh found her lively sallies were scarcely heard. Piqued at his neglect, she addressed Miss Capel with her usual sneering manner: "Have you asked about the gentleman you are so much interested in? I dare say Lord Erpingham can tell you about *all* the officers!"

Vera blushed, and after a slight pause, said—"I was very foolish to forget the many years which have passed since I knew him. It was Mr. Arden, who was in the —th; he lived a great deal with us in England, and was very kind to me; but I never expect to see him again. Death has made changes since then; and if he were alive, he would not remember me."

"Should you know *him*?" inquired De Courcy, smiling.

"Oh, yes!—I could never forget Harry Arden!" she exclaimed. "I should know him anywhere."

"I do not think you would, Vera," said Lord Erpingham. She started at his voice; as he turned towards her the light fell full upon his noble brow and handsome countenance, and, as if it were a dream, she saw Harry Arden, older and more manly, but with the same kind smile and laughing eyes which she remembered in her childhood's friend.

"Will you forgive me?" said De Courcy. "I would not let Erpingham plead his older right to be your friend till I had introduced myself, and made my way as your poor cousin."

Bewildered with surprise and pleasure, Vera could scarcely find words to express her feelings, and gladly seizing the pretext of inquiring if Mrs. O'Donnell would see them, left the room. Miss Kavanagh renewed her attack upon Lord Erpingham with the same ill-success as before, whilst Thomasina O'Hea tried to gratify Mr. De Courcy by extravagant praise of his cousin. "Such a talented creature, and so handsome; I declare I don't wonder Mrs. O'Donnell is so precious of her." At this moment the two gentlemen were summoned to the invalid's dressing-room, and the same young lady, continuing to speak, exclaimed, "Isn't it wonderful now what *them* men can see in that girl? There's no life, no fun about her, the creature! She scarcely said

a civil word to my lord, when she found out who he was, but went away as soon as she could—with such a complexion!"

"I think him very stupid," said Miss Kavanagh, sulkily; "that Mr. De Courcy is handsome enough, and much pleasanter looking. You will see a great deal of him of course, as Rathmore is so near Mount Pleasant."

"I don't know," Miss O'Hea replied in a desponding tone, "I don't expect we shall see him at all; for he has taken away the agency from my father."

Mrs. O'Donnell was much pleased with Vera's friends; she had a thousand questions to ask about Rathmore, and Mr. De Courcy's plans for its improvement; and he, who had a talent for entertaining elderly ladies, was indefatigable in his efforts to amuse her, and satisfy her curiosity. In the meantime Vera and her old friend Harry conversed in a lower tone: he spoke of her mother, of the grief he had felt at her death, and of his fruitless inquiries about herself: he had heard of her father as actively engaged in the wars of South America, but it was some time since he had seen his name mentioned. "I met De Courcy," he said, "abroad, and I was at once disposed to like him, because he was your mother's cousin. He had never heard of your existence; and it was only from Mr. Blake that we discovered that you were living, and in this country. It is for not having informed him of your misfortunes that he has dismissed Mr. O'Hea from the agency."

It was late in the day before the two gentlemen returned to their impatient boatmen, who were for the future doomed to wait many a weary hour in the little cove where they had first landed. Lord Erpingham's daily visits never failed, and it was soon generally reported in the neighborhood, with more truth than such rumors generally contain, that he was to be married immediately to Miss Capel.

The mornings at Bel Retiro were no longer devoted to the Miss O'Heas; their dear friend Miss Kavanagh evidently avoided them, and they were indignant to perceive that she was too much occupied in trying to ingratiate herself with Vera, and in paying attention to Mr. De Courcy, to have any time to waste upon her quondam friends. This gentleman was, however, so cruelly insensible to her merits, that she abandoned all hope of becoming mistress of Rathmore, and condescended to take the secondary part of bridesmaid to Vera. Nurse Kearney was nearly the happiest person at Bel Retiro in the prospect of this marriage.—"Sure," she said, "it's entirely too good luck for me—to have my darlin' Miss Vera marry Mistor Harry, an' he be a lord!—faith! now, isn't it a fine moral lesson to see her exalted in this way after bein' left without a friend, barrin' thim as did not desert her."

The evening before the wedding was melancholy enough. Mrs. O'Donnell, although rejoicing in Vera's happiness, was grieved at the thought of losing her affectionate society; and Vera could not but share in this feeling. Miss Kavanagh seemed determined to resist every effort of Mr. De Courcy to be amusing and agreeable; Lord Erpingham, unwilling to interrupt the last conversation between Vera and her adopted mother, stood leaning at the window, watching the fishing boats on their homeward way. "Mrs. O'Donnell!" he suddenly exclaimed, "do you expect any one this evening? There is a travelling carriage coming round the house, and I think one gentleman inside."

Mrs. O'Donnell expected no one to arrive; the carriage stopped, the bell was rung, and the stranger, after making some inquiries of the servants, entered the house. Lord Erpingham was told a gentleman wished to speak with him, and left the room. The stranger was Vera's father!—Released from a long and painful imprisonment among the adverse party, from the conquest of Santa Fe de Bogota, by Bolivar, he returned to England, and hastened to find his daughter.

The marriage was not delayed by his arrival. Mr. Blake performed the ceremony, and soon afterwards Lord and Lady Erpingham left Bel Retiro for England. They made Mrs. O'Donnell a yearly visit, and she had the delightful conviction that their happiness was as perfect as happiness can be in this world.

SHE SANG OF LOVE.

WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE—MUSIC ARRANGED BY HENRY R. BISHOP.

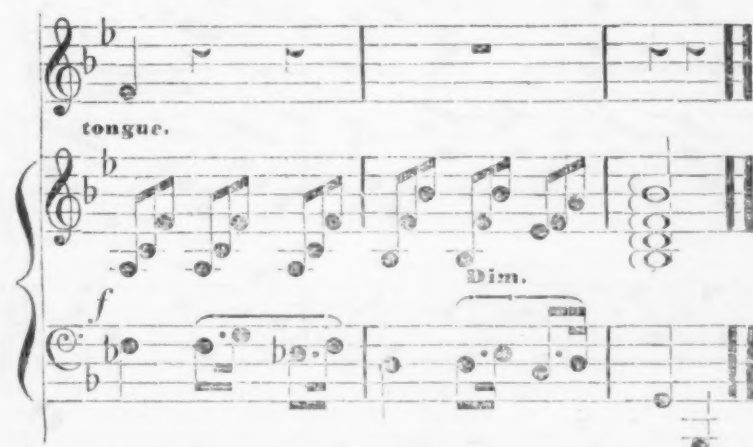
With Expression.

The first system of music consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It features a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "She sang of Love, while o'er her lyre The ro-sy rays of eve-ning" are written below the treble staff. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The third system of music continues the melody from the second system. It features a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "fell, As if to feed with their soft fire, The soul with-in that trembling" are written below the treble staff. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The fourth system of music continues the melody from the third system. It features a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics "shell; The same rich light hung o'er her cheek, And play'd a-round those lips that" are written below the treble staff. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with eighth and sixteenth notes.



SECOND VERSE.
But soon the west no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
And when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too:
As if her light and heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame:
And from her glimmering lips the tone
As from a parting spirit came.

THIRD VERSE.
Who ever lov'd, but had the thought
That he and all he lov'd must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
That fading image to my heart—
And cried, "O Love! is this thy doom?
O light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away!"

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

People who are fond of ingenious nothings—(the man for instance who calculated the precise number of minutes, hours, days, weeks, and months that, in a life time, the professed snuff taker occupies in tickling his nose,) would find an exercise for ingenuity in estimating the probable amount of paper which will be covered, this year, and about this time, in announcing the demise of 1841 and the advent of 1842. All periodical writers must as necessarily say something about it, as two friends meeting must necessarily remark that it is "a pleasant day"—or otherwise—but all that is said might in point of actual pith and meaning be compressed into a very brief space. We shall say nothing—that is—

We shall only say: That having done well with the Dollar Magazine for the year past, and, we trust, having also done well for it, we shall do better both for and with it during the year ensuing. Changes in typographical arrangement will give the work both a larger and a handsomer page; and improved facilities in the manner and means of procuring embellishments, will give the reader more of them, and of a character for excellence unexceeded by that of any periodical in the country. Touching these details, however, enough is said in the prospectus, to which we bespeak the reader's attention. One thing, however, not there specified, we may mention here. There will appear, original in this work, and beautifully illustrated, a translation of one of the most popular modern French novels. In character it is romantic, in incidents stirring, and in interest will,

we are confident, be found equal to any thing which has appeared in an American periodical.

LADY JANE, an old favorite of the readers of the Dollar, it will be perceived, has retaken her niche in the columns of the Magazine. Canto First has been concluded in the present volume; Canto Second is commenced in this number, and will be continued to its conclusion in Volume Second. In addition to the valuable contributions of Mr. Willis, we have engaged assistance in other quarters also; and, in a word, have concluded such arrangements as will give the Dollar Magazine the character of STANDARD CURRENCY, and make it LEGAL TENDER in the world of Literature.

Dollar Magazine.

A NEW AND ENLARGED VOLUME.
To commence Jan. 1, 1842.

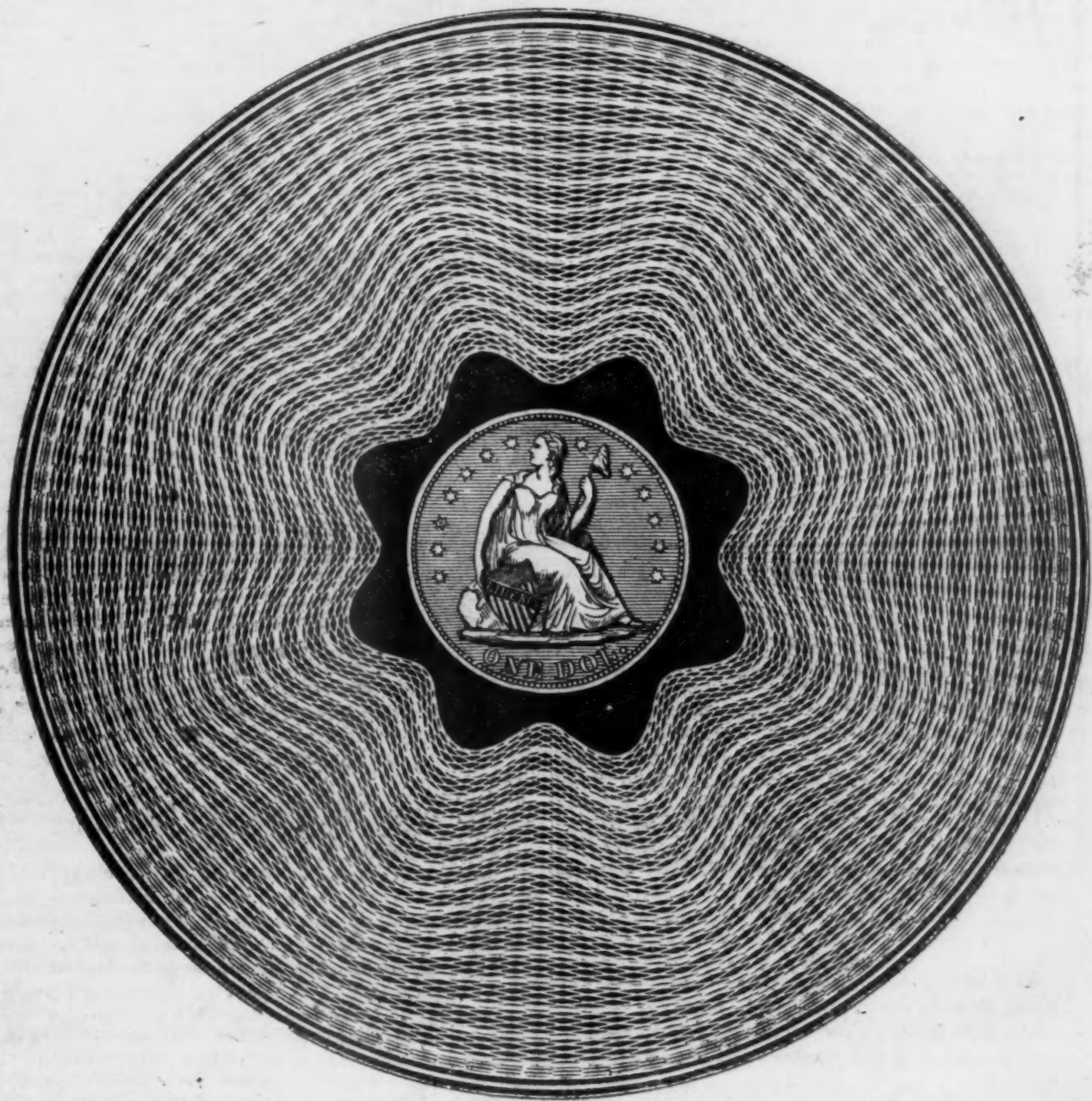
TERMS.

FOR ONE COPY ONE YEAR, ONE DOLLAR.

" FOUR COPIES " THREE DOLLARS

Postmasters, or others, who will send us five subscribers at One Dollar each, shall be entitled to a copy of the London Pictorial edition of the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, the Bookstore price of which is \$2. It is the most splendid edition of that work ever issued—illustrated with upward of two hundred Engravings, and beautifully bound in gilt. It will be forwarded per order, to such persons as become entitled to a copy by complying with the above terms.

THE
Dollar Magazine.



New York:
WILSON & COMPANY, 162 NASSAU STREET.
FEBRUARY, 1841.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

SINGLE COPIES, EIGHT

From the Liverpool (Eng.) Courier of Dec. 9.

BROTHER JONATHAN, THE GIGANTIC NEWSPAPER.

Several writers, who have honored the newspaper press with passing attention, have remarked, that our public journals have of late years increased greatly in excellence. Upon this point it becomes not us, who belong to the craft, to advance our opinion. It will be no tax upon our modesty, however, to state, that however the newspapers may stand with regard to the quality of their contents, there have been general and very considerable additions to their dimensions. Whether this extra quantity of type and paper be such a boon as some proprietors have conceived, it is not for us, but for the public to determine. Certainly it has been vaunted by some of our fraternity as the chief inducement to the purchaser. Much may undoubtedly be said on both sides, but as we bear in mind that, though our own dimensions are very respectable, we are frequently more puzzled to know what we shall leave out than to discover what we are to put in, we will not speculate at large upon the fruitful part of our subject. We will merely observe, that all depends on the value of the material: if that be worthless, why there is no use in increasing its quantity; if it be good, which all newspaper scribes believe all sorts of things to be which have passed through the editorial crucible, we must bear in mind, that people may have too much of a good thing, and that too much pudding is bad, not only for canine animals, but for those of every other genus. We are of those who seriously believe that even a newspaper may be too large, and we have sometimes looked with dismay at the enormous double numbers which are ever and anon issued as special favours to the public from the newspaper offices of the metropolis.

All this progressive increase in the size of our journals arises from the adoption of that system which in the United States is designated the "go-a-head system." As regards quality, there is a limit to the powers of poor humanity for no force of either wind or steam can elevate the mind beyond its natural point, though it is, no doubt, possible to dilute ideas in words to any imaginable extent. Now most persons must have observed that there is in our acute brethren on the other side of the Atlantic a restless and perhaps, we ought to say, praiseworthy disposition to carry a greater pressure of sail than their neighbors. They make a continual endeavor to "go-a-head" faster than anybody else in the known world. They are perfectly aware of the anxiety to be thought first and foremost in everything, and each man ridicules the propensity in his neighbor, without exactly perceiving that it is equally ridiculous in himself. Thus we are all made to laugh at the Kentucky man who boasted that he could swim faster, dive deeper, stop longer under, and come up drier than any man in the Union! Our brother editors of America, with all their humorous boasting, have not yet been able to aver that they surpass us in the goodness of their journals, though we have at our elbow an indication that they have determined upon being superior to us in extent of paper and typography. If things were judged by their size and instead of by their quality, then should we be compelled to acknowledge that the United States is the finest country in the world, and that the paper to which we have alluded is the leading journal of nations. It is entitled "Brother Jonathan," and certainly, our transatlantic contemporary, if he will allow us to call him so, is better entitled to the school-

boy appellation of our "big brother" than any other of our brethren that ever came under our notice. He hebdomadally sends forth a broad sheet, to which all other broad sheets are narrow by comparison,—a paper which Gulliver might have exhibited to his wondering countrymen as a specimen of the journals of Brobdingnag. This "leviathan of literature," as some writer called Dr. Johnson, is edited by the celebrated Mr. N. P. Willis, who is assisted in the *large* undertaking by Mr. H. Hastings Weld. If it follows, that "he who makes great papers should himself be great," then are these two of the greatest men in Uncle Sam's dominions. There is a proverb, much used by those whom nature has cast in her most diminutive mould, that "good things are usually wrapped in a small compass." We know not whether these "wise saws" are entitled to much respect and credence, but we have numberless "modern instances" that the one in question is not held in high esteem amongst the manufacturers of newspapers, whatever it may be by that highly-respected portion of the human race newspaper readers. We see men now-a-days vaunting, not that they offer the best paper—no, that would not be modest;—but that the sheet which they issue is the largest in the locality where it circulates. Now these gentry are really and in truth "outdone by Brother Jonathan," who has gone fairly a-head of them, and, so long as they have nothing but their size to boast of, will maintain his advantage.

Let us take a survey of Brother Jonathan. The paper is more than twice the size of a double number of the Times, and, when we take into account the difference of type and the fact that in the impression before us there are not more than half-a-dozen advertisements, we may safely say that it contains about five times as much matter. The first announcement in the journal is characteristic of Brother Jonathan. "Three dollars-a-year, paid invariably in advance," stands in large capitals at the head of the first column. Then follow the subjoined paragraphs, which furnish a specimen of the inducements held out by our "big brother" for the favor of country subscribers:

"For five dollars, *two* copies of this paper will be sent one year, or one copy *two* years. In no case will the paper be sent out of the city *unless paid for in advance*."

"☞ All names are erased from our books at the expiration of the time paid for, unless the subscription is previously renewed."

"Excellent i' faith." Nothing like pre-payment; and in America, we believe, it is not considered that those who adopt this system are the worst of paymasters, since it has been found that those who do not pay at all are the more disagreeable class of customers.—Then the very head of the paper is characteristic. In one respect, the reader will observe, that, being a giant, it has *two* heads, but these are only its thinking heads, and they are invisible. The visible, or typographical head, contains a vignette, which is neither more nor less than a representation of one of the editors, seated in his sanctum. He has before him a table, on which is strewn a litter of literary contributions, which he is regarding with a smirk of self-satisfied complacency, as if he already anticipated amusement from the perusal. Reared against his table is a huge post-bag which has brought him the "latest from Europe," and on the floor, lying about in most admired disorder, are sundry English newspapers and periodicals, amongst which the most conspicuous are the John Bull, the Times, the Atlas, and the New Monthly. Under his dexter foot, is some unfortunate contemporary, the title of which we cannot make out, but it is, without doubt,

some paper for which the great folks of the Brother Jonathan office have a most sovereign contempt.

The original matter in this enormous paper bears no proportion to that which is selected; and it is all of a light and amusing quality. The reader will be enabled to form some idea of the extent of the number under our survey, for we cannot say under our eye, when we inform him that in the sixth page the story of Charles O'Malley is commenced, and that it is continued through no less than thirteen chapters. That is to say, about one half, or perhaps more, of what has already appeared is given in this one number of Brother Jonathan, where the thirteen chapters occupy a little more than two pages out of eight. In addition to this, we have the last two chapters, which had arrived out of Master Humphrey's Clock, several lengthy extracts from the Knickerbocker, the Forget-Me-Not, for 1841, from the Ladies' Companion, from the Irish Penny Journal, Recollections of Irish Life, the Ninawah Gazette, &c., including one tale in five chapters, in addition to which there is a multitude of pieces, paragraphs, effusions of poetry, culled from various sources. The "leading article" is an original sketch, under the standing head, appropriated to a series, called Tableaux Vivants, by N. P. Willis. It is entitled Julia Beverly. Several of the papers are embellished by excellent wood-cuts, which, from all appearances, we are inclined to believe have already done their office in England, and will now be circulated, at second-hand, accompanied by new and original letter-press illustrations, amongst the sturdy denizens of the back woods. A very large slice of the journal, equal in size to a page of the largest music paper, is occupied with the score and words of the new song entitled "The Days of Yore," to which the prize was recently adjudged at the Melodist Club in London. Thus we have, in one vast sheet of paper the songs, stories, and news of "merry England," which are sent to the most remote settlements of the new world, where they may be perused by the poorest settlers, a few weeks after they are issued from the press in the "Fatherland."

THE 'BROTHER JONATHAN.'—We have hitherto omitted to mention the accession to the literary attractions of this beautiful and well-filled sheet, of N. P. Willis, Esq., who is announced as joint editor with Mr. Weld. The 'Jottings Down in London,' and 'Letters from under a Bridge,' so popular in the 'Corsair' and the 'Mirror,' have been resumed in the 'Jonathan;' and these, with kindred graphic sketches of Ireland, and those light and graceful tales in which Mr. Willis is so successful—to say nothing of early selections from the best English periodicals, and foreign and domestic correspondence—must add greatly to the repute and circulation of this mammoth journal. The last North American Review thus speaks of Mr. Willis's prose writings:

"The variety and versatility of Mr. Willis's literary abilities has been strikingly displayed within the last few years. He writes a prose style, which, for splendor of diction, brilliancy and tastefulness of ornament, and musical flow, will bear a favorable comparison with that of any author in the walks of elegant literature, whether in England or in the United States. His language possesses that curious but indescribable felicity, that clearness and graphic power, and that gracefulness of racy, idiomatic expression, which wind their way into every reader's mind, and enchant his senses by their manifold fascinations. His works have had an almost unprecedented circulation, in spite of certain grave faults, which drew down upon them the heavy

censure of some of the British critics. But the critics are not omnipotent; and the writings of a man of genius, like Mr. Willis, however light and transient the theme, will be popular, will be read. His 'Pencilings by the Way,' therefore, notwithstanding their offence against the laws of society in some instances, continue to be republished, adorned by all the luxury of the British press. We understand that a new edition of his collected 'Poems' is about to appear, in the style of Rogers' magnificent volumes."

The publishers of the 'Jonathan' have found a reward for their untiring enterprise, and liberal expenditure, in a circulation altogether unprecedented. They now issue *thirty-two thousand copies* of their weekly journal.—*Knickerbocker*.

BROTHER JONATHAN—is not to be forgotten and cannot be lightly esteemed. While Willis and Weld have the care of him, he will, as he does, hold up his head among the highest. The publishers of Brother Jonathan have issued the Prospectus of a *Dollar Magazine*, to be conducted by N. P. Willis and H. H. Weld, and published Monthly, at a dollar a year. Each number will contain 32 large quarto pages, a piece of music and Engravings on wood.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—Here we have a periodical excelling in cheapness all its predecessors. Penny Magazines, Cyclopedias, and all other low priced writings, are become enormously high in the comparison. As to the matter, the names of its editors, N. P. Willis and H. Hastings Weld, will be some guarantee of its excellence; and if any other proof be needed, we can easily enumerate some of the articles of the first number. We have "Moore and Barry Cornwall," by Willis—"The Crayon Papers," by Irving—three or four stories of romance and real life—"Post Mortem Musings," from Blackwood; and a variety of anecdotes and *et ceteras*, in prose and verse. The Dollar Magazine is made up from the Brother Jonathan, contains some thirty well printed pages, in double column, and is embellished with a large wood engraving—the cut in the present number being a representation of the famous St. Nicholas on new year's eve.—*Boston Morning Post*.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We have received the first number of this new publication, edited by N. P. Willis and H. Hastings Weld, and published by Wilson & Company, New York. The number before us is well filled with original and selected articles, and contains in addition to the reading matter, some fine cuts and a page of music. As it is published in a convenient form for preservation, at the low price of one dollar, and edited by gentlemen of established reputation in the world of letters, we doubt not it will soon have an extended circulation.—*Boston Democrat*.

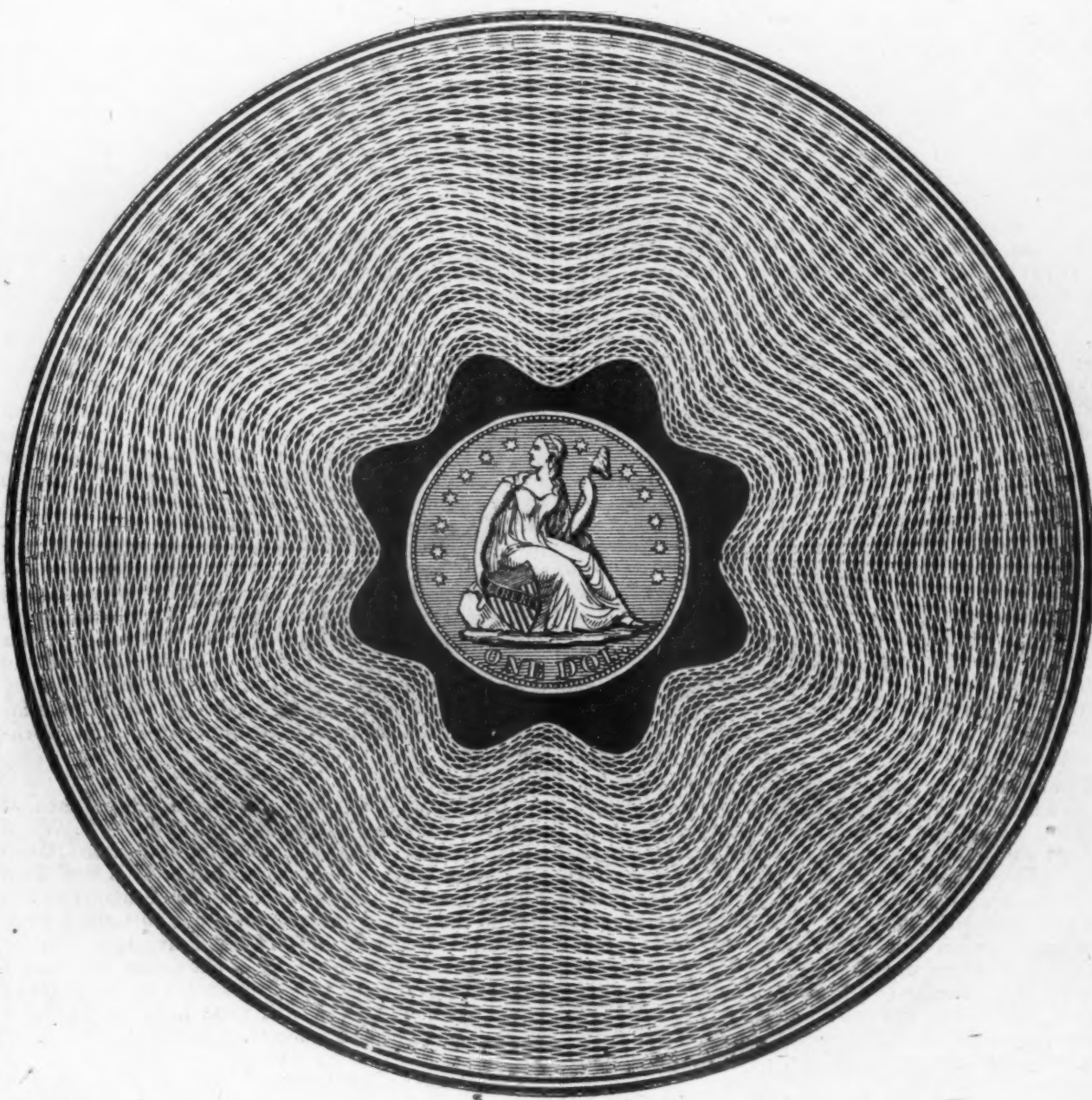
THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We have received the first number of a magazine with the above title, issued at the office of the New York Brother Jonathan. It is certainly the cheapest magazine in the world, (only *one dollar per year*,) and the name of its editors N. P. Willis and H. Hastings Weld, are a sufficient guaranty for its excellence.—*Salem Register*.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE, published in New York by Wilson and Company, and edited by N. P. Willis and H. H. Weld, is decidedly the cheapest periodical ever issued, and it is intrinsically better than two-thirds of the three dollar original miscellanies, published in this country. Agent, W. F. Burgess, 31 South Third street.—*Philadelphia Standard*.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE,

A GAZETTE OF CURRENT AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, MUSIC, THE
ARTS, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND H. HASTINGS WELD.



TERMS.

The DOLLAR MAGAZINE will be issued on the 15th of every month, embracing THIRTY-TWO large quarto pages, printed in a neat and convenient form for preservation, and sent to subscribers by mail, for
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

It will be printed in a beautiful style, and on an *immense mammoth sheet*, by which the postage will be reduced to 1½ cents under 100 miles, and 2½ cents for any distance over 100 miles.

Post MASTERS who send three dollars, at one remittance, free of postage, will receive a fourth copy gratis, or seven copies for five dollars.

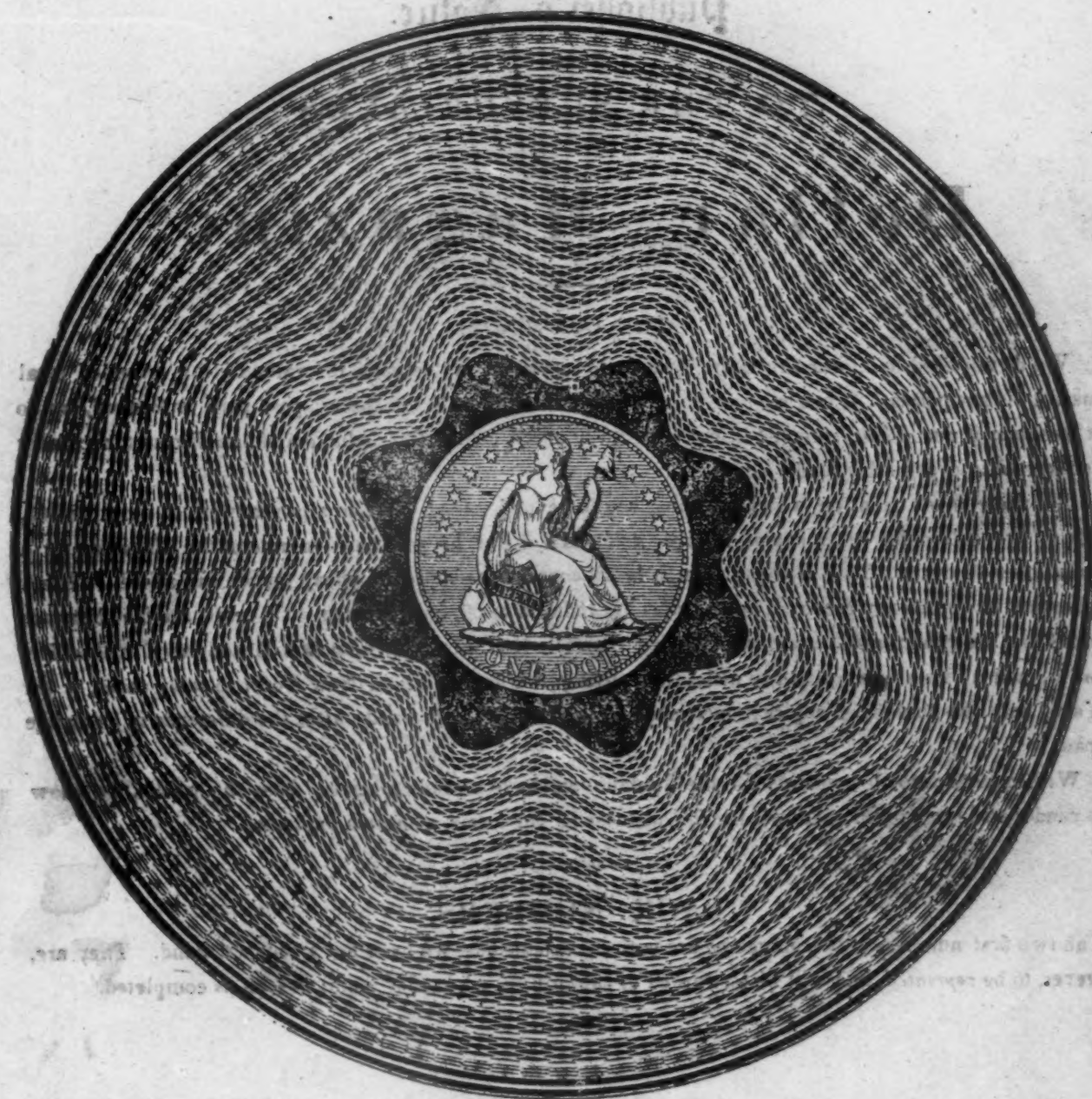
Single Copies may be had of all the principal Newsmen in the United States.

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 Nassau-street, New-York.

Am. Library

THE

Dollar Magazine.



New York:

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 NASSAU STREET.

MARCH, 1841.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

SINGLE COPIES, EIGHT CENTS.

Publisher's Notice.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS
TO THE
Dollar Magazine.

THE CURRENCY,

We do not need to inform any body, is in a sad condition, as respects the value of the issues of local banks at distant points. When we receive a single subscription to the Dollar, post paid or franked, we do not complain if our dollar received is not quite an hundred cents after deduction of the discount, necessary to convert it into available funds.

But there is one point on which we must beg to be understood. When a postmaster, or other person, sends us five dollars for seven copies, if every dollar is a dollar, he gets each volume of the Magazine for a fraction over 71 cents. This is cheap enough in all conscience—quite as cheap as we can afford. When by discount on the money received, our receipts are reduced to 60, 55, and even to 50 cents, the fact becomes obvious that we cannot *stand under it*. Hoping therefore that those to whom this is addressed will *understand it*, and as we are compelled to insist on receiving full five dollars in New York, in such cases, or we can send only the number of copies proportioned to the money in our hands, after the difference in exchange is paid.

With many acknowledgements for the kindness we have already received from the public, we know that candor and reason will acknowledge the justness of our terms, as herein expressed.

BACK NUMBERS.

The two first numbers of the Magazine are entirely exhausted—we have not a copy on hand. They are, however, to be *reprinted*, and will be forwarded to subscribers, who order them, as soon as completed.

HINTS ON FEMALE DRESS.

A woman of principle and prudence must be consistent in the style and quality of her attire; she must be careful that her expenditure does not exceed the limits of her allowance; she must be aware, that it is not the girl who lavishes the most money on her apparel that is the best arrayed. Frequent instances have I known, where young women, with a little good taste, ingenuity, and economy, have maintained a much better appearance than ladies of three times their fortune. No treasury is large enough to supply indiscriminate profusion; and scarcely any purse is too scanty for the uses of life, when managed by a careful hand. Few are the situations in which a woman can be placed, whether she be married or single, where some attention to thrift is not expected. High rank requires adequate means to support its consequence—ostentatious wealth, a superabundance to maintain its domineering pretensions; and the middle class, when virtue is its companion, looks to economy to allow it to throw its mite into the lap of charity.

Hence we see, that hardly any woman, however related, can have a right to independent, uncontrolled expenditure; and that, to do her duty in every sense of the word, she must learn to understand and exercise the graces of economy.—This quality will be a gem in her husband's eyes; for, though most of the money-getting sex like to see their wives well-dressed, yet, trust me, my fair friends, they would rather owe that pleasure to your taste than to their pockets!

Costliness being, then, no essential principle in real elegance, I shall proceed to give you a few hints on what are the distinguishing circumstances of a well ordered toilet.

As the beauty of form and complexion is different in different women, and is still more varied according to the ages of the fair subjects of investigation; so the styles in dress, while simplicity is the soul of all, must assume a character corresponding with the wearer.

The seasons of life should be arrayed like those of the year. In the spring of youth, when all is lovely and gay, then, as the soft green, sparkling in freshness, bedecks the earth; so, light and transparent robes of tender colors should adorn the limbs of the young beauty. If she be of the Hebe form, warm weather should find her veiled in fine muslin, lawn, gauzes, and other lucid materials. To suit the character of her figure, and to accord with the prevailing mode, and just taste together, her morning robes should be of a length sufficiently circumscribed not to impede her walking; but on no account must they be too short; for, when any design is betrayed of showing the foot or ankle, the idea of beauty is lost in that of the wearer's odious indelicacy. On the reverse, when no show of vanity is apparent in the dress—when the light flowing drapery, by unsought accident, discovers the pretty buskined foot or taper ankle, a sense of virgin timidity, and of exquisite loveliness together, strikes upon the senses; and Admiration, with a tender sigh, softly whispers, "The most resistless charm is modesty!"

In Thompson's exquisite portrait of Lavinia, the prominent feature is modesty. "She was beauty's self," indeed, but then she was "thoughtless of beauty;" and though her eyes were sparkling, "bashful modesty" directed them

"Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers."

The morning robe should cover the arms and the bosom, nay even the neck. And if it be made tight to the shape, every symmetrical line is discovered with a grace so decent, that vestals, without a blush, might adopt the chaste apparel. This simple garb leaves to beauty all her empire; no furbelows, no heavy ornaments, load the figure, warp the outlines, and distract the attention. All is light, easy, and elegant; and the lovely wearer, "with her glossy ringlets loosely bound," moves with the Zephyrs on the airy wing of youth and innocence.

Her summer evening dress may be of a still more gossamer texture; but it may still preserve the same simplicity,

though its gracefully-diverging folds may fall like the mantle of Juno, in clustering drapery about her steps. There they should meet the white slipper

"—— of the fairy foot,
Which shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute."

In this dress, her arms, and part of her neck and bosom, may be unveiled, but only *part*. The eye of maternal decorum should draw the virgin zone to the limit where modesty would bid it rest.

Where beauty is, ornaments are unnecessary; and where it is not, they are unavailing. But as gems and flowers are handsome in themselves, and when tastefully disposed doubly so, a beautiful young woman, if she chooses to share her empire with the jeweller and the florist, may, not inelegantly, decorate her neck, arms, and head, with a string of pearls and flowers.

Female youth, of airy forms and fair complexions, ought to reject, as too heavy for their style of figure, the use of gems. Their ornaments should hardly ever exceed the natural or imitated flowers of the most delicate tribes. The snow-drop, lily of the valley, violet, primrose, myrtle, provence rose,—these and their resemblances are embellishments which harmonize with their gaiety and blooming years. The colors of their garments, when not white, should be the most tender shades of green, yellow, pink, blue, and lilac. These, when judiciously selected, or mingled, array the graceful wearer, like another Iris, breathing youth and loveliness.

Should a young woman, of majestic character, inquire for appropriate apparel, she will find it to correspond with her graver and more dignified mien. Her robes should always be long and flowing, and more ample in their folds than those of her gayer sister. Their substance should also be thicker, and of a soberer color. White is becoming to all characters, and not less so to Juno than to Venus; but when colors are to be worn, I recommend to the lady of majestic deportment to choose the fuller shades of yellow, purple, crimson, scarlet, black, and gray. The materials of her dress in summer, cambrics, muslins, sarcenets; in winter, satins, velvets, broadcloth, &c. Her ornaments should be embroidery of gold, silver, and precious stones, with fillets, and diadems of jewels, and waving plumes.

The materials for the winter dresses of majestic forms, and lightly-graceful ones, may be of nearly similar texture, only differing, when made up, in amplitude and abundance of drapery. Satin, Genoa velvet, Indian silks, and kersey-mere, may all be fashioned into as becoming an apparel for the slender figure as for the more *embonpoint*; and the warmth they afford is highly needed to preserve health during the cold and damps of winter. When the indispensable necessity of keeping the body in a just temperature between heat and cold is so universally acknowledged, I cannot but be astonished at the little attention that is paid to so momentous a subject by the people of this climate. I wonder that a sense of personal comfort, aided by the well-founded conviction that health is the only preservative of beauty, and lengthener of youth, does not impel women to prefer utility before the absurd whims of an unreasonable fashion.

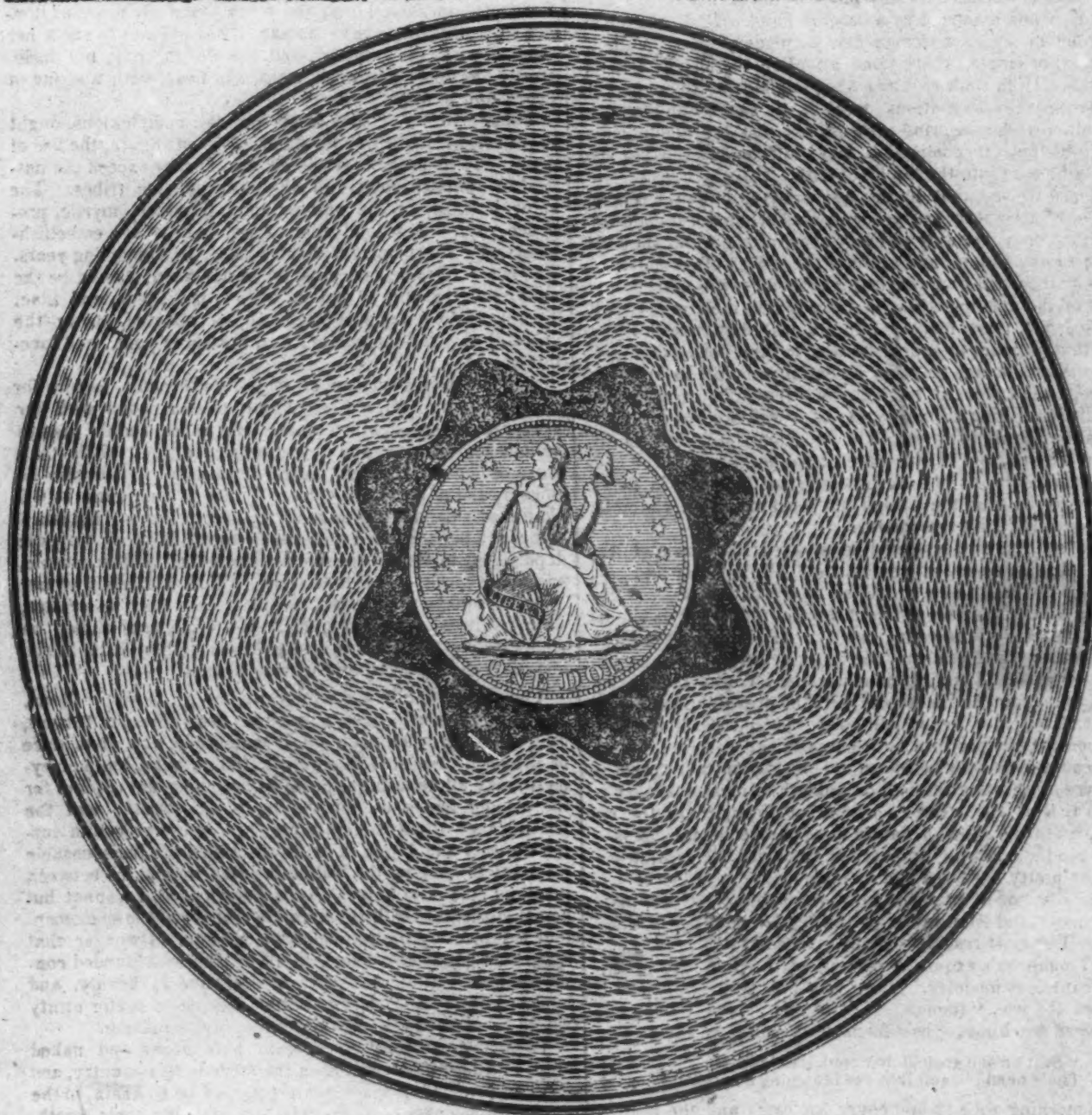
To wear gossamer dresses, with bare necks and naked arms, in a hard frost, has been the mode in this country, and unless a principle is made against it, may be so again, to the utter wretchedness of them, who, so arraying their youth, lay themselves open to the untimely ravages of rheumatisms, palsies, consumptions, and death.

While fine taste, as well as fashion, decrees that the beautiful outline of a well-proportioned form shall be seen in the contour of a nicely-adapted dress, the divisions of that dress must be few and simple. But, though the hoop and quilted petticoat are no longer suffered to shroud in hideous obscurity one of the loveliest works in nature, yet all intermediate covering is not to be banished. Modesty on the one hand, and health on the other, still maintain the law of "fold on fold."

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE,

A GAZETTE OF CURRENT AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, MUSIC, THE
ARTS, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND H. HASTINGS WELD.



TERMS:

The DOLLAR MAGAZINE will be issued on the 15th of every month, embracing THIRTY-TWO large quarto pages, printed in a neat and convenient form for preservation, and sent to subscribers by mail, for **ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.**

It will be printed in a beautiful style, and on an immense mammoth sheet, by which the postage will be reduced to 1½ cents under 100 miles, and 2½ cents for any distance over 100 miles.

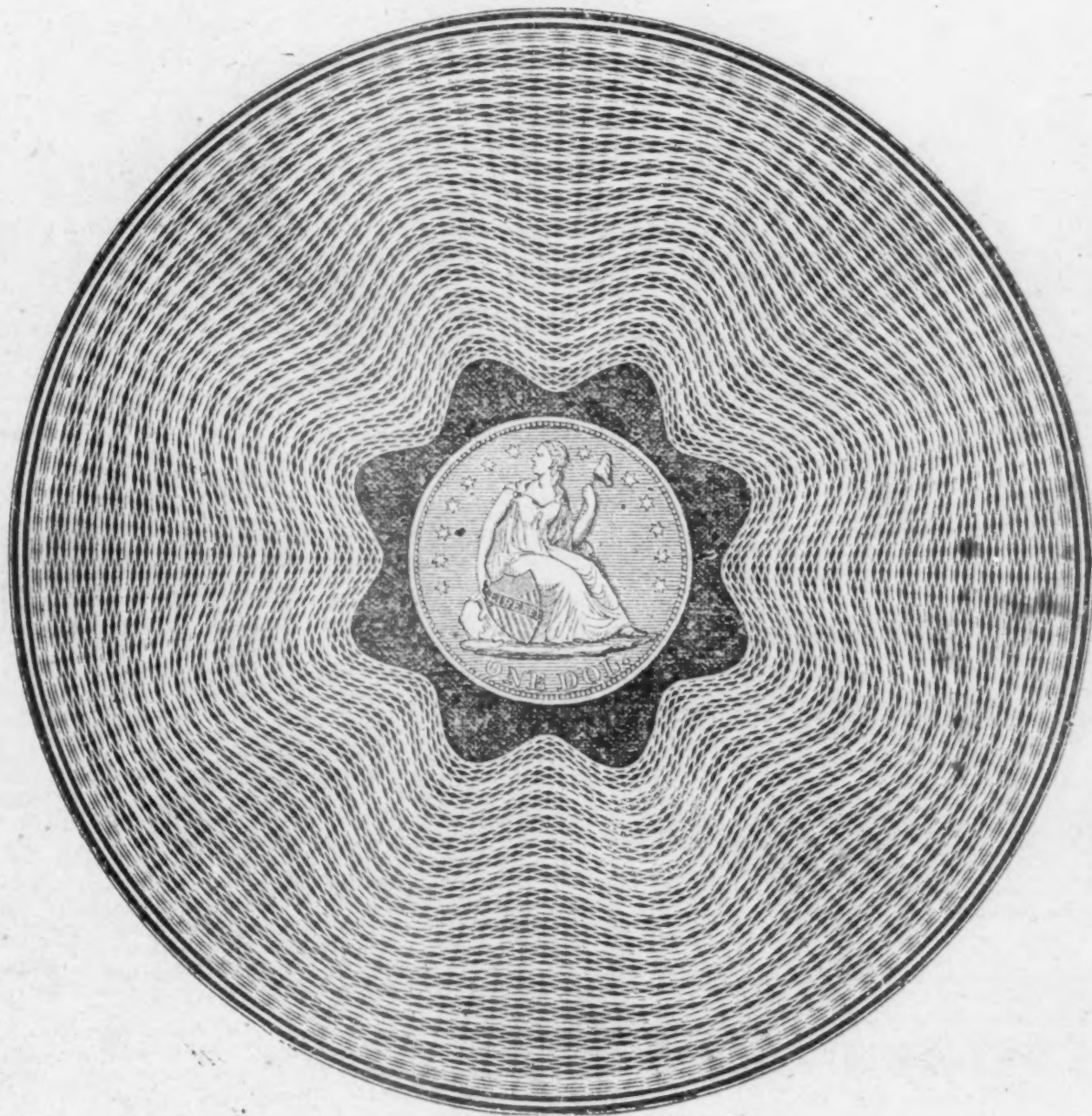
POST MASTERS who send three dollars, at one remittance, free of postage, will receive a fourth copy gratis, or seven copies for five dollars.

Single Copies may be had of all the principal Newsmen in the United States.

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 Nassau street, New-York.

Mr. G. W. ... St. Louis

THE
Dollar Magazine.



New York:
WILSON & COMPANY, 162 NASSAU STREET.
APRIL, 1841.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

SINGLE COPIES, EIGHT CENTS.

WATCH-HOUSE SCENES.

A tall, old tottering man was brought before his worship this morning, charged with the crime of being very poor, and having no place to go to; and truly he looked as poor as poverty could make him, and as if he could go to no place that would be fit to receive him, but the grave. We have indeed rarely, if ever, seen such a picture of deep misery and helplessness, as was exhibited in the person of the unfortunate William Conyers, who at the age of seventy-four found himself without a roof to cover his devoted head, or a morsel of food to stay the hungry fiend that was gnawing up his entrails, as was visible by the eager expression of his pinched up and withered features, the contemplation of which was more heart-rending than if the fiend within had perfected his work of destruction, and death had stamped his final signet upon his victim's brow.

The apparel of this unfortunate man was in close keeping with his physical condition, for it was a mere compilation of rags, which scarcely served as a screen for his attenuated and trembling form, and had certainly little, or no influence in keeping out the cold, the effects of which made him shake like an aspen; but, with all, there was an air of former respectability about him, which poverty, wretchedness, hunger, and the wrathfulness of the elements could not deprive him of; and so strangely was this marked in his countenance, that no one could look at the wretched beggar without being aware that he was a gentleman, and had, most probably, been a person of wealth and importance in his day and generation, but he was now beyond it.

To increase the interest and misery of Mr. Conyer's condition, he held by the hand a little ragged infant of about three years old, who seemed to be almost as wretched and as hungry as himself; and who, if possible, excited feelings of yet stranger compassion in the minds of beholder; for the poor child could have no philosophy to bear him up—no hope in another and a better world, to cheer him on in his struggles—no knowledge of the certain solace of the grave, on the brink of which he appeared to totter—but was all in all resigned over to the discretion of the hunger and the cold that almost petrified and devoured him. Alas, poor little fellow! why did he not lie down and die? for he could have no mother, or she would have been beside him in his misery, (if it was only to promise him some bread by and by,) and without mother, home, or food, what could such a wretched, hungry skeleton, of a little child, have to do with life?

It need scarcely be said that the appearance of these poor objects excited the utmost commiseration in the court room; every one around, indeed, had a kind word for them; the very dock loafers and committers of petty larceny searched their pockets for money to give to the old man; and a wretched outcast female from the Five Points, whom we should have supposed had been dead to every feminine or kindly feeling of the human heart for many a long year, took the child in her arms, and actually shed tears as she listened to its low moans of misery.

Magistrate—Conyers, have you no home?

Conyers—I have, sir—a garret in Orange street: but it affords scarcely any shelter from the wind and rain—and I have no bed, or food, or fire.

Magistrate—How old are you?

Conyers—Seventy-four, sir; but want and hardship make me feel like an hundred.

Magistrate—Whose child is that?

Conyers—He is my grandchild, sir. Poor little Mat, if I could only get him taken care of, I wouldn't mind what became of myself, for I won't be long troubling the world.

Magistrate—Where are the child's parents?

Conyers—Both dead, sir.

Magistrate—What! and have you had the charge of the infant all to yourself?

Conyers—I had, sir, but I couldn't help it, for when my son and daughter died, there was no one else left to see to him, and God help me, I could do little but weep and almost starve with him!

Magistrate—How long are his parents dead?

Conyers—My son is about a year, sir, but my poor daughter is gone from us only about two months; and I think she died of a broken heart, and because we had no means of taking care of her during her illness.

Magistrate—Poor creature. But how have you lived since your daughter's death?

Conyers—I hardly know, sir; but at best we eat very little! Mat used occasionally get a morsel of food from the neighbors; and that was about all we had.

Magistrate—Why did you not make application to the proper authorities—the commissioners of the alms house, for instance?

Conyers—I had the rheumatism, sir, and was unable to walk: and I knew no person to speak to.

Magistrate—Good God, and do you mean to say, that you had no one to nurse you, or take care of this infant, during your illness?

Conyers—I do, sir—at least poor little Mat was my only nurse, and he supported himself and me, by begging from the neighbors.

Magistrate—Have you any relations living, Mr. Conyers?

Conyers—No, sir, not that I can think of; I believe that poor little Mat and myself, are the last of the race; and it might be well for us two, if we were gone, also.

Magistrate—Are you a native of this country?

Conyers—No, sir, I am an Englishman—I was at one time a major in the twelfth regiment of infantry—and have received half pay until a few years since.

Magistrate—And how come your half pay to be withdrawn?

Conyers—It wasn't withdrawn, sir; but I commuted with the government for the purpose of buying a farm.

Magistrate—And what become of the farm?

Conyers—It was never bought, sir; I purchased stock in the Roxbury Bank to secure money until I saw a farm that might answer me, and lost all when it failed.

Magistrate—Had you any supper last night?

Conyers—No, sir; I tasted no food whatever yesterday—and the poor child had nothing but a pennyworth of gingerbread.

Magistrate—Well, you shall both be taken care of

And the poor old man and his little grand-child were taken into another apartment, where the first good breakfast they had lately partaken of, was immediately provided for them.

Publisher's Notice.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS

TO THE

Dollar Magazine.

THE CURRENCY,

We do not need to inform any body, is in a sad condition, as respects the value of the issues of local banks at distant points. When we receive a single subscription to the Dollar, post paid or franked, we do not complain if our dollar received is not quite an hundred cents after the deduction of the discount, necessary to convert it into available funds.

But there is one point on which we must beg to be understood. When a Postmaster, or other person, sends us five dollars for seven copies, if every dollar is a dollar, he gets each volume of the Magazine for a fraction over 71 cents. This is cheap enough in all conscience—quite as cheap as we can afford. When by discount on the money received, our receipts are reduced to 60, 55, and even to 50 cents, the fact becomes obvious that we cannot *stand under it*. Hoping therefore that those to whom this is addressed will *understand* it, and as we are compelled to insist on receiving full five dollars in New York, in such cases, or we can send only the number of copies proportioned to the money in our hands, after the difference in exchange is paid.

With many acknowledgments for the kindness we have already received from the public, we know that candor and reason will acknowledge the justness of our terms, as herein expressed.

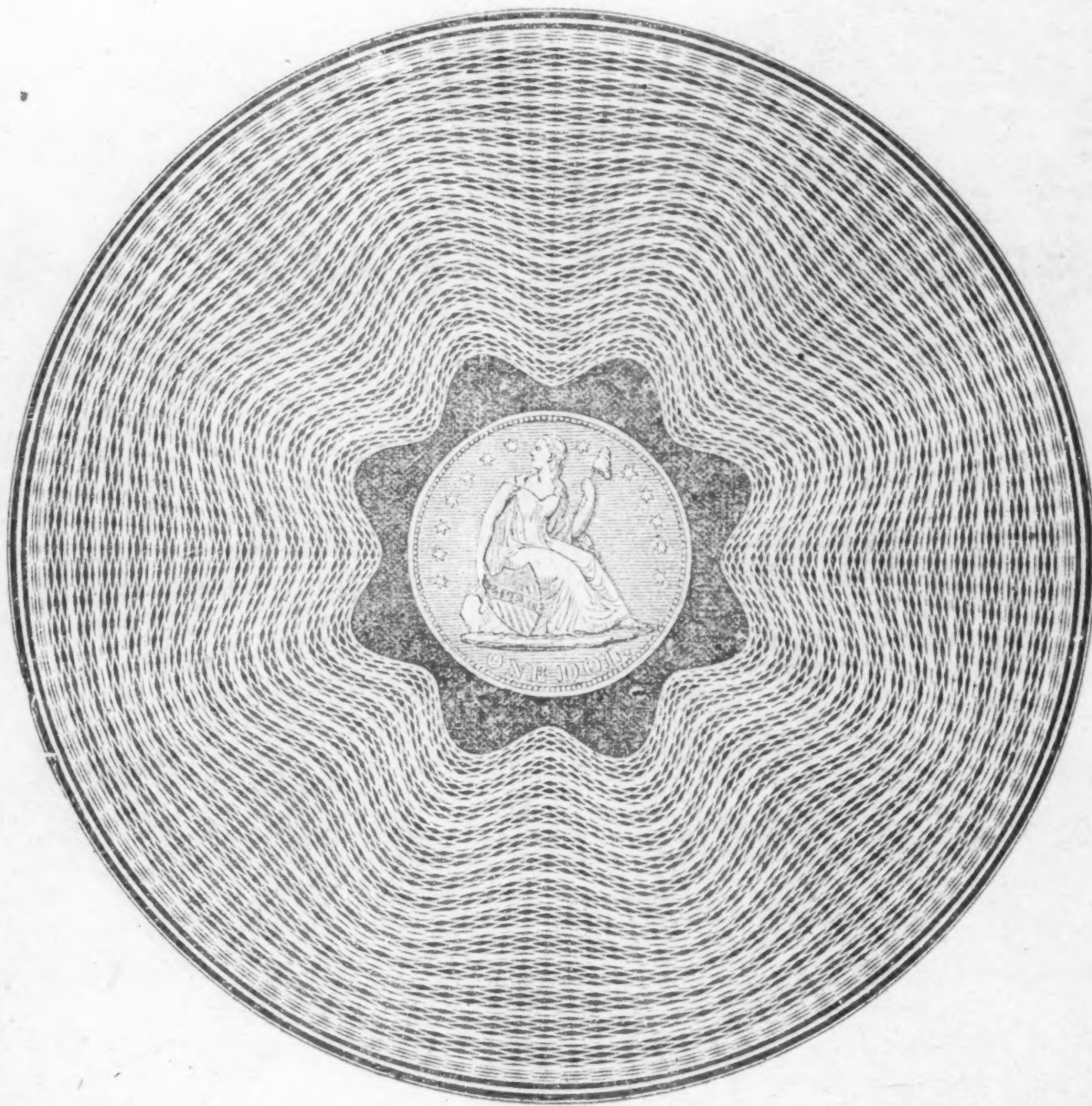
BACK NUMBERS.

The two first numbers of the Magazine are entirely exhausted—we have not a copy on hand. They are, however, to be *reprinted*, and will be forwarded to subscribers, who order them, as soon as completed.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE,

A GAZETTE OF CURRENT AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, MUSIC, THE
ARTS, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND H. HASTINGS WELD.



TERMS:

The DOLLAR MAGAZINE will be issued on the 15th of every month, embracing THIRTY-TWO large quarto pages, printed in a neat and convenient form for preservation, and sent to subscribers by mail, for

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

It will be printed in a beautiful style, and on an *immense mammoth sheet*, by which the postage will be reduced to 1½ cents under 100 miles, and 2½ cents for any distance over 100 miles.

POST MASTERS who send three dollars, at one remittance, free of postage, will receive a fourth copy gratis, or seven copies for five dollars.

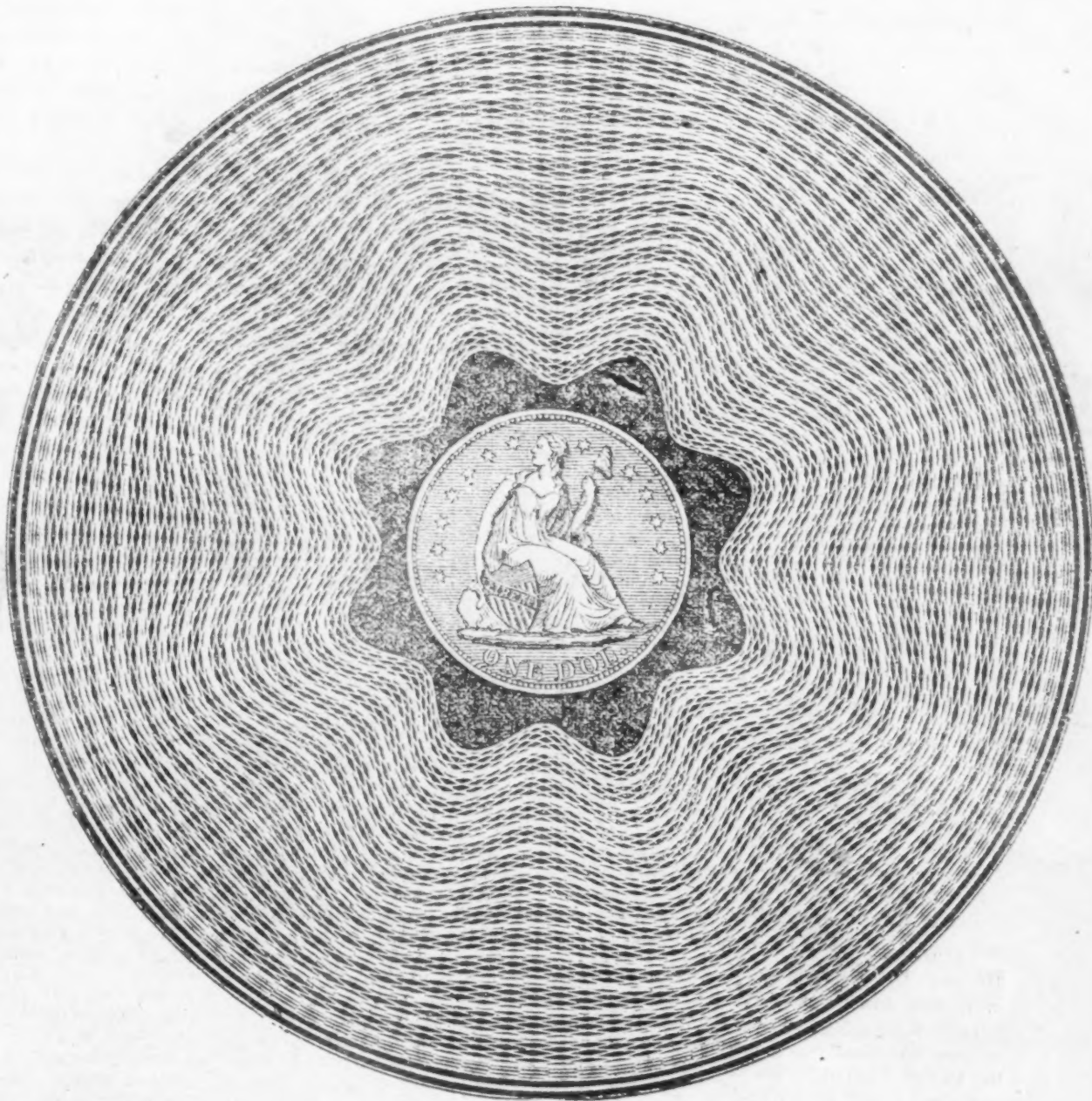
Single Copies may be had of all the principal Newsmen in the United States.

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 Nassau street, New-York.

Mr. Guyan St. Paul & Co.

THE

Dollar Magazine.



New York:

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 NASSAU STREET.

MAY, 1841!

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

FOUR COPIES, THREE DOLLARS.

THE CHILDREN WITH BIRD'S CLAWS.—The reader may remember an exhibition of a couple of unfortunate children, which was advertised in Chatham street, in this city last year. To that exhibition the following letter refers, and is, as will be seen, certified with unquestionable testimony of its authenticity. Every one of our numerous exchanges before whom the letter may fall, and who may know any thing of the children, will confer a favor upon a distressed mother, by stating the fact of their whereabouts.

To the Editor of the Brother Jonathan, N. Y.:

Sir—Having read an extract from your paper some time last spring, respecting two deformed children who were then exhibited as a show in your city, and of their father being found in the street crying, I feel desirous of making the following statement, appealing to the sympathy of the public. Those children were my surviving ones, and were born in this township, and although they are deformed in their limbs and features (like their father) they are to me and my feelings near and dear; but to my unspeakable sorrow, I have been deprived of them ever since the 29th of November, 1839, and where they are I cannot learn. As we were considerably involved in debt, my husband was persuaded by the flatteries of one Jasper Griggs, then residing in Painesville, Ohio, and Mr. Joseph Morris, of New York city, No. 11 Chatham street, to take in company with them our children, and exhibit them as a show, to procure money to pay our debts. Although contrary to my wishes or feelings, I consented to part with them on the express condition of their father going with them, expecting frequently to hear from them, and occasionally see them. But when they got to New York, the said J. Morris, by deception and false pretences, got the children in his possession, and is gone to parts unknown to their father or me—he has gone to endeavor to find and recover them, but I know not where.

If you will publish this, and all other editors in the Union will copy it, and any one who knows where they are will give information to me or use means to have them restored to their afflicted mother, will do a great favor and receive my sincere thanks.

HANNAH WADSWORTH.

Mantua, Portage County, Ohio, March 29, 1841.

We certify that we are acquainted with Mrs. Wadsworth, and the family, and believe the above statement strictly true; and any one who will give information where the children are, or assist in their restoration, will do a real favor to a worthy but afflicted woman.

Taylor Jones, J. Peace,	Stephen Baker,
Ralph Holbrook,	Calvin White,
Frederick Wilmot,	Jason Moore,
Horace Ladd.	
Geo. Sheldon, P. M., Mantua, Portage Co., O.	

ELDER KNAPP.—The New Haven Palladium states that this gentleman has met with much insult and abuse in New Haven. The following is the account given by that paper of the disturbance:

Elder Knapp, a preacher of the Baptist denomination, and of some considerable celebrity has been daily officiating in the Baptist Church of this city for several weeks past, and producing a very great sensation not only in that society, but throughout the city, and it is hoped and believed by many with the best results. The meetings have been thronged, and the most perfect order and decorum we understand have been preserved, within and without the house, until very recently.

We do not profess to be intimately acquainted with the origin of the disgraceful scenes that have been witnessed in the streets in front of the church for two or three evenings past; but we understand, generally, that a few of our "bloods" have taken offence at some of the preacher's denunciations of particular vices, but more especially at his references to their locations—and they in return have threatened violence. Large collections have gathered about the house—and eggs, &c. have been thrown against its doors, and

some other outrages have been committed. Now this state of things is intolerable, and most disgraceful to the city. Mr. Knapp was escorted home last night by the officers of the peace, as that course was advised to save him from an assault.

The Palladium is justly severe upon these ungracious rowdies. If their purpose is to drive the clergyman out of town or to destroy the force of any thing he may have said respecting them, they are taking precisely the wrong way.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

The National Intelligencer says:—By the extraordinary despatch used in sending the Official Intelligence to the Vice President, at Williamsburg, and similar despatch by him, repairing to the seat of Government, JOHN TYLER, now President of the United States, arrived at Washington on Tuesday morning, at 5 o'clock, and took lodgings at Brown's Hotel.

At 12 o'clock, all the Heads of Departments, except the Secretary of the Navy, (who had not yet returned from his visit to his family,) waited upon him, to pay him their official and personal respects. They were received with all the politeness and kindness which characterize the new President. He signified his deep feeling of the public calamity sustained by the death of President Harrison, and expressed his profound sensibility to the heavy responsibilities so suddenly devolved upon himself. He spoke of the present state of things with great concern and seriousness, and made known his wishes that the several Heads of Departments would continue to fill the places which they now respectively occupy, and his confidence that they would afford all the aid in their power to enable him to carry on the administration of the Government successfully.

The President then took and subscribed the following oath of office:

I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

April 6, 1841.

JOHN TYLER

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, } ss.
City and County of Washington, }

I, WILLIAM CRANCH, Chief Judge of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, certify that the above named JOHN TYLER personally appeared before me this day, and although he deems himself qualified to perform the duties and exercise the powers and office of President on the death of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, without any other oath than that he has taken as Vice President, yet, as doubts may arise, and for greater caution, took and subscribed the foregoing oath before me.

April 6, 1841.

W. CRANCH.

APRIL FIRST.—The correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing from Philadelphia, says:

There was a little merriment yesterday, it being 1st April, among those who were in favor of the late administration, in consequence of the failure of the newly appointed Post Master here to be ready to take upon himself the duties of his office. He entered the Post Office for the purpose of taking possession, but as he had not given security nor taken the oath prescribed, he of course had no commission, consequently Col. Page, the late Post Master, did not feel himself authorised to give the office into his charge. Mr. Montgomery I understand has procured security, and has sent bond oath and bond on to Washington. He will probably receive his commission in a day or two. In the mean time, Col. Page occupies the office—much, however, I am told against his inclination. It was very stupid in the new Post Master not to know that it was necessary these things should be done before.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

LARGEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD!!!

PUBLISHED ON THE CASH SYSTEM,

BY WILSON & COMPANY.

OFFICE 162 NASSAU STREET, CITY OF NEW YORK.

EDITED, BY N. P. WILLIS & H. HASTINGS WELD.)

The eminent success of this *Giant among Newspapers*, (its circulation having reached 32,700 copies in less than fifteen months) enables the publishers to secure the service of the most talented literary gentlemen in the country; to employ prompt and accomplished Foreign Correspondents; and to present their readers weekly with a beautiful sheet, freighted with the current literature of the new world and the old, at a price merely nominal. The *New Works* which appear in the Brother Jonathan, in the course of a year, in their original form, cost upwards of one hundred dollars.

American Literature.—In this department we have always studied to give the Brother Jonathan a national and exalted character. The gems of the American periodical press are carefully selected, and laid before the reader at the earliest possible period; the original contributions to the paper form in themselves a valuable American library of polite literature; and every accessible source is laid under contribution for the gratification of the national pride, as well as the taste of our American readers.

Foreign Literature.—Prompt and efficient correspondents forward us the issues of the English periodical press, with such new works as from time to time appear. These transmissions are made at the earliest moment after the time of their publication in Europe; and the utmost facilities are afforded by our manner of publication, to publish the first American Editions of Foreign works. It is not unfrequently the case, since the establishment of steam ships, that the Brother Jonathan has carried valuable English works to the remotest corners of this great republic, before they can be justly said to have been published at the place of their original issue.

Foreign and Domestic News.—A full synopsis of the News of the Week is prepared with great labor for the Brother Jonathan.

Fashionable Music.—Every number of the Brother Jonathan will contain a piece of New and popular Music. A new font of music type has been purchased, and a gentleman engaged to superintend this department, of excellent experience and knowledge of music. This will enable us to give music a publicity which it never enjoyed before; to carry the same themes for carol to the sylvan maid in the farthest backwoods, which delight the party in the city drawing-room. A simultaneous popularity will thus be enjoyed all over the country by such compositions as are adapted to the public taste, and worthy of the public favor.

Watch Returns.—Under this head, our Police Reporter gives weekly a series of laughable scenes in the New-York Police Office, which, in themselves are highly amusing and interesting, without reference to their local character.

Prices Current and Commercial Retrospect for the Week.—Faithfully corrected and compiled by a competent and experienced person.

These extensive arrangements, combined with our perfect steam machinery for printing, will enable us to supply the whole United States with the most complete newspaper, as well as the largest and most elegant ever published!!

Terms.—Three Dollars a year; or two copies sent to the same Post Office, Five Dollars a year. Four months subscription, One Dollar. Notes of all solvent Banks in the Middle and Eastern States received at par. Notes of suspended Banks taken at their current value in New-York, and the amount of discount thereon deducted proportionably from the term of subscription.

The extremely low price of the subscription to such an immense sheet is supported only by our strict cash business—for we never forward a paper unless paid for in advance; and always discontinue it at the expiration of the time subscribed for.

Postmasters are authorized by law to frank letters containing orders and money for newspaper subscriptions. Unless so franked to us, postage must be paid in all cases.

Address

WILSON & COMPANY,

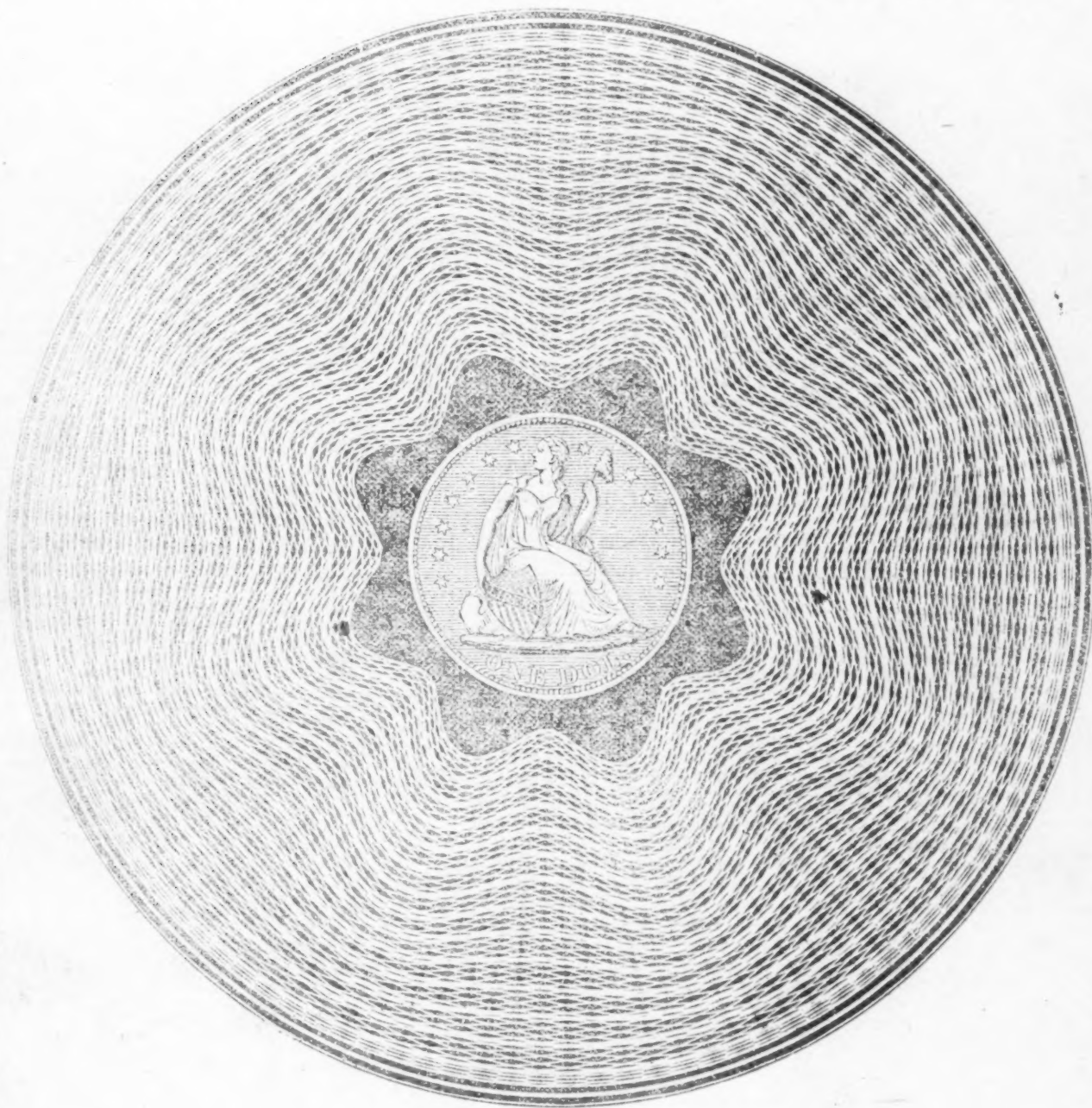
162 Nassau street, New-York.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE,

A GAZETTE OF CURRENT AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, MUSIC, THE
ARTS, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND H. HASTINGS WELD.

EVERY NUMBER WILL BE EMBELLISHED WITH SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



TERMS.

The DOLLAR MAGAZINE will be issued on the 15th of every month, embracing THIRTY-TWO large quarto pages, printed in a neat and convenient form for preservation, and sent to subscribers by mail, for
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

It will be printed in a beautiful style, and on an *immense mammoth sheet*, by which the postage will be reduced to 1½ cents under 100 miles, and 2½ cents for any distance over 100 miles.

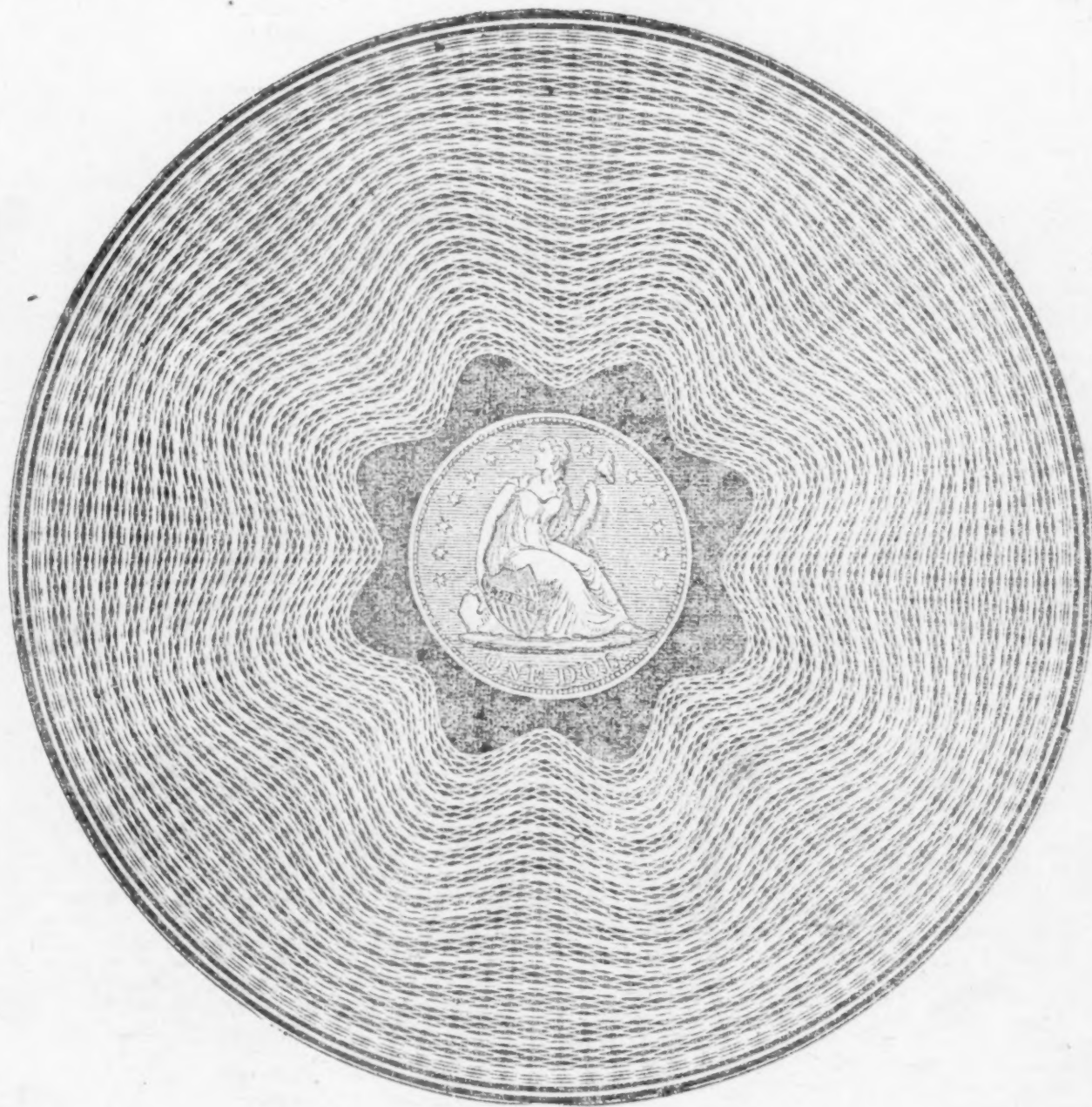
POST MASTERS who send three dollars, at one remittance, free of postage, will receive a fourth copy gratis, or seven copies for five dollars.

Single Copies may be had of all the principal Newsmen in the United States.

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 Nassau-street, New-York.

Mr. Guyon at New York

THE
Dollar Magazine.



New York:
WILSON & COMPANY, 162 NASSAU STREET.
JUNE, 1841.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

FOUR COPIES, THREE DOLLARS.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We always obtain a good deal of comfort in perusing this remarkably cheap and well conducted magazine. In the frontispiece to the May number there is a perfect picture of domestic peace and plenty. It is a view of a negro hut in Virginia, and such are its represented charms, that we almost wish we were a "nigger," and had a similar little cot of our own, "where the canker of care never rusted the latch," and where we should, at all times, feel independent enough to say, "Go 'way, white man, go!" The sketch attending it is graphically written, and contains humor enough to keep a person "right side up" for a fortnight.—The other embellishments are a portrait of President Tyler, and two pieces of new music—the words to which are by Thomas Moore.

Willis's "Lady Jane" is continued in this number. Wilson & Company publishers, 162 Nassau street.

From the Concord (N. H.) Courier.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE, is the title of a monthly periodical issued from the office of the "Brother Jonathan," in the city of New York. The "Magazine" is made up of the best miscellaneous articles, poetry, &c., which that mammoth paper contains, and is embellished with Music in every No. and with the Fashions quarterly. It will form a neat and tasteful volume of about 400 quarto pages, and is published at the price implied in its title. Orders should be addressed to Wilson & Co., 162 Nassau street, New York.

From the Seneca Falls (N. Y.) Democrat.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The March number of this, the cheapest of all cheap publications, is before us. Like its predecessors, it is filled with a great variety of well selected reading matter, and is embellished with several engravings on wood, and an excellent piece of music.

We particularly like the plate of fashions, as in it "equal and exact justice" is done both sexes. This is a treat to the "lords of creation," not often received. In the plate descriptive of the inauguration, we regret to say, a low partizan insinuation, or rather an absolute falsehood is made to appear, which renders it entirely unworthy of either the Dollar Magazine or the Brother Jonathan.

From the Quincy (Mass.) Argus.

DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We have received the first No. of a magazine with the above title, from the press of Wilson & Co., 162 Nassau street, New York. It is to be published monthly at \$1 per annum, and each number will contain 32 pages. N. P. Willis and H. Hastings Weld are editors. It is the cheapest periodical in the Union; and if we can judge of its merits from the specimen before us, we doubt not it will be abundantly deserving of patronage. Subscriptions received at this office.

From the N. Y. American, April 17.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE, for April, has been published some days. It is full of good extracts from the foreign reviews, and of interesting original matter, of which, had we space, our readers should have a specimen. Its circulation, though established but a few months, is already very large and increasing, which is not to be wondered at, when the low price of the periodical, and the excellence of its contents are taken into consideration.

From the Vermont Patriot.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE, (No. 3,) has made its appearance. It looks as neat as a pin, and is beautifully embellished, with a plate representing the ceremony of the Presidential Inauguration, the New York Spring and Summer Fashions, &c. No man who swaps a paper dollar, (a mere bank promise to pay 'pon honor,) for this Magazine, can fail to make a good bargain.

From the Boston Mail.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE, for May, is prime. Every body ought to take the "Dollar Magazine"—only one dollar.

From the Portland Transcript.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—This is the title of a new work, by the conductors of "Brother Jonathan." It will be issued monthly, containing thirty-two large quarto pages, and furnished at the extremely low price of \$1 per annum. The editors say it is a sort of pleasure boat to the Jonathan Seventy-Four. It is a fine craft at any rate, fitted up in beautiful style, and choicely embellished. With a good RUN and good SAILS we think it must be a clipper for "going ahead." May a fair wind and tide attend it, so that the crew shall not be obliged to take to the oars, for it is a hard row propelling such a craft against wind and tide.—*Boston Transcript.*

From the St. Clairsville Chronicle.

The New York Star, in speaking of the "Dollar Magazine," says:—"The literature of the Old and New World for one dollar per annum. Here is a Magazine of 32 pages, or 64 wide columns, embellished with well executed wood cuts, for eight cents per single copy, edited by Willis & Weld!" We can say nothing further and add nothing more to express our surprise at the cheapness and elegance of this publication.

From the New York Planet.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE for May has been published. We regard this periodical as one of the cheapest and best in the country—perhaps we may say the best.

From the Portland Transcript, Feb. 27.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The second number of this wonderfully cheap periodical is at hand. It is embellished with a number of very fine wood cuts, besides a popular piece of music. The contents are varied and interesting—partly original and partly selected—the latter being extracts from foreign Magazines. It would be but a poor compliment to this work to say that it is worth double what is asked for it.

From the Montreal (L. C.) Transcript.

The American periodical press, so long favorably known to old residents like ourselves, has added another gem to its already brilliant literary reputation, in a work entitled "The Dollar Magazine;" the first number of which appeared last month, and which will appear monthly, at the charge specified in the title, for a whole year. How this Magazine can be supplied at that price it is no business of ours to enquire, and the fact is sufficient for our readers, to whom we strongly recommend it. The number before us contains 32 pages, beautifully printed, on good paper, and contains 3 good illustrative wood cuts, besides the picture of St. Nicholas, which is prefixed. If we were in England, the price would be conclusive against it; for there, cheap literature is like cheap wine, generally good for nothing. But despite the low price at which the American periodicals are furnished, many of them contain original matter to no small degree of merit, and superadd, as in the case of the Dollar Magazine, the choicest pieces from the British periodicals.

From the Monroe (Pa.) Democrat.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We have received the first number of a new work, bearing the above title, published monthly, by Wilson & Company, 162 Nassau street, New York. It is printed in large octavo form, and contains a large amount of excellent reading matter—embracing, as the publishers observe, selections from the choicest current literature from both the European and American press, and original papers from some of the most celebrated pens in the country. It is certainly a cheap periodical, perhaps the cheapest in the country. Sent to mail subscribers at \$1 per annum in advance.

From the Literary Chronicle.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The February number of this Magazine, contains several engravings on wood, and two pages of music, and its contents are chiefly original and culled gems from the literary periodicals of the day.

A NEW MONTHLY PERIODICAL, BY THE CONDUCTORS
OF THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

The Cheapest Magazine in Christendom.

THE

Dollar Magazine

A Gazette of Current American and Foreign Literature,
Music, the Arts, Fashion and Novelty.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS & H. HASTINGS WELD.

Every number is embellished with several beautiful and
SPIRITED ENGRAVINGS.

Current Literature.

In the contents of this Magazine, the aim of the editors is to select the choicest current periodical Literature which falls from the European and American press—Tales, Poems, Novellettes, Essays, Anecdote, &c., a rich and pleasing variety—and Original Tales, written by some of the most celebrated American Pens, and illustrated with

Beautiful Engravings

on Wood by the first American artists. In the matter of Engravings the Publishers are determined to continue, as they have now, the reputation of having offered the BEST ever presented to the public in a magazine. The most elaborate work on Wood, superior in finish to most of the ordinary metal plates, are presented in every number.

Every number also contains one or more Gems of

New and Popular Music.

It is principally such as will reach our subscribers sooner through this Magazine than in any other mode. For this purpose a competent person in London has been employed to select and transmit to us the earliest copies of such new and fashionable Songs and other Music as appears in that city; and selections are also made of the most popular music from Operas presented in New-York.

Plates of the Fashions

Reported and Engraved expressly for this Magazine, will be given four times in every volume.

The Terms.

The DOLLAR MAGAZINE is printed in a beautiful style, on one immense mammoth sheet, consisting of thirty-six large octavo pages, thereby reducing the postage to a single sheet. It is published on the First of every Month, neatly stitched and covered, and forwarded to mail subscribers, for

One Dollar a Year.

We do not hesitate to pronounce it the CHEAPEST, as we are determined it shall be the BEST, Magazine ever offered to American readers—and its circulation already exceeds that of any other magazine in the Union.

POST-MASTERS, (or others,) who will send us a Five Dollar Bill free of postage, shall receive a Sixth copy gratis, and if the money so sent is current in New-York or Boston, a SEVENTH COPY will be added—or, Four copies for Three Dollars. The extra copies will be sent as the P. M. may direct. Letters should either be franked by the P. M. or post-paid, (otherwise they are not taken from the office,) and be addressed to

WILSON & COMPANY,

Publishers, 162 Nassau street, New-York.

From the Carrollton Jeffersonian.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—Among the many new publications that are springing up in these days of literary liberality, there is probably not a more entertaining, and at the same time a cheaper work than one lately commenced by Wilson & Co. of New York called "The Dollar Magazine;" the first number of which the publishers have been pleased to forward us. It is a neatly executed periodical of a large size, containing thirty-two pages of closely printed matter, composed of the best productions, embellished with fine wood cuts, and concluding with a piece of music, which will be continued in each number. Its title indicates the price, which is at the very low rate of One Dollar per annum.

From the Pittsburgh Daily Advocate.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—A monthly periodical has just been commenced in New York entitled the "Dollar Magazine." It is to be under the editorial conduct of N. P. Willis and H. Hastings Weld—names well known to literary fame. The first number is issued for the current month. It is handsomely got up, and is exceedingly cheap. Mr. Berford of Fourth street is the agent for Pittsburgh.

From the Charlottesville Journal.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—This is the name of a periodical started in New-York, by N. P. Willis, Esq., a gentleman distinguished for his literary productions. We have not yet had the pleasure of examining it. Do you take, Mr. "Dollar Magazine?"

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—Messrs. Willis and Weld have published a Monthly Gazette of American and Foreign Literature, in the city of New York, with the above title. We have no doubt, from the specimen we have seen, that it will be an universal favorite with the reading public. It is full of interesting and useful matter, and the cheapest publication of the kind in the country.

From the Michigan Whig.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We have just received the first number of this periodical, and judging from a cursory glance think it an admirable work.

It contains thirty-two pages closely printed matter, embellished with engravings, and is published monthly at the office of the Brother Jonathan, at the very low price of one dollar per annum. The present number contains "Moore and Barry Cornwall," by N. P. Willis, besides extracts from Blackwood, the Lady's Book, and Colburn's Miscellany, and others, and as a whole, makes a first rate family magazine.

From the Seneca Falls Democrat.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We have received the first number of the Dollar Magazine—a monthly periodical published at the office of the "Brother Jonathan," for \$1 per annum. It bids fair to be one of the most interesting, as it is indeed the neatest and cheapest work of the kind, which we know of. Combining the qualities of a magazine, a review, and a newspaper, it cannot fail, we think, of becoming a general favorite.

From the Vermont Telegraph.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—By the politeness of the Publishers, we have been favored with the first number of this publication. A Monthly Gazette of current American and Foreign Literature, Fashion, Music, and Novelty. Edited by N. P. Willis and H. Hastings Weld.—Published by Wilson & Company, 162 Nassau street, New York.

Terms—Single copies, \$1; companies of seven, \$5.

From the Zanesville (Ohio) Western Recorder.

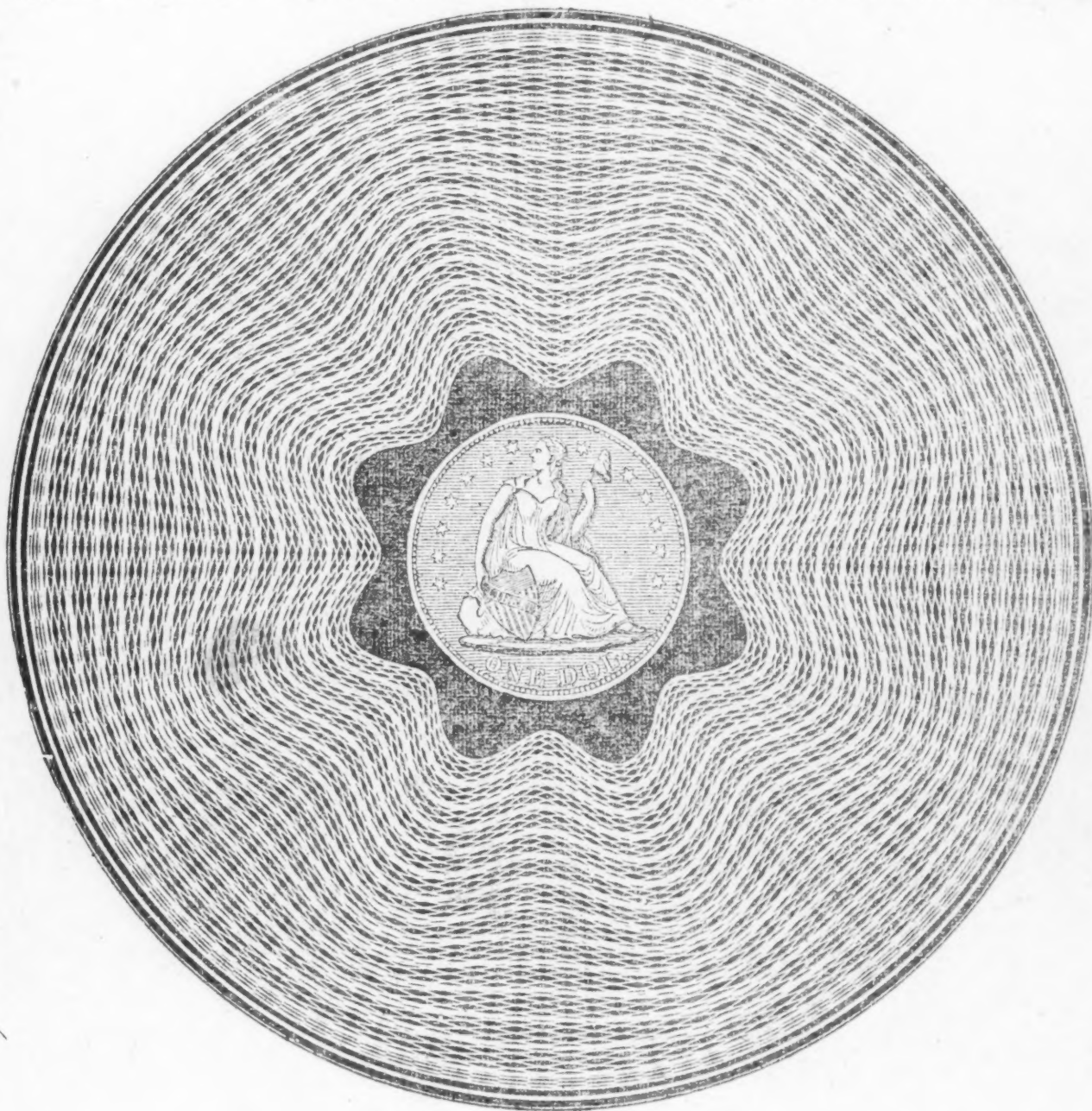
THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The enterprising publishers of the "Brother Jonathan," of New York, have got up a monthly magazine, each number consisting of 32 large pages, at the very low price of one dollar per annum, in advance. It is edited by N. P. Willis and H. H. Weld, and will give an abstract of current American and foreign literature, plates of fashion, music, &c., &c. Address "Wilson and Company," post paid, 162 Nassau street, N. Y.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE,

A GAZETTE OF CURRENT AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, MUSIC, THE
ARTS, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND H. HASTINGS WELD.

≡ EVERY NUMBER WILL BE EMBELLISHED WITH SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



TERMS:

The DOLLAR MAGAZINE will be issued on the 15th of every month, embracing THIRTY-TWO large quarto pages, printed in a neat and convenient form for preservation, and sent to subscribers by mail, for **ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.**

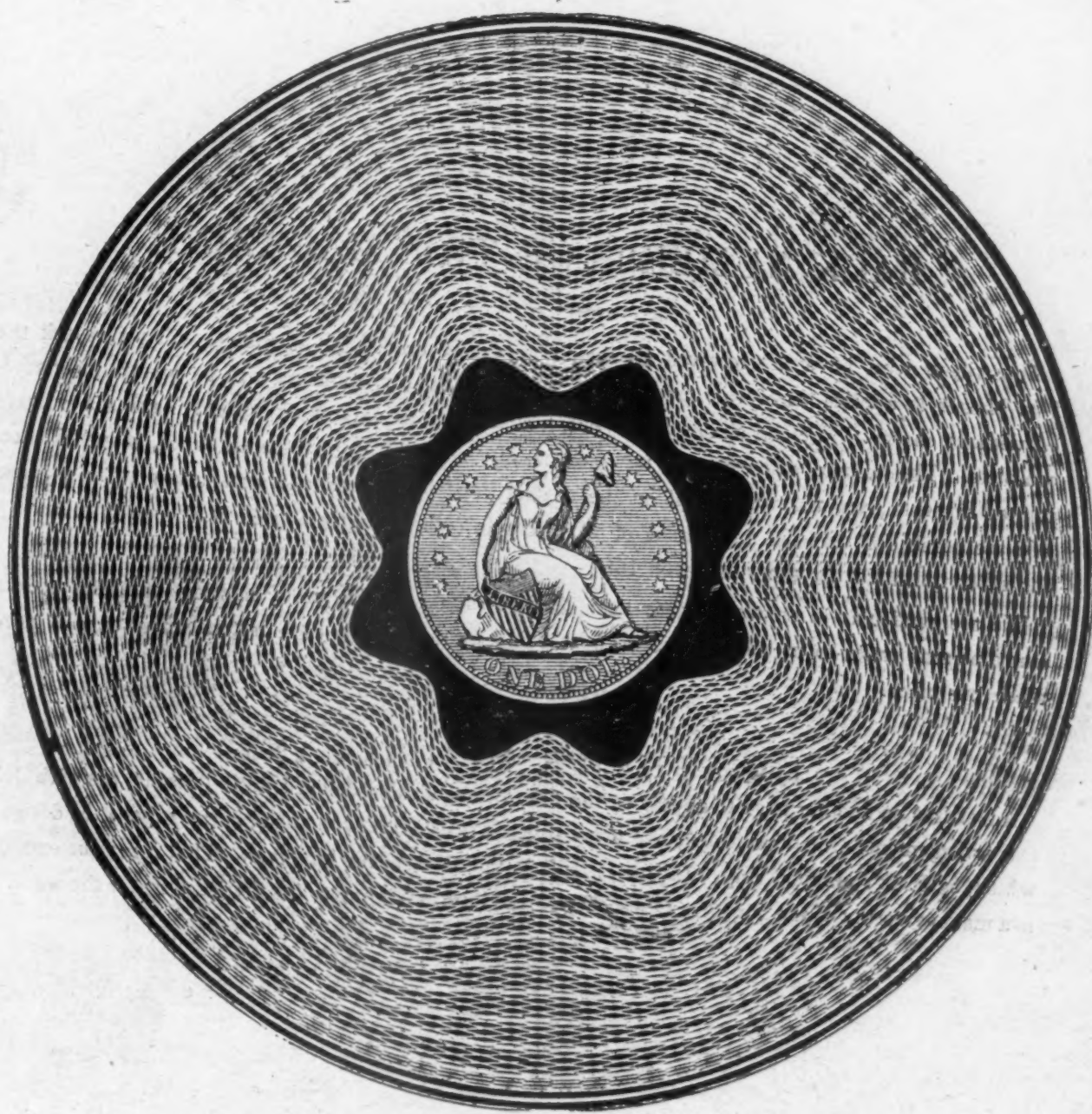
☞ It will be printed in a beautiful style, and on an *immense mammoth sheet*, by which the postage will be reduced to 1½ cents under 100 miles, and 2½ cents for any distance over 100 miles.

POST MASTERS who send three dollars, at one remittance, free of postage, will receive a fourth copy gratis, or seven copies for five dollars.

• *Single Copies* may be had of all the principal Newsmen in the United States.

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 Nassau street, New-York.

THE
Dollar Magazine.



New York:
WILSON & COMPANY, 162 NASSAU STREET.
JULY, 1841.

PRICE. ONE DOLLAR YEAR.

FOUR COPIES, THREE DOLLARS.

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

Subscribers who have not received all their numbers of the Dollar Magazine, will please ask the Post Master to apprise us of the circumstance, when all missing numbers will be promptly forwarded without charge. We are anxious that every subscriber to this work should have his volume complete. The volume will comprise upwards of fifty splendid engravings on wood, most of them printed separate from the work itself in the neatest possible manner, and at a heavy extra expense. We are persuaded that the appearance of this volume (when complete) will tend greatly to enlarge our subscription list for the volume of 1842.

We are particular in requesting that Post Masters should apprise us of missing numbers, because many persons write to us on business without being aware that all such letters when unpaid, never reach our office.

JONATHAN'S MISCELLANY,

Advertised on another page to appear on the 6th, is unavoidably delayed until Tuesday, the 13th July. Our arrangements are all perfected, and every thing is ready, except the head of the paper; the design of which, by D. C. JOHNSTON, Esq., of Boston, is still in the hands of the Engraver. That it may be executed in a manner worthy of the JONATHAN PRESS, we have given the Engraver his desired time for the work.

A NEW WEEKLY PUBLICATION BY THE CONDUCTORS OF THE
BROTHER JONATHAN.

Jonathan's Miscellany

PUBLISHED BY WILSON & COMPANY,
162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

The first number issued on the Tuesday following to the
FOURTH OF JULY, 1841.

The Publishers of the Brother Jonathan, encouraged by the abundant and unprecedented success which has crowned their recent efforts in the publication of the "Dollar Magazine," have decided upon the publication of a Weekly sheet, expressly for the Country, in a convenient form for preservation, under the title of *Jonathan's Miscellany*.

The *Miscellany* is issued every Tuesday morning, in a suitable form for binding, and contains eight large quarto pages, printed with a beautiful and clear type, on a sheet of twenty-eight by thirty-eight inches. Its columns will be made up principally of such matter as appears in the Brother Jonathan and not in the Dollar Magazine—and to those who desire to receive the whole Literary contents of the Brother Jonathan in a fit form to bind, the opportunity is now afforded to do so by subscribing to the two publications, *Jonathan's Miscellany*, and the *Dollar Magazine*.

Serial Works.—The plan of the *Dollar Magazine* excludes the serial works which are published in the Brother Jonathan. The *Miscellany* will contain such new works from the pen of "Boz," "Harry Lorrequer," and others, as may hereafter be commenced in the columns of the Brother Jonathan.

Jonathan's Miscellany will also embrace the cream of the news, the latest and most important having the preference. It will be published on *Tuesdays*, and will thus anticipate the Saturday papers of the same week several days. In this circumstance the publishers anticipate the creation of a large mail demand for the *Miscellany*, among readers who are at present provided with one or more of the Weekly Sheets which are almost universally issued on Saturdays.

In cheapness and excellence the "*Miscellany*" will CHALLENGE COMPARISON with any other periodical in the world!

In point of embellishment, and in general literary character, the *Miscellany* will be identical with the Brother Jonathan; and the unexampled popularity of that sheet induces the publishers to think that nothing farther is necessary in this prospectus than to state the

TERMS.

For a Single Copy, one year, One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

FOUR COPIES, one year, for FIVE DOLLARS.

For the *Dollar Magazine*, (monthly,) and *Jonathan's Miscellany*, (weekly,) one year, to one address, TWO DOLLARS.

Letters must always come to us free of postage—otherwise they are never taken from the Post Office. Postmasters are authorized by law to frank letters containing subscription money, and will generally do so if applied to.

Orders must in all cases be accompanied by the CASH.

Single copies will always be on sale at all the News Offices in the United States, at six cents.

Back numbers can always be supplied to subscribers.

Letters should be addressed to

WILSON & COMPANY, Publishers,
162 Nassau street, New York.

Office of the Brother Jonathan,
NEW YORK, July 4th, 1841.

From the Fitchburg Sentinel.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—Among the mammoth newspapers which we receive, there are none which appear to be got up with better taste than this, and the publishers are constantly increasing its attractions by selecting the most popular works for publication. The last number commences the late new story from the Clock Case—Barnaby Rudge, by Dickens.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We always obtain a good deal of comfort in perusing this remarkably cheap and well conducted magazine. In the frontispiece to the May number there is a perfect picture of domestic peace and plenty. It is a view of a negro hut in Virginia, and such are its represented charms, that we almost wish we were a "nigger," and had a similar little cot of our own, "where the canker of care never rusted the latch," and where we should, at all times, feel independent enough to say, "Go 'way, white man, go!" The sketch attending it is graphically written, and contains humor enough to keep a person 'right side up' for a fortnight.—The other embellishments are a portrait of President Tyler, and two pieces of new music—the words to which are by Thomas Moore.

Willis's "Lady Jane" is continued in this number. Wilson & Company publishers, 162 Nassau street.

From the Concord (N. H.) Courier.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE, is the title of a monthly periodical issued from the office of the "Brother Jonathan," in the city of New York. The "Magazine" is made up of the best miscellaneous articles, poetry, &c., which that mammoth paper contains, and is embellished with Music in every No. and with the Fashions quarterly. It will form a neat and tasteful volume of about 400 quarto pages, and is published at the price implied in its title. Orders should be addressed to Wilson & Co., 162 Nassau street, New York.

From the Seneca Falls (N. Y.) Democrat.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The March number of this, the cheapest of all cheap publications, is before us. Like its predecessors, it is filled with a great variety of well selected reading matter, and is embellished with several engravings on wood, and an excellent piece of music.

We particularly like the plate of fashions, as in it "equal and exact justice" is done both sexes. This is a treat to the "lords of creation," not often received. In the plate descriptive of the inauguration, we regret to say, a low partizan insinuation, or rather an absolute falsehood is made to appear, which renders it entirely unworthy of either the Dollar Magazine or the Brother Jonathan.

From the Zanesville (Ohio) Western Recorder.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The enterprising publishers of the "Brother Jonathan," of New York, have got up a monthly magazine, each number consisting of 32 large pages, at the very low price of one dollar per annum, in advance. It is edited by N. P. Willis and H. H. Weld, and will give an abstract of current American and foreign literature, plates of fashion, music, &c., &c. Address "Wilson and Company," post paid, 162 Nassau street, N. Y.

From the Louisville Gazette.

THE BROTHER JONATHAN.—N. P. WILLIS.—We see by an announcement in the Evening Tattler, that the Brother Jonathan will hereafter be conducted by N. P. Willis and H. Hastings Weld. Mr. Willis confines his literary efforts to that paper alone in this country. We have so often made mention of our admiration for Willis as a writer, glowing with beauties, and a delicacy seldom approached, that it were needless now to repeat it. He has been accused of affectation—occasionally it seems that he approaches it, but we forgive it even that, for it contains so many beauties, and has become so incorporated with his style, that we should not like him so well, perhaps, without it. Some of his little conceits are really exquisite. Those who abuse him are often guilty of *gaucheries* for which there is no excuse. We have always entertained the highest respect for Mr. Weld, and wish him all success with his new associate.

From the Atheneum.

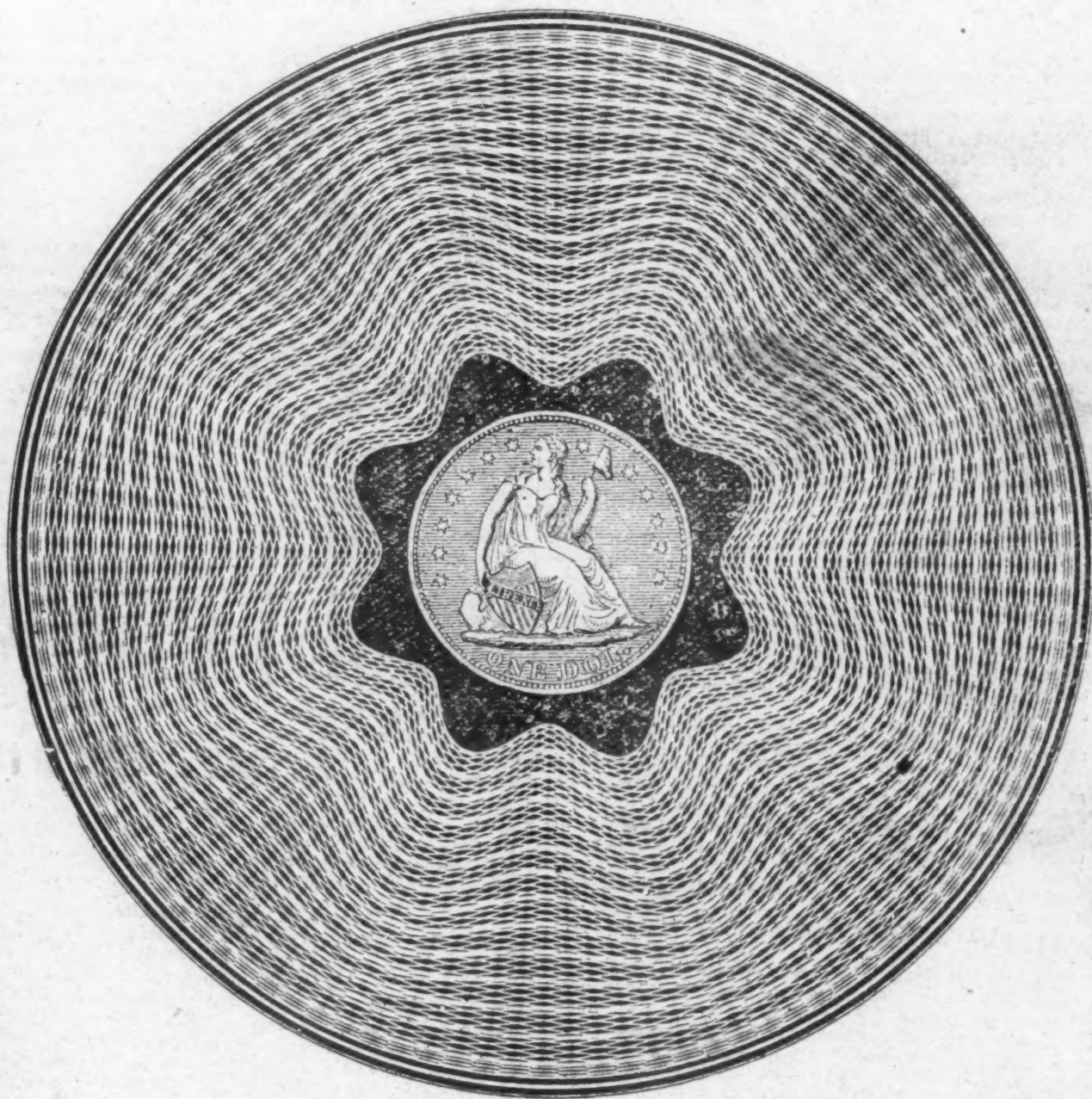
THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—Messrs. Willis and Weld have published a Monthly Gazette of American and Foreign Literature, in the city of New York, with the above title. We have no doubt, from the specimen we have seen, that it will be an universal favorite with the reading public. It is full of interesting and useful matter, and the cheapest publication of the kind in the country.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE,

A GAZETTE OF CURRENT AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, MUSIC, THE
ARTS, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND H. HASTINGS WELD.

EVERY NUMBER WILL BE EMBELLISHED WITH SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



TERMS:

The DOLLAR MAGAZINE will be issued on the 15th of every month, embracing THIRTY-TWO large quarto pages, printed in a neat and convenient form for preservation, and sent to subscribers by mail, for **ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.**

It will be printed in a beautiful style, and on an *immense mammoth sheet*, by which the postage will be reduced to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents under 100 miles, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents for any distance over 100 miles.

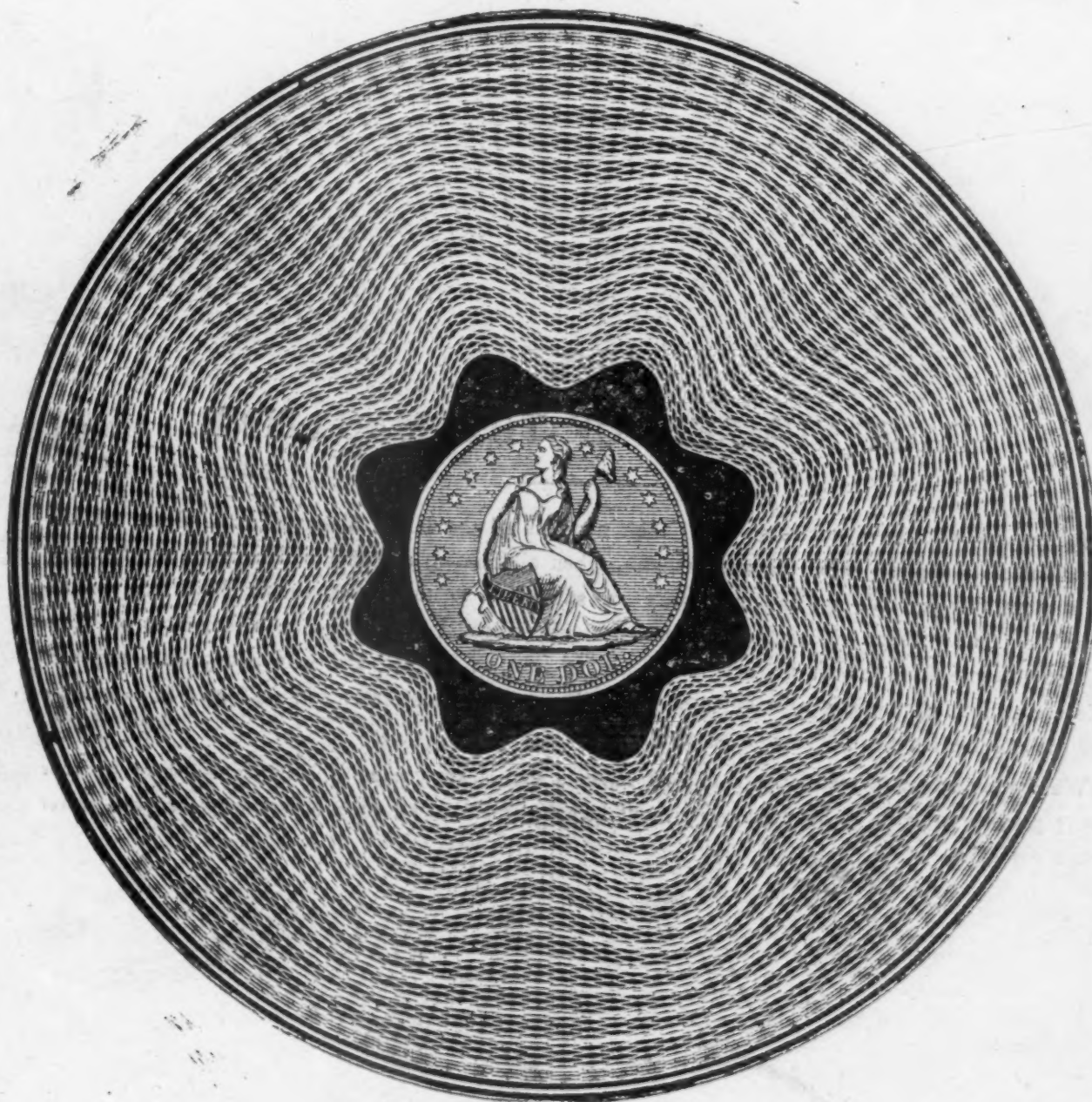
POST MASTERS who send three dollars, at one remittance, free of postage, will receive a fourth copy gratis, or seven copies for five dollars.

Single Copies may be had of all the principal Newsmen in the United States.

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 Nassau street, New-York.

W. B. Garrison for W. Paul & Co. Bank Lane

THE
Dollar Magazine.



New York:
WILSON & COMPANY, 162 NASSAU STREET.
AUGUST, 1841.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

FOUR COPIES, THREE DOLLARS.

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

Subscribers who have not received all their numbers of the Dollar Magazine, will please ask the Post Master to apprise us of the circumstance, when all missing numbers will be promptly forwarded without charge. We are anxious that every subscriber to this work should have his volume complete. The volume will comprise upwards of fifty splendid engravings on wood, most of them printed separate from the work itself in the neatest possible manner, and at a heavy extra expense. We are persuaded that the appearance of this volume (when complete) will tend greatly to enlarge our subscription list for the volume of 1842.

We are particular in requesting that Post Masters should apprise us of missing numbers, because many persons write to us on business without being aware that all such letters when unpaid, never reach our office.

A NEW WEEKLY PUBLICATION BY THE CONDUCTORS OF THE
BROTHER JONATHAN.

Jonathan's Miscellany

PUBLISHED BY WILSON & COMPANY,
162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

The first number issued on the Tuesday following to the
FOURTH OF JULY, 1841.

The Publishers of the Brother Jonathan, encouraged by the abundant and unprecedented success which has crowned their recent efforts in the publication of the "Dollar Magazine," have decided upon the publication of a Weekly sheet, expressly for the Country, in a convenient form for preservation, under the title of *Jonathan's Miscellany*.

The *Miscellany* is issued every Tuesday morning, in a suitable form for binding, and contains eight large quarto pages, printed with a beautiful and clear type, on a sheet of twenty-eight by thirty-eight inches. Its columns will be made up principally of such matter as appears in the Brother Jonathan and not in the Dollar Magazine—and to those who desire to receive the whole Literary contents of the Brother Jonathan in a fit form to bind, the opportunity is now afforded to do so by subscribing to the two publications, *Jonathan's Miscellany*, and the *Dollar Magazine*.

Serial Works.—The plan of the *Dollar Magazine* excludes the serial works which are published in the Brother Jonathan. The *Miscellany* will contain such new works from the pen of "Boz," "Harry Lorrequer," and others, as may hereafter be commenced in the columns of the Brother Jonathan.

Jonathan's Miscellany will also embrace the cream of the news, the latest and most important having the preference. It will be published on *Tuesdays*, and will thus anticipate the Saturday papers of the same week several days. In this circumstance the publishers anticipate the creation of a large mail demand for the *Miscellany*, among readers who are at present provided with one or more of the Weekly Sheets which are almost universally issued on Saturdays.

In cheapness and excellence the "*Miscellany*" will CHALLENGE COMPARISON with any other periodical in the world!

In point of embellishment, and in general literary character, the *Miscellany* will be identical with the Brother Jonathan; and the unexampled popularity of that sheet induces the publishers to think that nothing farther is necessary in this prospectus than to state the

TERMS.

For a Single Copy, one year, One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

FOUR COPIES, one year, for FIVE DOLLARS.

For the *Dollar Magazine*, (monthly,) and *Jonathan's Miscellany*, (weekly,) one year, to one address, TWO DOLLARS.

Letters must always come to us free of postage—otherwise they are never taken from the Post Office. Postmasters are authorized by law to frank letters containing subscription money, and will generally do so if applied to.

Orders must in all cases be accompanied by the CASH.

Single copies will always be on sale at all the News Offices in the United States, at six cents.

Back numbers can always be supplied to subscribers. Letters should be addressed to

WILSON & COMPANY, Publishers,
162 Nassau street, New York.

Office of the Brother Jonathan,
New York, July 4th, 1841.

From the Fitchburg Sentinel.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—Among the mammoth newspapers which we receive, there are none which appear to be got up with better taste than this, and the publishers are constantly increasing its attractions by selecting the most popular works for publication. The last number commences the late new story from the Clock Case—Barnaby Rudge, by Dickens.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We always obtain a good deal of comfort in perusing this remarkably cheap and well conducted magazine. In the frontispiece to the May number there is a perfect picture of domestic peace and plenty. It is a view of a negro hut in Virginia, and such are its represented charms, that we almost wish we were a "nigger," and had a similar little cot of our own, "where the canker of care never rusted the latch," and where we should, at all times, feel independent enough to say, "Go 'way, white man, go!" The sketch attending it is graphically written, and contains humor enough to keep a person 'right side up' for a fortnight.—The other embellishments are a portrait of President Tyler, and two pieces of new music—the words to which are by Thomas Moore.

Willis's "Lady Jane" is continued in this number. Wilson & Company publishers, 162 Nassau street.

From the Concord (N. H.) Courier.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE, is the title of a monthly periodical issued from the office of the "Brother Jonathan," in the city of New York. The "Magazine" is made up of the best miscellaneous articles, poetry, &c., which that mammoth paper contains, and is embellished with Music in every No. and with the Fashions quarterly. It will form a neat and tasteful volume of about 400 quarto pages, and is published at the price implied in its title. Orders should be addressed to Wilson & Co., 162 Nassau street, New York.

From the Seneca Falls (N. Y.) Democrat.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The March number of this, the cheapest of all cheap publications, is before us. Like its predecessors, it is filled with a great variety of well selected reading matter, and is embellished with several engravings on wood, and an excellent piece of music.

We particularly like the plate of fashions, as in it "equal and exact justice" is done both sexes. This is a treat to the "lords of creation," not often received. In the plate descriptive of the inauguration, we regret to say, a low partizan insinuation, or rather an absolute falsehood is made to appear, which renders it entirely unworthy of either the Dollar Magazine or the Brother Jonathan.

From the Zanesville (Ohio) Western Recorder.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The enterprising publishers of the "Brother Jonathan," of New York, have got up a monthly magazine, each number consisting of 32 large pages, at the very low price of one dollar per annum, in advance. It is edited by N. P. Willis and H. H. Weld, and will give an abstract of current American and foreign literature, plates of fashion, music, &c., &c. Address "Wilson and Company," post paid, 162 Nassau street, N. Y.

From the Louisville Gazette.

THE BROTHER JONATHAN.—N. P. WILLIS.—We see by an announcement in the Evening Tattler, that the Brother Jonathan will hereafter be conducted by N. P. Willis and H. Hastings Weld. Mr. Willis confines his literary efforts to that paper alone in this country. We have so often made mention of our admiration for Willis as a writer, glowing with beauties, and a delicacy seldom approached, that it were needless now to repeat it. He has been accused of affectation—occasionally it seems that he approaches it, but we forgive it even that, for it contains so many beauties, and has become so incorporated with his style, that we should not like him so well, perhaps, without it. Some of his little conceits are really exquisite. Those who abuse him are often guilty of *gaucheries* for which there is no excuse. We have always entertained the highest respect for Mr. Weld, and wish him all success with his new associate.

From the Atheneum.

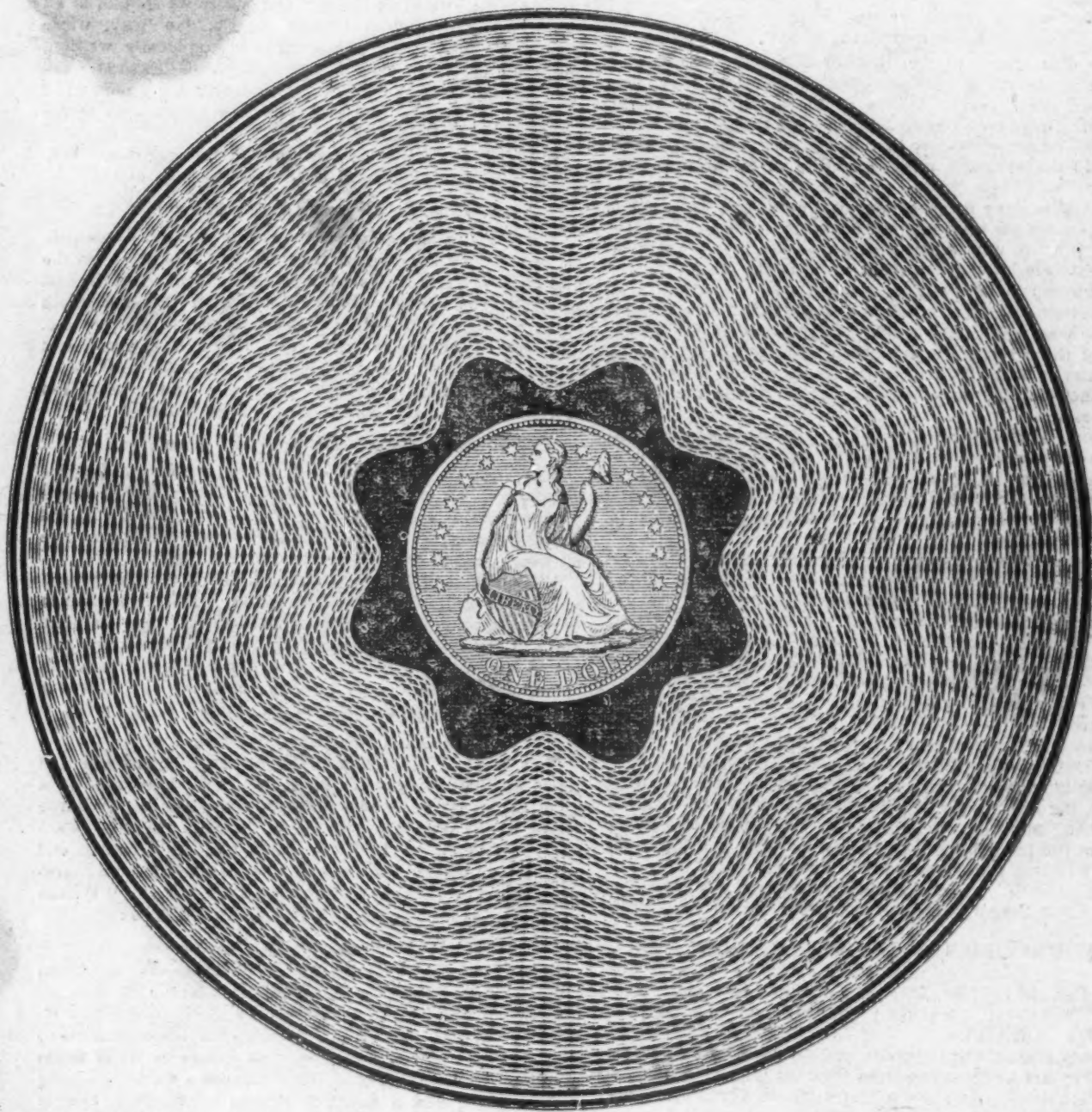
THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—Messrs. Willis and Weld have published a Monthly Gazette of American and Foreign Literature, in the city of New York, with the above title. We have no doubt, from the specimen we have seen, that it will be an universal favorite with the reading public. It is full of interesting and useful matter, and the cheapest publication of the kind in the country.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE,

A GAZETTE OF CURRENT AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, MUSIC, THE
ARTS, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND H. HASTINGS WELD.

EVERY NUMBER WILL BE EMBELLISHED WITH SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



TERMS:

The DOLLAR MAGAZINE will be issued on the 15th of every month, embracing THIRTY-TWO large quarto pages, printed in a neat and convenient form for preservation, and sent to subscribers by mail, for

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

It will be printed in a beautiful style, and on an *immense mammoth sheet*, by which the postage will be reduced to 1½ cents under 100 miles, and 2½ cents for any distance over 100 miles.

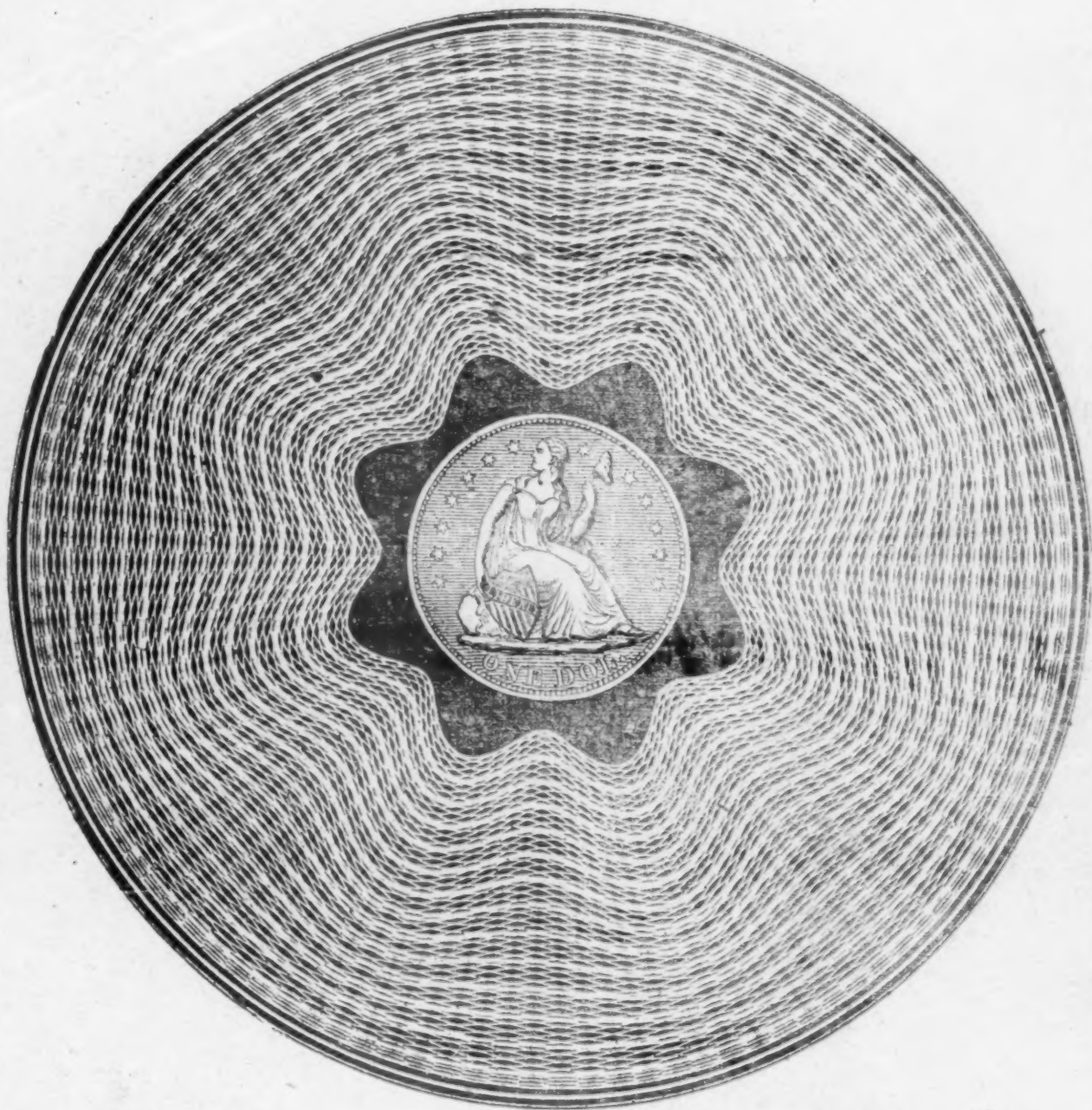
POST MASTERS who send three dollars, at one remittance, free of postage, will receive a fourth copy gratis, or seven copies for five dollars.

Single Copies may be had of all the principal Newsmen in the United States.

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 Nassau street, New-York.

THE

Dollar Magazine.



New York:

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 NASSAU STREET.

SEPTEMBER, 1841.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

FOUR COPIES, THREE DOLLARS.

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

Subscribers who have not received all their numbers of the Dollar Magazine, will please ask the Post Master to apprise us of the circumstance, when all missing numbers will be promptly forwarded without charge. We are anxious that every subscriber to this work should have his volume complete. The volume will comprise upwards of fifty splendid engravings on wood, most of them printed separate from the work itself in the neatest possible manner, and at a heavy extra expense. We are persuaded that the appearance of this volume (when complete) will tend greatly to enlarge our subscription list for the volume of 1842.

We are particular in requesting that Post Masters should apprise us of missing numbers, because many persons write to us on business without being aware that all such letters when unpaid, never reach our office.

A NEW WEEKLY PUBLICATION BY THE CONDUCTORS OF THE
BROTHER JONATHAN.

Jonathan's Miscellany

PUBLISHED BY WILSON & COMPANY,
162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

The first number issued on the Tuesday following to the
FOURTH OF JULY, 1841.

The Publishers of the Brother Jonathan, encouraged by the abundant and unprecedented success which has crowned their recent efforts in the publication of the "Dollar Magazine," have decided upon the publication of a Weekly sheet, expressly for the Country, in a convenient form for preservation, under the title of *Jonathan's Miscellany*.

The *Miscellany* is issued every Tuesday morning, in a suitable form for binding, and contains eight large quarto pages, printed with a beautiful and clear type, on a sheet of twenty-eight by thirty-eight inches. Its columns will be made up principally of such matter as appears in the Brother Jonathan and not in the Dollar Magazine—and to those who desire to receive the whole Literary contents of the Brother Jonathan in a fit form to bind, the opportunity is now afforded to do so by subscribing to the two publications, *Jonathan's Miscellany*, and the *Dollar Magazine*.

Serial Works.—The plan of the *Dollar Magazine* excludes the serial works which are published in the Brother Jonathan. The *Miscellany* will contain such new works from the pen of "Boz," "Harry Lorrequer," and others, as may hereafter be commenced in the columns of the Brother Jonathan.

Jonathan's Miscellany will also embrace the cream of the news, the latest and most important having the preference. It will be published on *Tuesdays*, and will thus anticipate the Saturday papers of the same week several days. In this circumstance the publishers anticipate the creation of a large mail demand for the *Miscellany*, among readers who are at present provided with one or more of the Weekly Sheets which are almost universally issued on Saturdays.

In cheapness and excellence the "*Miscellany*" will CHALLENGE COMPARISON with any other periodical in the world!

In point of embellishment, and in general literary character, the *Miscellany* will be identical with the Brother Jonathan; and the unexampled popularity of that sheet induces the publishers to think that nothing farther is necessary in this prospectus than to state the

TERMS.

For a Single Copy, one year, One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

FOUR COPIES, one year, for FIVE DOLLARS.

For the *Dollar Magazine*, (monthly,) and *Jonathan's Miscellany*, (weekly,) one year, to one address, TWO DOLLARS.

Letters must always come to us free of postage—otherwise they are never taken from the Post Office. Postmasters are authorized by law to frank letters containing subscription money, and will generally do so if applied to.

Orders must in all cases be accompanied by the cash.

Single copies will always be on sale at all the News Offices in the United States, at six cents.

Back numbers can always be supplied to subscribers. Letters should be addressed to

WILSON & COMPANY, Publishers,
162 Nassau street, New York.

Office of the Brother Jonathan,
New York, July 4th, 1841.

From the South Western Virginian.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—One of the largest, cheapest, and best family Newspapers in the world. This, we know, is saying a good deal, but 'tis nevertheless true. It is published in the city of New York, by J. G. Wilson, and edited by those two distinguished literary gentlemen, Messrs. Weld & Willis. Subscription price only three dollars per annum. It contains not only a vast deal of reading matter, but that

of the very best kind and greatest variety. Through publications of this character, we are alone prepared to appreciate the diversified talent of our country; and when the mind becomes wearied with the political jargon of the times, what better sanative for the relaxation thereof, than the chaste and beautiful imagery of romance, or the thrilling biographical sketches of departed statesmen and heroes, philanthropists and hermits, misers and martyrs? A country school-master might plant himself in the centre of "Brother Jonathan," whilst his urchins could read all round him. And all this reading for three dollars only! The paper, without the print, to say nothing of the pictures, is worth double the subscription, if used for nothing but blankets.

From the New York Sun.

THE BROTHER JONATHAN.—We were last evening favored by the publishers with a copy of this week's Brother Jonathan, and take pleasure in testifying to its superior merits. It is uniformly conducted with immeasurably greater ability than its bloated rival, which, for the most part, is made up of matter stolen from the Jonathan office, or of trash which has run the gauntlet of some half-dozen puny political publications for the week previous, and borrowed of one another to save the expense of putting new matter in type—a process they cannot afford to pay for. There is none of this trap about the Jonathan.

From the Charlton Literary Pearl.

BROTHER JONATHAN, with his weekly budget of books, Magazines, &c., &c., and so on, comes elbowing along with his peculiar and Jonathanical air. Jonathan is right welcome. He talks big sometimes, but would'nt we, if we stood in his shoes?

The Jonathan is too well known to need any introduction. Every body, from the simpering boarding school Miss, to the sage philosopher, will find something for his special edification in its ample columns. Its Editorials alternately grave and gay, are always interesting. It discourseth not in pompous language, with great dignity, but saith plain things in a plain tongue.

From the Keene (N. H.) Sentinel.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—We have said it is generally the case that "great newspapers are great nuisances." As respects the sheet before us, we beg leave to retract; it is one of the best conducted and most entertaining publications of the day. Publishing in continuation no less than three of the most popular novels, besides other miscellaneous matter both useful and interesting; the last number is embellished with several correct and graceful illustrations. We are happy to see the Brother Jonathan has not attempted a "Mastodon sheet," and trusting to the sense and good taste of its editors, we believe it never will. N. P. Willis & H. H. Weld, 162 Nassau street, N. Y.

From the Quincy (Mass.) Argus.

DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We have received the first No. of a magazine with the above title, from the press of Wilson & Co., 162 Nassau street, New York. It is to be published monthly at \$1 per annum, and each number will contain 32 pages. N. P. Willis and H. Hastings Weld are editors. It is the cheapest periodical in the Union; and if we can judge of its merits from the specimen before us, we doubt not it will be abundantly deserving of patronage. Subscriptions received at this office.

From the Carrollton Jeffersonian.

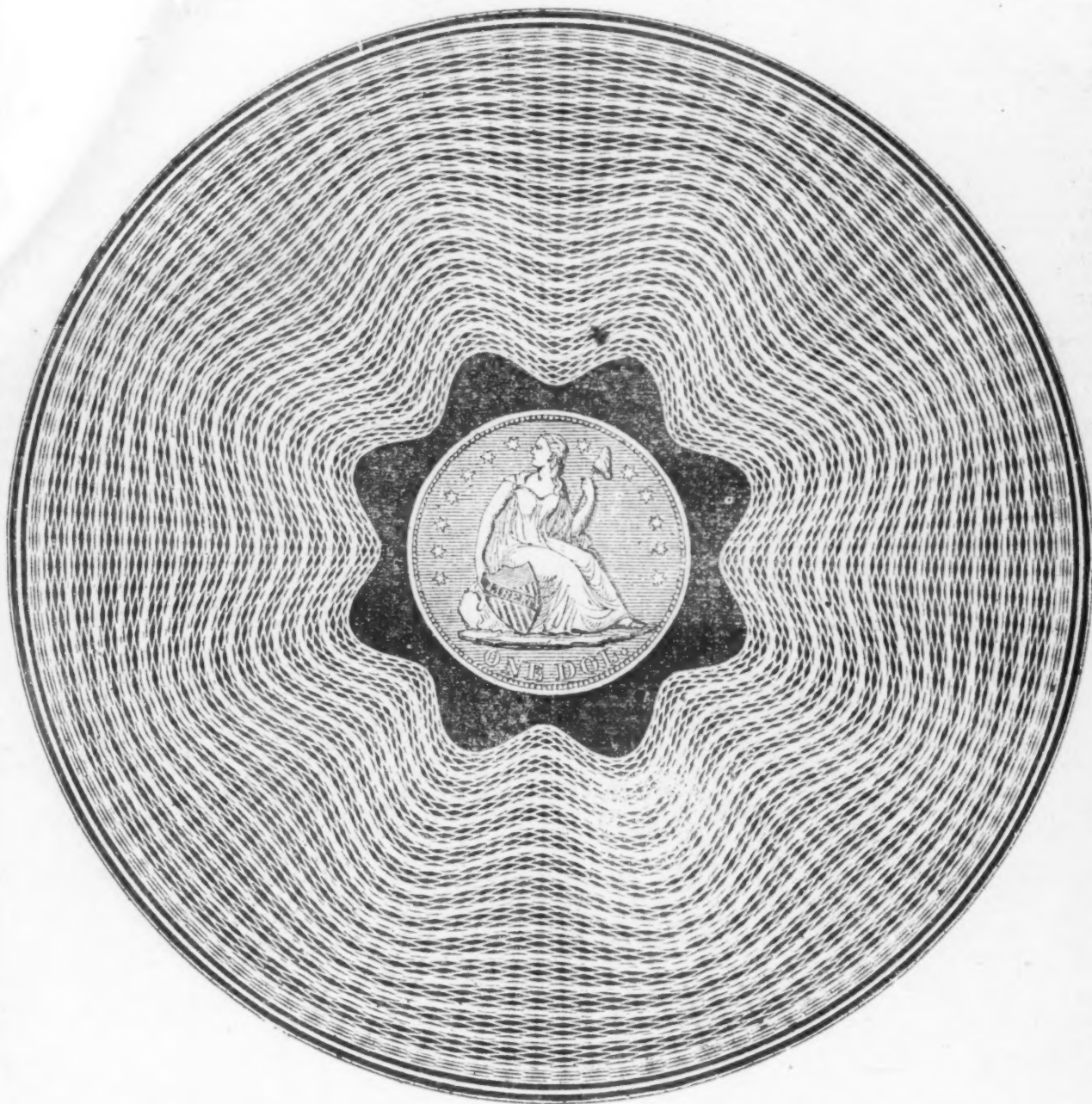
THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—Among the many new publications that are springing up in these days of literary liberality, there is probably not a more entertaining, and at the same time a cheaper work than one lately commenced by Wilson & Co. of New York called "The Dollar Magazine;" the first number of which the publishers have been pleased to forward us. It is a neatly executed periodical of a large size, containing thirty-two pages of closely printed matter, composed of the best productions, embellished with fine wood cuts, and concluding with a piece of music, which will be continued in each number. Its title indicates the price, which is at the very low rate of One Dollar per annum.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE,

A GAZETTE OF CURRENT AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, MUSIC, THE
ARTS, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND H. HASTINGS WELD.

EVERY NUMBER WILL BE EMBELLISHED WITH SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



TERMS.

The DOLLAR MAGAZINE will be issued on the 15th of every month, embracing THIRTY-TWO large quarto pages, printed in a neat and convenient form for preservation, and sent to subscribers by mail, for **ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.**

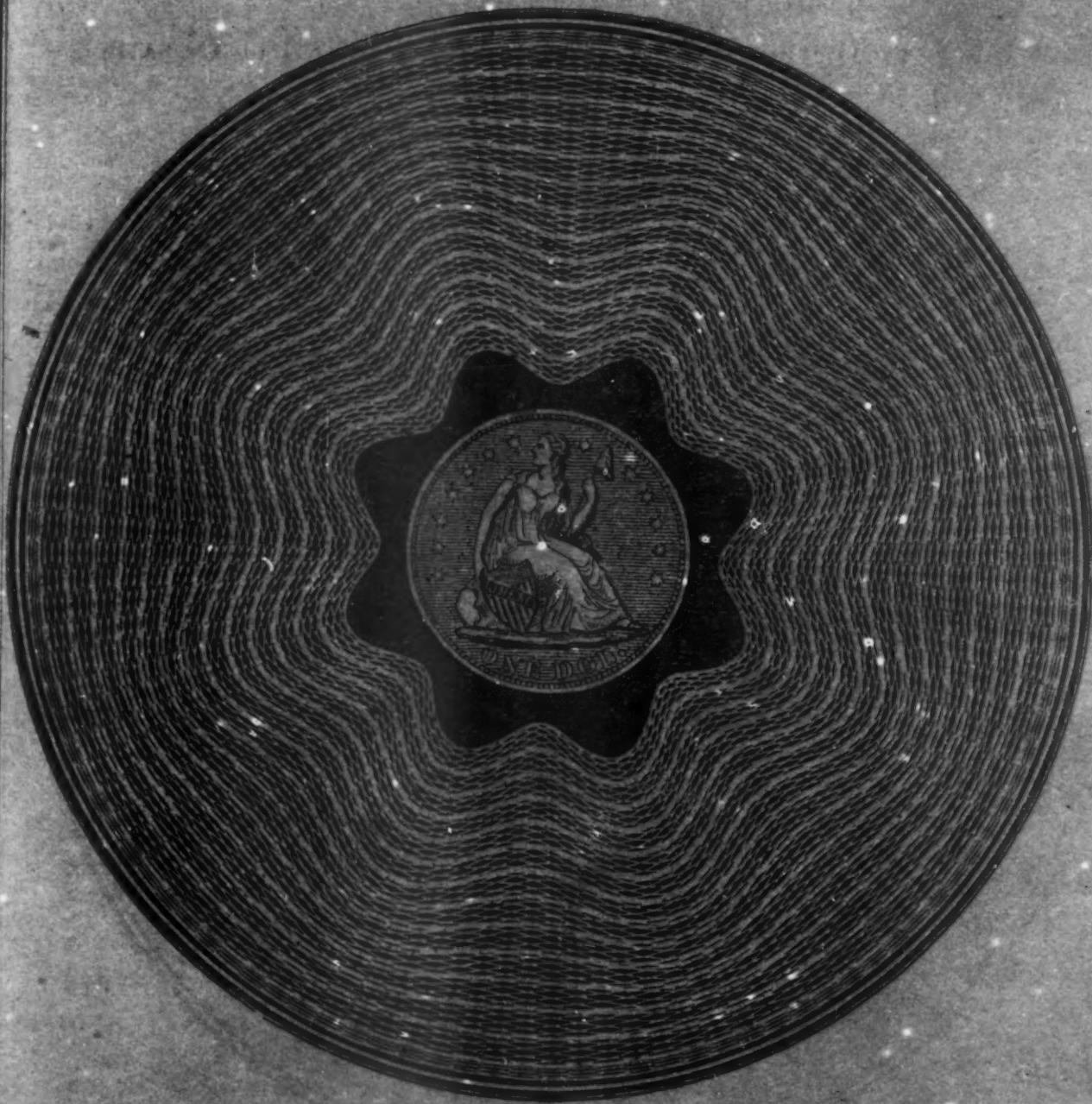
It will be printed in a beautiful style, and on an *immense mammoth sheet*, by which the postage will be reduced to 1½ cents under 100 miles, and 2 cents for any distance over 100 miles.

POST MASTERS who send three dollars, at one remittance, free of postage, will receive a fourth copy gratis, or seven copies for five dollars.

Single Copies may be had of all the principal Newsmen in the United States.

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 Nassau-street, New-York.

THE
DOLLAR MAGAZINE.



NEW-YORK:
WILSON & COMPANY, 162 NASSAU STREET.
OCTOBER, 1841.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

FOUR COPIES, THREE DOLLARS.

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

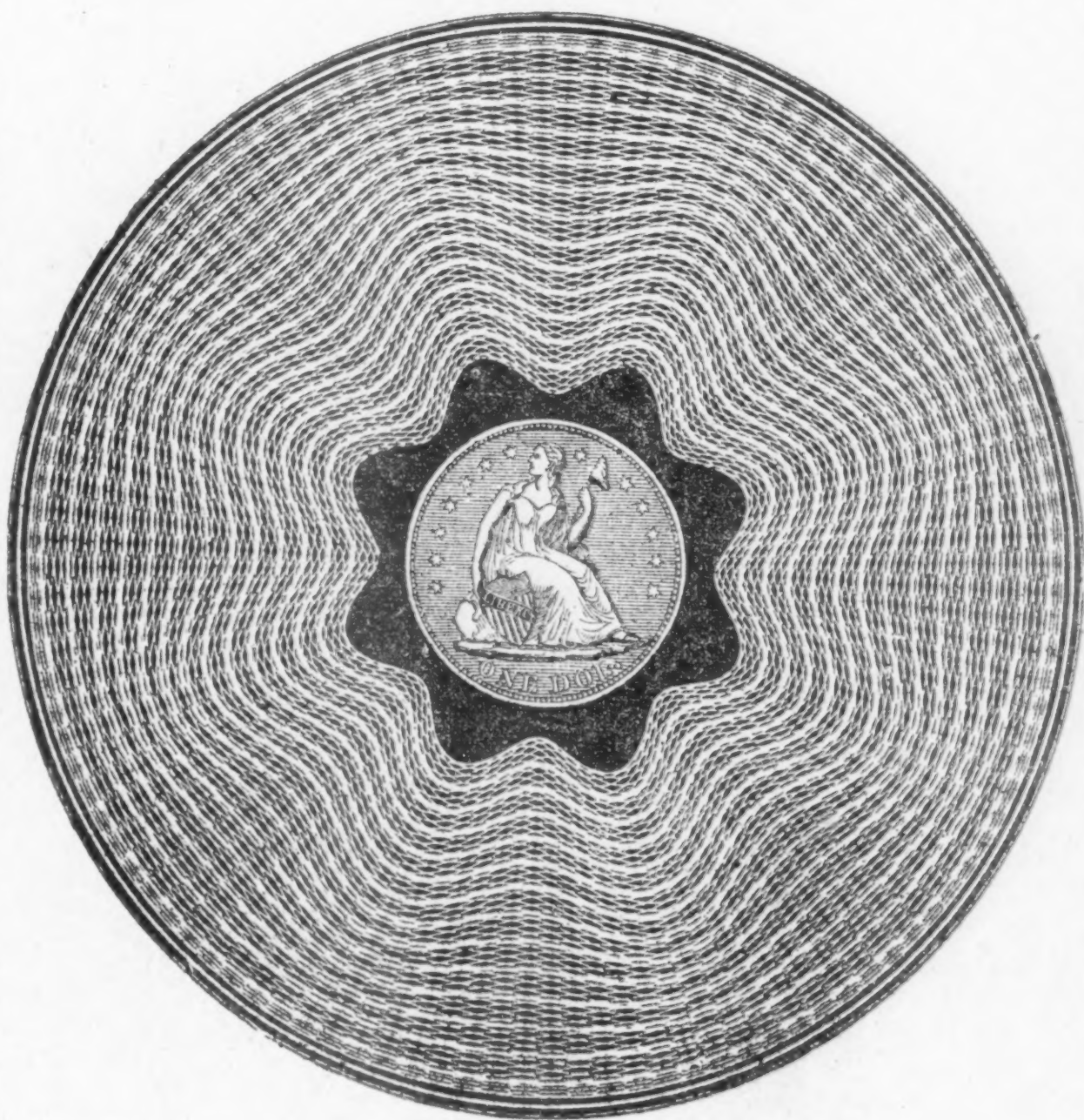
Subscribers who have not received all their numbers of the Dollar Magazine, will please ask the Post Master to apprise us of the circumstance, when all missing numbers will be promptly forwarded without charge. We are anxious that every subscriber to this work should have his volume complete. The volume will comprise upwards of fifty splendid engravings on wood, most of them printed separate from the work itself in the neatest possible manner, and at a heavy extra expense. We are persuaded that the appearance of this volume (when complete) will tend greatly to enlarge our subscription list for the volume of 1842.

We are particular in requesting that Post Masters should apprise us of missing numbers, because many persons write to us on business without being aware that all such letters when unpaid, never reach our office.

WILSON & COMPANY, 132 NASSAU STREET

NOVEMBER 1841

THE
Dollar Magazine.



New York:
WILSON & COMPANY, 162 NASSAU STREET.
NOVEMBER, 1841.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

FOUR COPIES, THREE DOLLARS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire. By the Rev. H. H. Milman; with a Preface and Notes, by James Murdock, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Rev. Mr. Milman requires no introduction to the reader. His History of the Jews, published by the Messrs. Harpers some time since, has been widely read and admired; and this may be regarded as in some sort a continuation of that work. It may not be inaptly termed a secular history of Christianity—as one of our contemporaries has styled it.—It relates in a clear and concise manner, the History of the Savior, as drawn from the gospels, and then proceeds with the less familiar events subsequent to his death and resurrection. The rise and progress of various sects and churches are treated not as if done by a sectarian, but an impartial historian; and no man interested in the subject, whose means compass the volume will remain without it, upon acquaintance with its character.

CONFESSION; or the Blind Heart. A Domestic Story. By the author of the "Kinsmen," "Guy Rivers," &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We have glanced through these volumes, taking here and there a peep, and think that they must be interesting—but of too sombre a cast for those who read with the same ideas of amusement with which we seek works of fiction. The hero—it is an autobiography—permits his wife by jealousy or neglect to receive that sympathy from another which it should have been his to offer—shoots her suspected paramour in a duel—kills her by poison—discovers her innocence—and then takes the Sabine slide—slopes—absquatulates—or in other words goes to Texas. We only wish that the author himself had gone there, before he thought of constructing a novel of such materials.—We have seen enough of the book to dislike it exceedingly; and though it may be very well done, we hate such heroics. There is no good to be gained by publishing a work which admits the possibility that a man can commit such dastardly crime as poisoning, and escape the gallows, or find any friend afterward. The lesson intended to be conveyed is a very good one, and without so horrible a medium of teaching might have been made much more effective.

LITTELL'S MUSEUM OF FOREIGN LITERATURE. October, 1841. New York: Carvill.

The improvement which has taken place within a few years in the character and interest of foreign periodicals is no where better exhibited than in Littell's Museum—which work is a well arranged and selected republication of the best of foreign periodical literature. We know of no work conducted with more uniform good taste and care than this; and in the whole country there is not one better worthy of support.

THE GIFT, a Christmas and New Year's Present. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. New York: Carvill & Co.

This is truly a splendid annual. In externals it is superb, being bound in calf extra, and magnificently ornamented. The engravings are eight in number, from pictures by Sully, Leslie, Mount, and Chapman, engraved by John Cheoney, J. L. Pease, W. E. Tucker, A. Lawson, and J. B. Forrest. Some one or two of these pictures are established favorites, and the others do credit to the reputation of the painters. Chapman's "Sled" is full of the life and freedom which characterises the pencil of this artist. The literary matter of the work is better than the average annual standard, and the names of the authors include some of the best writers in our country. On the whole,

we are free to pronounce this the choicest American Annual we have seen, so far, for the season.

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER, or The Convicts of Lisamons. By William Carleton, author of Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. New York: Carvill & Co.

The readers of the Brother Jonathan do not require to be told what are the capabilities and characteristics of William Carleton. While the Irish Penny Journal lasted he was a constant contributor to it; and in the Dublin University Magazine we find frequent contributions from his pen. This very story was originally published in the Dublin University, and much of it we have read in that work. It is a powerful and well told tale.

AN ABOMINABLE GIN CASE.—A trial somewhat curious in the facts it brought forward, was concluded on Wednesday in the Albany Oyer and Terminer. It was on an indictment charging John Scott and Benjamin Franklin with an assault, with an intent to commit murder, on Alexander Stewart, by poisoning him with arsenic steeped in gin.

The evidence showed that Stewart had a bull with only three natural legs, which he exhibited in Albany, where he admitted Scott and Franklin, into a partnership into the profits. Scott then told Stewart that New York was a much better place than Albany to exhibit the bull, and advised him to go there, which he consented to do, and the animal was put on a tow boat accordingly. Scott and Franklin determining to possess themselves of the bull, conspired to destroy Stewart—and purchasing an ounce of arsenic they put it in a pint of gin and gave it to Stewart to drink, and he drank it on board the boat in Albany and on the way down, and was so ill in consequence that his life was despaired of when he reached New York. The Coroner of this city was called upon to hold an *ante mortem* inquest. In doing this he discovered the arsenic in the gin, and also saw its effects on Stewart, who, however, was cured by skilful treatment.

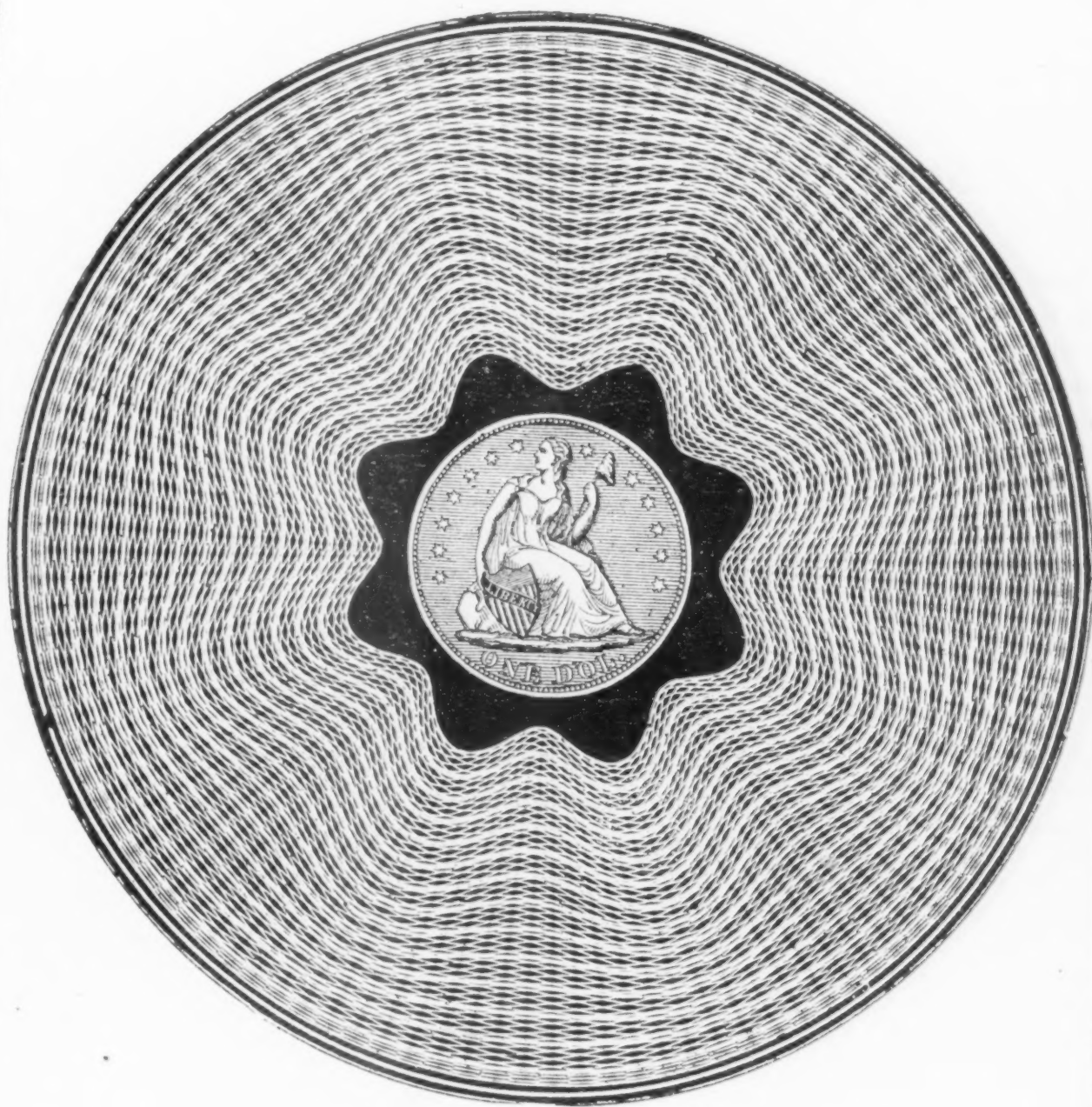
Scott and Franklin were arrested in New York and brought to Albany for trial, but on the passage managed to get possession of the bottle of gin and hurled it into the river. The coroner of New York however attended the trial as a witness, and testified to the arsenic in the gin, and also to its effects on Stewart, and the case being a clear one, Scott and Franklin were found guilty, and sentenced to the State Prison, Scott for life and Franklin for ten years.

PUNCTUATION.—Caxton had the merit of introducing the Roman pointing, as used in Italy; and his successor, Pinson, triumphed by domiciliating the Roman letter. The dash, or perpendicular line, thus |, was the only punctuation they used. It was, however, discovered, "that the craft of poynting well used make the sentences very light." The more elegant comma supplanted the long uncouth |; the colon was a refinement, "showing that there is more to come."

But the semicolon was a Latin delicacy, which the obtuse English typographer resisted. So late as 1580 and 1590, treatises on orthography do not recognise any such innovator; the Bible of 1592, though printed with appropriate accuracy, is without a semicolon; but in 1633, its full rights are established by Charles Butler's English Grammar. In this chronology of the four points of punctuation, it is evident that Shakespeare could never have used the semicolon; a circumstance which the profound George Chalmers mourns over, opining that semicolons would often have saved the poet from his commentators.—[D'Israeli's *Amenities of Literature*.

"Well, this beats me out," as the rye said, when the fellow hammered it over the head with the flail.

THE
Dollar Magazine.



New York :
WILSON & COMPANY, 162 NASSAU STREET.
December

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR YEAR.

FOUR COPIES, THREE DOLLARS.

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE.

Subscribers who have not received all their numbers of the Dollar Magazine, will please ask the Post Master to apprise us of the circumstance, when all missing numbers will be promptly forwarded without charge. We are anxious that every subscriber to this work should have his volume complete. The volume will comprise upwards of fifty splendid engravings on wood, most of them printed separate from the work itself in the neatest possible manner, and at a heavy extra expense. We are persuaded that the appearance of this volume (when complete) will tend greatly to enlarge our subscription list for the volume of 1842.

We are particular in requesting that Post Masters should apprise us of missing numbers, because many persons write to us on business without being aware that all such letters when unpaid, never reach our office.

JONATHAN'S MISCELLANY,

Advertised on another page to appear on the 6th, is unavoidably delayed until Tuesday, the 13th July. Our arrangements are all perfected, and every thing is ready, except the head of the paper; the design of which, by D. C. JOHNSTON, Esq., of Boston, is still in the hands of the Engraver. That it may be executed in a manner worthy of the JONATHAN PRESS, we have given the Engraver his desired time for the work.

A NEW WEEKLY PUBLICATION BY THE CONDUCTORS OF THE
BROTHER JONATHAN.

Jonathan's Miscellany

PUBLISHED BY WILSON & COMPANY,
162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

The first number issued on the Tuesday following to the
FOURTH OF JULY, 1841.

The Publishers of the Brother Jonathan, encouraged by the abundant and unprecedented success which has crowned their recent efforts in the publication of the "Dollar Magazine," have decided upon the publication of a Weekly sheet, expressly for the Country, in a convenient form for preservation, under the title of *Jonathan's Miscellany*.

The *Miscellany* is issued every Tuesday morning, in a suitable form for binding, and contains eight large quarto pages, printed with a beautiful and clear type, on a sheet of twenty-eight by thirty-eight inches. Its columns will be made up principally of such matter as appears in the Brother Jonathan and not in the Dollar Magazine—and to those who desire to receive the whole Literary contents of the Brother Jonathan in a fit form to bind, the opportunity is now afforded to do so by subscribing to the two publications, *Jonathan's Miscellany*, and the Dollar Magazine.

Serial Works.—The plan of the Dollar Magazine excludes the serial works which are published in the Brother Jonathan. The *Miscellany* will contain such new works from the pen of "Boz," "Harry Lorrequer," and others, as may hereafter be commenced in the columns of the Brother Jonathan.

Jonathan's *Miscellany* will also embrace the cream of the news, the latest and most important having the preference. It will be published on *Tuesdays*, and will thus anticipate the Saturday papers of the same week several days. In this circumstance the publishers anticipate the creation of a large mail demand for the *Miscellany*, among readers who are at present provided with one or more of the Weekly Sheets which are almost universally issued on Saturdays.

In cheapness and excellence the "*Miscellany*" will CHALLENGE COMPARISON with any other periodical in the world!

In point of embellishment, and in general literary character, the *Miscellany* will be identical with the Brother Jonathan; and the unexampled popularity of that sheet induces the publishers to think that nothing farther is necessary in this prospectus than to state the

TERMS.

For a Single Copy, one year, One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

FOUR COPIES, one year, for FIVE DOLLARS.

For the Dollar Magazine, (monthly,) and Jonathan's Miscellany, (weekly,) one year, to one address, TWO DOLLARS.

Letters must always come to us free of postage—otherwise they are never taken from the Post Office. Postmasters are authorized by law to frank letters containing subscription money, and will generally do so if applied to.

Orders must in all cases be accompanied by the cash.

Single copies will always be on sale at all the News Offices in the United States, at six cents.

Back numbers can always be supplied to subscribers. Letters should be addressed to

WILSON & COMPANY, Publishers,
162 Nassau street, New York.

Office of the Brother Jonathan,
New York, July 4th, 1841.

From the Fitchburg Sentinel.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—Among the mammoth newspapers which we receive, there are none which appear to be got up with better taste than this, and the publishers are constantly increasing its attractions by selecting the most popular works for publication. The last number commences the late new story from the Clock Case—Barnaby Rudge, by Dickens.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We always obtain a good deal of comfort in perusing this remarkably cheap and well conducted magazine. In the frontispiece to the May number there is a perfect picture of domestic peace and plenty. It is a view of a negro hut in Virginia, and such are its represented charms, that we almost wish we were a "nigger," and had a similar little cot of our own, "where the canker of care never rusted the latch," and where we should, at all times, feel independent enough to say, "Go 'way, white man, go!" The sketch attending it is graphically written, and contains humor enough to keep a person "right side up" for a fortnight.—The other embellishments are a portrait of President Tyler, and two pieces of new music—the words to which are by Thomas Moore.

Willis's "Lady Jane" is continued in this number. Wilson & Company publishers, 162 Nassau street.

From the Concord (N. H.) Courier.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE, is the title of a monthly periodical issued from the office of the "Brother Jonathan," in the city of New York. The "Magazine" is made up of the best miscellaneous articles, poetry, &c., which that mammoth paper contains, and is embellished with Music in every No. and with the Fashions quarterly. It will form a neat and tasteful volume of about 400 quarto pages, and is published at the price implied in its title. Orders should be addressed to Wilson & Co., 162 Nassau street, New York.

From the Seneca Falls (N. Y.) Democrat.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The March number of this, the cheapest of all cheap publications, is before us. Like its predecessors, it is filled with a great variety of well selected reading matter, and is embellished with several engravings on wood, and an excellent piece of music.

We particularly like the plate of fashions, as in it "equal and exact justice" is done both sexes. This is a treat to the "lords of creation," not often received. In the plate descriptive of the inauguration, we regret to say, a low partisan insinuation, or rather an absolute falsehood is made to appear, which renders it entirely unworthy of either the Dollar Magazine or the Brother Jonathan.

From the Zanesville (Ohio) Western Recorder.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The enterprising publishers of the "Brother Jonathan," of New York, have got up a monthly magazine, each number consisting of 32 large pages, at the very low price of one dollar per annum, in advance. It is edited by N. P. Willis and H. H. Weld, and will give an abstract of current American and foreign literature, plates of fashion, music, &c., &c. Address "Wilson and Company," post paid, 162 Nassau street, N. Y.

From the Louisville Gazette.

THE BROTHER JONATHAN.—N. P. WILLIS.—We see by an announcement in the Evening Tattler, that the Brother Jonathan will hereafter be conducted by N. P. Willis and H. Hastings Weld. Mr. Willis confines his literary efforts to that paper alone in this country. We have so often made mention of our admiration for Willis as a writer, glowing with beauties, and a delicacy seldom approached, that it were needless now to repeat it. He has been accused of affectation—occasionally it seems that he approaches it, but we forgive it even that, for it contains so many beauties, and has become so incorporated with his style, that we should not like him so well, perhaps, without it. Some of his little conceits are really exquisite. Those who abuse him are often guilty of *gaucheries* for which there is no excuse. We have always entertained the highest respect for Mr. Weld, and wish him all success with his new associate.

From the Atheneum.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—Messrs. Willis and Weld have published a Monthly Gazette of American and Foreign Literature, in the city of New York, with the above title. We have no doubt, from the specimen we have seen, that it will be an universal favorite with the reading public. It is full of interesting and useful matter, and the cheapest publication of the kind in the country.

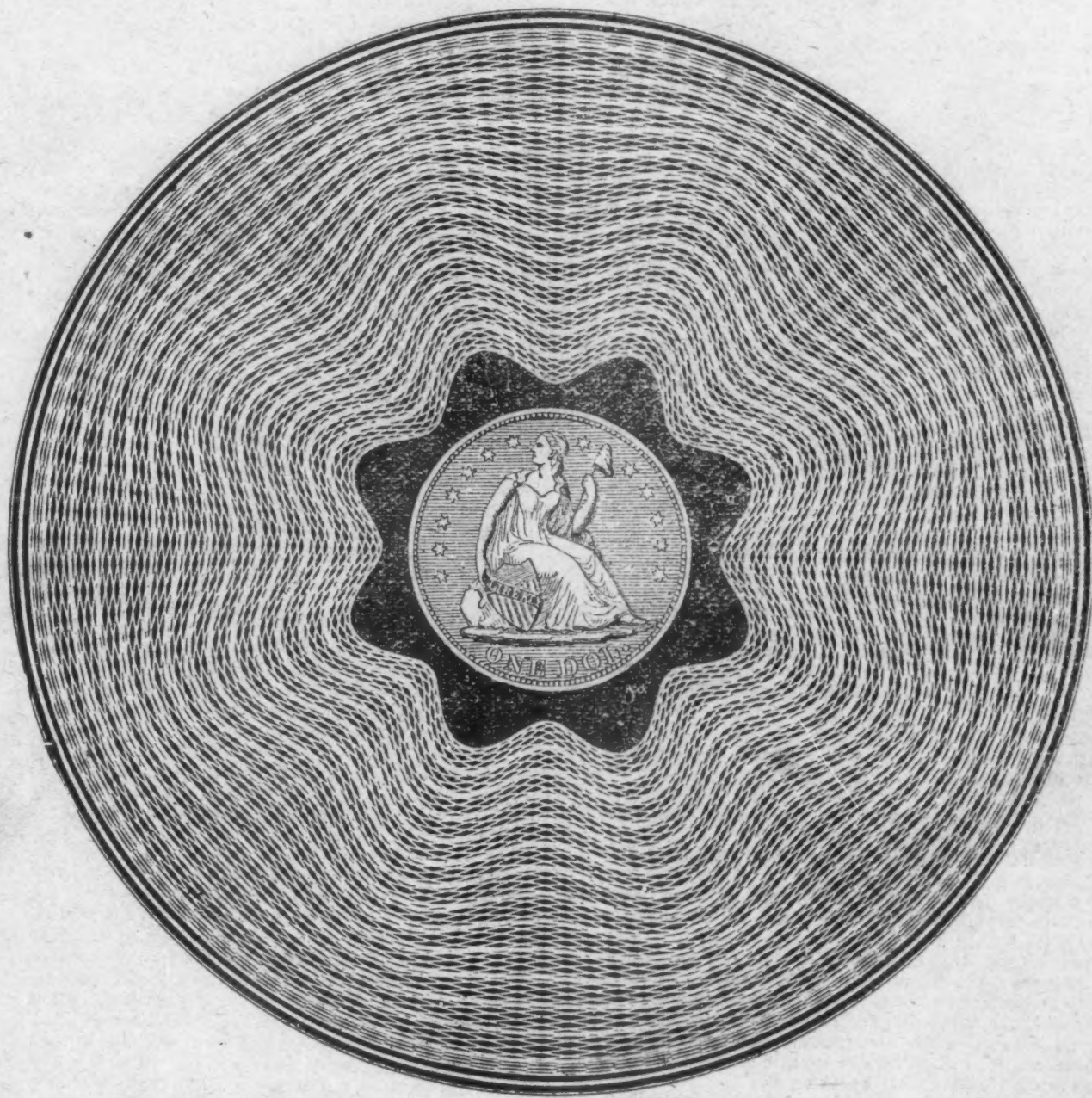
870
323569
6623 25

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE,

A GAZETTE OF CURRENT AMERICAN AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, MUSIC, THE
ARTS, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND H. HASTINGS WELD.

EVERY NUMBER WILL BE EMBELLISHED WITH SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



TERMS:

The DOLLAR MAGAZINE will be issued on the 15th of every month, embracing THIRTY-TWO large quarto pages, printed in a neat and convenient form for preservation, and sent to subscribers by mail, for **ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.**

It will be printed in a beautiful style, and on an *immense mammoth sheet*, by which the postage will be reduced to 1½ cents under 100 miles, and 2½ cents for any distance over 100 miles.

POST MASTERS who send three dollars, at one remittance, free of postage, will receive a fourth copy gratis, or seven copies for five dollars.

Single Copies may be had of all the principal Newsmen in the United States.

WILSON & COMPANY, 162 Nassau street, New-York.

